

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR

A

SUMMER RAMBLE

Belgium Germany, and Switzerland.

BY

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“ Where is the Briton's home ?
Where the free ship can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where the free air can blow,
Where the free ship can
Hope and strength—ever
Wave upon wave can roll,
East and west—pole to pole—
Where a free ship can roam—
THERE is the Briton's home.”

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN HENDRIC AGNIS MASSIE,

MEDICAL STUDENT;

BORN OCTOBER 18 DECEASED APRIL 1845:

A BELOVED son, whose departure has been ingenuously mourned, and whose remembrance is affectionately and fondly cherished.

His parents' partial judgment had inspired too sanguine expectations of his early maturity, the development of cultivated talent and generous principles in the pursuit of professional distinction, and the enjoyment of friendships which only the wise and good know how to appreciate. But after a protracted indisposition, which was mercifully cheered by the good hope of blessed immortality through faith in the Redeemer, an overruling Providence, in the exercise of sovereign wisdom, gently dissolved the bonds of nature and the fellowships of kindred earth.

The first part of the following "Recollections" transcribed for the press, was prepared for his pleasure, and the whole volume was designed to have been devoted to

DEDICATION.

his advantage. Months passed of silence to the bereaved, whose sorrows were too full to suffer such application and thought as were congenial to the literary occupation.

It is now a father's desire,—perhaps some may think it is his frailty,—to identify this volume and the affectionate remembrance of his child as a faint memorial of sympathies which have been entered in time and will be sacred in eternity. He is no *artiste*, and makes not the pretension of one able to weave an enduring wreath for the tomb; but he finds a solace even in the effort to embalm *these Recollections* with the name of one so truly beloved by

THE AUTHOR.

Lower Broughton,

December 8th, 1845.

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P R E F A C E.

FRANCE and the Netherlands, Germany and Switzerland, had long presented attractions to my curiosity, and promised gratification to my predilections, which the *angustæ domi* only compelled me to resist. Necessity, however, was laid upon me, and medical prescription left me no option; while the affectionate solicitude of a generous and kind flock suffered no economical excuse to prevail, or prudential forethought to procrastinate a decision. Thus unexpectedly was I summoned to travel in lands which I had longed to explore, and to mingle among tribes for whose converse I was but little prepared.

The publication of my observations and inquiries was induced with almost as little anticipation. To gratify and, imperfectly, to requite the friends who had facilitated my journey, and ministered so effectually to my comfort and health, I commenced the delivery of a few lectures on the countries through which I had traversed. The subject expanded, and the lectures were increased. Brief summaries appeared in the local journals, and were transferred to several metropolitan periodicals; and their successive

appearance seemed to afford pleasure and information. Dining in the midst of a select company of literary friends, the question was put, whether I meant to *publish*? More in banter, than with serious project, I replied it would depend on the patronage and advice of such friends. The reply was encouraging, and the decision was taken. I then little conjectured whereunto this would grow.

It was, then, no ambition of mine to enter the lists with Howitt, to follow Bulwer, or rival Talfourd; and now, *haud paribus passibus*, I would pursue the track which they have trod, while I claim some distinction from them in the principles of our creed, and the moral tendency of our observations. I meant, from the first, to indicate how the scenes and associations *strike a Christian*. I was also solicitous to accumulate local and historical information, rather than poetical descants or theological disquisitions. I have therefore corrected, as well as recollected; investigated, as well as surveyed; and collected, as well as recited, the traditions and legends of those famed regions. Yet, had I contemplated inquiries so elaborate and diversified as have followed, I should have shrunk from the task, and doubted the wisdom of such an undertaking.

One-third of my manuscript remains a sealed book to the readers of this volume: which I regret having been compelled to reserve, since it contains what was to myself a peculiarly interesting portion of my travels and inquiries. The capital of Prussia and its royal residences, with its metropolitan institutions and political relations;—the capital of Saxony and its almost classical monuments and antiquities, with the kindred associations and historical relationships of the race from whom Englishmen have

sprung;—the great highway from Saxon Switzerland, along the Elbe to Hanseatic Hamburg, afforded to me scope for much varied observation, incidents, and adventure. I wished also to understand the *religious* condition of Germany, and had ventured some speculations on the phenomena which were then developing and have since appeared. Nor did I feel that I could do justice to the people of the Jewish nation, except in a separate paper in which their habits, worship, position, and prospects were severally considered. The limits of my volume have precluded even an abridgement of such discussions, and they are deferred.

Many kind and thoughtful friends have cheered me on in the preparation of this, alas! too desultory volume, and encouraged me to hope that they will look with a candid and indulgent eye on its pages. For their generous and seasonable countenance I feel truly grateful, and return to them the liveliest and most affectionate assurances of gratitude and consideration. It might be deemed an ostentatious parade were I to record the names of numerous friends who have long ago subscribed, so as to insure the issue of the volume, and give assurance of their confidence in the principles and integrity of the author. The remembrance of such friendships will be treasured in my own bosom, and inculcated on those who will not despise a parent's counsel, or a father's friend.

It has been my solicitude to render the work not unworthy of the favour which has been evinced, and useful as well as pleasing to those who may peruse its pages. I have, therefore, not merely revised—I have written again nearly every paragraph since it was announced for the

press; I have also added much historical and descriptive matter. The Lectures which I delivered were the occasion of the publication, rather than either the substance or details of its statements; and in no instance has it been anticipated by the epitomes which appeared through the kind partiality of the editors of London and Manchester journals.

The recent visit of the beloved monarch of the British Isles to Germany, served to call public attention to the scenery and people of that land; and it gratified me to observe that the many interesting and elaborate descriptions given in the daily press, of the regions through which the Queen passed, were not only correctly written, but eagerly received, and did but increase the kindly feelings which should subsist between nations. Much of what was then described, to meet the ephemeral demand, will be traced in the subsequent pages, written without any reference to the progress of royal personages, and as seen and admired not amid the trappings, turmoil, and pageantry of princely retinues, but while one has leisure to survey, and no momentary purpose to serve. I hope, too, it will be considered as presented in a more convenient form, as it is adapted for permanent reference and perusal. Yet I am conscious that, as a performance, much imperfection adheres to my work, for which I crave the forbearance of indulgent critics.



RECOLLECTIONS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

the cities of Flanders—Modern Capital of Belgium—Political and moral aspect of the people.

BELGIUM, the first of continental countries through which I passed in my recent tour, and which imparted to my mind its primitive impressions of European nations, and will probably continue to retain the first place in my associations and reminiscences of travelling incident, will be, for to-night, the land of our adoption. The country contiguous to, or connected with Brussels, will primarily claim our notice; and as our route will be more directly among the towns which are situated between the sea-coast and port of Ostend and this Gallican capital of the Netherlands, we shall limit our survey to only the elder cities of the provinces of Flanders. I need not enter into minute details descriptive of the journey from Manchester, by way of London, through Kent, to the English coast; though along such a line it would not be difficult to find objects of attraction, scenes of loveliness and grandeur, and associations of greatness and enterprise unsurpassed by any romance of foreign adventure. The passage from Dover to Ostend may be accomplished in eight hours by a steam vessel; and between some other of the contiguous ports in a fourth part of the time. The sea within the straits of Dover, from port to port, is not often stormy; yet frequently it heave up an odious swell, which causes no

pleasant sensations in the stomach ; as troublesome as the agitated surf or brisk gale ; so as fairly to test the equanimity and fortitude of the passenger, even should the vessel be of the best description. Certain squeamish qualms, if not of conscience, still quite as *heartfelt* in their influences, will visit the traveller, especially if he have never been before at sea. The shortness of the voyage, however, soon brings to a termination the inconvenience ; and when the vessel approaches the opposite coast, the influence of the swell is less felt, and the unpleasantness abates. The inexperienced and sickened traveller is brought into better humour with surrounding objects, and begins almost to relish his voyage by the time he has reached the coast of Belgium.

The first town on the continent which attracted my notice, and at the same time recalled many historical associations, was Dunkirk. Its proximity to the mouth of the Thames secured to it in the records of English power early and prolonged distinction. When subject to the dominion of Spain, whose waning maritime power watched with vexing and restrictive jealousy the growing commerce of England, it was regarded by our merchants as the resort of, and a harbour for pirates, and was therefore marked out by Oliver Cromwell for chastisement, and doomed to conquest and subjugation under British rule. By his direction, the ambassador Lockhart, and Major-General Morgan, had combined in hostile confederacy with Marshal Turenne ; and, after discomfiting in battle a Spanish army of 30,000 soldiers, commanded by the Prince of Conde, the Duke of York, &c., 6,000 Englishmen stormed and captured the fortress and garrison of Dunkirk. Cromwell required, and the French king, counselled by Cardinal Mazarine, agreed, that an English force should occupy the fort, and an English commander should govern the city. Lockhart himself, in the Protector's name, was invested with the government of the

citadel, which he held till the Restoration. The place afterwards acquired celebrity as a memorial of royal baseness, when Charles the Second, in a mercenary spirit, followed the counsels of his Lord Chancellor (Hyde), and sold the fortress to the French for 5,000,000 of livres, or £500,000. Clarendon's superb mansion, subsequently known as Dunkirk House, served to perpetuate his infamy. Lockhart's pride, as an Englishman, was so wounded by the profligate policy of the monarch, that he would not in person fulfil the terms of surrender, but transferred obedience to the royal mandate to his deputy, John Prentice. This functionary was among the last of British subjects who submitted to the monarch of the Restoration; and his son, Archibald Prentice, is numbered among the first who, as a Scottish covenanter, resisted his authority in Britain.

The city of Dunkirk again excited national concern, and was the subject of royal treaties, in the reign of George the Third. Its contiguity to the coast of England induced some who, from attachment to the Stuart dynasty, or other political causes, were driven forth as exiles, to make it their rendezvous and refuge; where, as residents, they could correspond with their friends, and receive supplies. The British ministry in 1763 required that its Cunicule should be destroyed, as well as the forts and batteries which defended its entrance from the sea. In compliance with this demand, Louis the Fifteenth, King of France, employed 300 men as sappers and miners for the work of demolition. Again, in 1793, the events and disasters of war gave Dunkirk renewed notoriety and importance in the history and achievements of English royalty. To repress the French Revolution, and support the Bourbon dynasty, a British army was marched into this country and repulsed before Dunkirk, while the Duke of York was placed in a most perilous position, and his troops threatened with destruction. This event was recalled to

my recollection by a stanza of an old song, which alleged that

“The Duke of York to Dunkirk came.”

Songs are ofttimes remembered when prosaic history is forgotten—how important, then, that even our ballads should be truthful, as well as fitted

“To point a moral and adorn a tale.”

This town now contains 1,800 houses and 24,000 inhabitants. Some fragments of the naval arsenal remain, which, with enterprise and encouragement, might serve as the rudiments of successful competition, and supply the port with trade and shipping, which still linger with the inhabitants, who pursue the whale fishery. I looked with reflective interest upon this decayed city as the extreme boundary of French territory, and lying contiguous to Nienport.

The situation of this town, amidst the swamps of the Isser, which flows through the sandy plain of this coast, though the first of Belgian towns, has few attractions for the fugitive tourist. Yet my associations derived from the early history of Europe suggested some recollections which brought to mind the strifes and struggles for liberty by which the infant republic of the seven provinces was matured and consolidated. On the sands of Nieuport, and almost within sight of the track in which I now sailed, Prince Maurice met the Archduke Albert—the former as the general of the seven united provinces, and the latter as the viceroy of Spain in the government of the Netherlands. The forces of Maurice were composed of adventurers, as allies to the Dutch, from the English, Scotch, French, German, and Swiss nations, under officers of such celebrity as Sir Horace and Sir Francis Vere; while Archduke Albert commanded Irish, Belgian, Walloon, Italian, and Spanish confederates, led by Mendoza and La Bertotta

—an epitome of Europe at that day. On these sands, (on the 2nd July, 1600,) two hundred and almost fifty years ago, more than 20,000 chosen men from these eleven nations rushed into close and deadly conflict; and, abandoning the more distant combat of fire-arms, with pike and sword, man to man, and foot to foot, their ensanguined weapons crossing each other, and every man seeking only the death of his antagonist, they panted for each other's blood: in the phrase of martial history, nothing exceeded their mutual display of skill and courage, while not an inch of ground was gained or lost. The artillery of the Dutch patriots alone kept up its well-directed and destructive fire upon the Spanish cavalry, which was thus broken and driven back on their infantry, throwing it into confusion. The Archduke, wounded on the cheek, unhorsed, and compelled to quit the field, left his war-steed to gallop alone before his soldiers' view, and thus spread the alarm throughout the royalist ranks that their general was killed. Prince Maurice saw and seized the critical moment; after three hours of desperate conflict he gave the word for a general advance, and leading his troops to the charge, obtained a decided victory. The defeat of the Spaniards was complete; their whole artillery, baggage, standards, and ammunition, fell into the hands of the conquerors; and by some it is stated that 6,000 men were killed in the battle. More than half the men engaged were either killed or desperately wounded. Yet the siege of Nieuport was resumed in vain, the conquering army could not carry its defences, and the prince had to retire to Ostend with his troops. The place is now insignificant, bears no memorial of strength or security, and is but the evanescent shade of its former self. So do the glories of war pass away! These towns were my earliest sights on the continental shores of Europe, and thus associated are the events of bygone years.

Ostend stretches along the shore, the beach of which is

low, and not seen to a great distance. The towers only are discernible at sea. When you approach near enough, the entrance to the harbour is found parallel to and under the shelter of a wooden pier, that is extended considerably into the shallow water. The passenger by the steamer, who as a visitor from other lands is watching for novelty, and wishing to catch the first characteristic feature of the scene, and the manners of the people as they rise, will perceive, so soon as he is within sight, on this pier multitudes of the inhabitants of Ostend, whether it be listlessly lounging for pastime and promenade, or that they may recognise friends, gazing with curious search among the strangers on board the vessel, and crowding toward the point of debarkation, as if waiting and watching were the business of their lives. When I entered between the Digue, or sea-wall, and this wooden pier, there were hundreds strolling backwards and forwards, apparently for recreation. Not far from this place are numerous baths upon the shore, which are in much request, in consequence of the King of Belgium having resorted to Ostend as a watering-place for himself and his family. During the summer season, many thousands who are not inhabitants of the town loiter here, seeking pleasure, and give the place the aspect of idleness and dissipation. Its empty wharfs and wet-docks, which intersect the town, and its broad quays and lofty houses, leave the idea of spaciousness and the appearance of desertion and decay. But it was once more celebrated than it has been in recent times.

Ostend was a fortress of great strength, and was deemed almost impregnable, in the sixteenth century. It resisted the skill, bravery, and resources of the whole Spanish force and their most celebrated engineers and tacticians for nearly four years. The attack and the defence were conducted with equal courage, perseverance, and military science; and the protracted operations kept alive for more than three years the anxiety of all the military men of

Europe. Sir Francis Vere commanded the fortress at its first investment by the Spaniards ; but governors, garrisons, and besieging forces, were replaced and renewed with a rapidity which showed the frightful ravages of war. The siege became a school for the young nobility of all Europe, who repaired either to the besiegers or the beleaguered garrison to learn the principles and practice of attack and defence. Nothing that the military skill of that period could devise was left untried. The struggle was prolonged from 1601 to 1604, and during this period the people who held possession (the citizens of the United Provinces) produced such impressions elsewhere as secured for them national reputation, and established their claim to consideration. Ostend was a costly sacrifice, a great price paid for Dutch liberty. When the gates were opened at the capitulation, if I remember right, there was hardly a house standing, but all the buildings had been laid in ruins, the whole town was a confused mass ; the undaunted garrison had scarcely left sufficient footing on which to prolong their desperate defence. The victors marched in on September 22, 1604, over its crumbled walls and shattered batteries ; hardly a vestige of the fort remained ; the ditches filled up with the rubbish of ramparts, bastions, and redoubts, left no distinct line of separation beyond the terrible evidences of destruction. It resembled a vast sepulchre rather than a ruined town, a mountain of earth and broken fragments without a single house in which the wretched remnant of the inhabitants could hide themselves. The slaughter in the various sorties, assaults, and bombardments had been enormous ; fifty thousand of the Netherlanders having been slain in the siege ; and eighty thousand of the Spanish soldiers having fallen before its walls. Squadrons at sea had given a double interest to the land operations, and the naval superiority of the Dutch had enabled them to throw in renewed succours, as well as to increase the destruction of human life ;—it was surely

the carnival of war, and the feast of demons. A fearful celebrity or reputation was that which the Spinolas founded at Ostend. Frederick paid the forfeit of his ambition, being killed in combat with the Dutch galleys; while Ambrose lived to wear the sombre laurels of the conquest, and to receive the eulogies of those who delighted in war. They must both meet all *their* slain, and stand before Him who is the Judge of the quick and the dead.

Ostend, though still a fortress, and forming a link in the chain of defences which were intended to protect Belgium on the side of France, is now only deserving our notice as the Belgian port for seaward passengers from other countries. As an entrepôt for goods it is sinking into decay, since the sea is gradually abandoning the harbour and leaving only a dreary extent of dunes and flat sands reaching far beyond the tide-mark of the ocean! The town is so reduced, that I think I am warranted in reckoning its population as not exceeding 12,000 people. Outside of the gate, leading to Bruges are the Oyster Parks, reservoirs of salt water filled with oysters, fattening for the Paris market, having been conveyed from the English coast. There is nothing in the vicinity remarkable or requiring description, except it be the low lying country all around, which having been reclaimed from the sea, the marine sands have been brought under cultivation and, rendered in many places exceedingly fertile. In return for the labour expended a large amount of grain is produced. Visitors have usually to undergo a searching examination at the douane, or custom-house; their luggage is overhauled, and anything new is charged as goods supposed to be introduced as merchandise. I was not on a mercantile speculation, but entered Belgium as a *preacher*, yet I had carried three copies of a work which in leisure hours I had written, and thought might be useful in some of the continental libraries. My intention was to present them to such parties as I thought might appreciate the gift;

notwithstanding, being found among my luggage, I was required to pay for them the custom dues. There was not, however, much inconvenience to complain of—the delay was brief, and the tax was small, while there was nothing incourteous in the manner of the functionaries while prosecuting this official scrutiny. The person of the traveller must also be inspected. You all know that it is requisite on passing from this country to the continent, or from one country to another on the continent, the tourist should provide himself with a passport. Under ordinary circumstances, this credential should be obtained in England from one of the foreign ambassadors residing in England; or from a *consul* accredited by the foreign power through whose country you propose to travel. My young friends may be told that the functions of a consul are usually limited to the supervision, or regulation of commercial business, so as by negociation, when any misunderstanding arises between the subjects which he represents and the subjects of the country where he resides, to secure the faithful and equitable discharge of mercantile obligations. It is not often that the consul is raised to a diplomatic station, or a purely political function. But his power of granting passports borders on this higher office. Travellers sometimes obtain these credentials from the office of our Foreign Secretary, and think them more valuable if *viséd* by a foreign ambassador. The passport with which I travelled was obtained from the Prussian consul, and cost about seven shillings. I brought it back as a memento of foreign travel. It is a printed schedule or form, filled up according to particulars, giving a description of the person for whose service it is granted. The traveller's own handwriting is required to express his name—the consul, or clerk, then fills up the remainder according to the height—say five feet eleven inches, or more, or less, whatever may be the dimensions; the complexion of his skin, the colour of his eyes, of his hair; and if there be any

mark or expression of his countenance, obliquity, or deformity of his organs, or scar upon his face. His profession also is designated, the object of his journey, and the countries through which he designs to pass. As soon as I landed at Ostend this was the first object of inquiry—no one dared to aid my departure or escape if I had not one. Luggage was carried to the Douane, while the passport was despatched to another office, and to the latter I had to follow as quickly as convenient. The commissionaire introduced me to the functionary of government, and he examined and compared till he had satisfied himself that I was the veritable man so licensed to wander through the dominions of Prussia. I found afterwards this was not enough for Belgium—the sign manual of some bureaucrat at Brussels was required, and for this I had to apply, with the appendage of some silver coin. It would be an unpropitious contingency for its authenticity, if a man should turn grey in a night, or, if bowed down with grief, his complexion or posture were to change; so soon, however, as the passport was *viséd*, the traveller might either remain in the town (of course under the surveillance of the police) or proceed immediately on his journey. But if a delay were to occur, and an interval elapse, it would then be requisite that the passport should be adduced, when it might be shown that the person so described was permitted to travel in such a country. I had to show my passport in every country through which I passed, except at Hamburgh.

Some of you are acquainted with the events which created such feelings of resentful animosity in the minds of many inhabitants of England towards the governors of France, so as almost to threaten a war between the two nations, in relation to Tahiti. You will remember the origin of it was that the Government of Queen Pomare had sent out of the island two Frenchmen. These men were priests of the Romish Church, who demanded for themselves the prerogative of landing in Tahiti and regu-

lating their movements at their own pleasure. The governors of Tahiti had adopted only the policy of continental nations as to the entrance of strangers, which has been described as practised by Prussia, Belgium, France, and Holland, as well as Italy, Austria, and other German states. It was a law of Tahiti that no person of any nation should settle in the island till they had obtained a licence, for which they should pay; a restriction similar to the system of passports. The French priests knew this was the law, and disregarded it, disembarked in defiance of the authorities, procured possession of a house, barricaded its doors, and refused to come out of it. Then, but not till then, the royal authorities of Tahiti removed the roof of the house, required their departure, and, while refusing, conveyed them, without injury to their person, or violence to alarm them, on board the vessel in which they came to the island, assuring them that until they should obtain the Queen's permission they could not abide in Tahiti. It would be well if powerful governments always recognised as a national maxim for the guidance of their conduct, whether to individuals or independent though feeble nations, what the Saviour declared to be the law and the prophets,—“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” I have described the system of the Tahitian rulers as paralleled by the passports of continental nations; but the French Government sent to Tahiti a man-of-war to demand satisfaction for having enforced its own laws on its own soil. The alternative threatened was that if the money were not paid the capital of the Queen would be destroyed, the houses of her people razed to their foundations, and the island made a desolation unfit to be the habitation of men. One sum was paid, and another was demanded, which it was known the Tahitians could not pay. Ten thousand dollars would have been received as compensation for alleged indignities committed on her subjects; but no money will ever cancel

the bond of infamy under which her subsequent treatment of Tahiti has laid France. The illustration has been forced on me by contemporaneous events, and I mention them to show what might be our complaint against the passport system of France, and what pretext we should have were we disposed to pick a quarrel with our neighbours. Let an Englishman enter the French territory without a passport, and attempt to visit its towns, or scenes of interest, the result would be that he would be placed under the care of gens-d'arme, and conveyed to the borders of the country, and there shipped, or incarcerated, as unfit to live in their land. The same system prevails over all the continent, and I found its fetters and restrictions wherever I went. So long as we live in Eng'land under the banner of constitutional liberty, we cannot fully appreciate personal freedom, inasmuch as we do not know the want of it. Under the governments of the continent you may soon learn this lesson; for there, before you can move from one city to another, you must apply to the authorities, that they may grant permission; and if they refuse their sanction, in the form of a passport, you are a prisoner within the limits of the place where you dwell.

No country through which I have passed presents, superficially, greater facilities for railway structures: the land is so level, free from mountainous obstructions: iron and coal, too, are abundant in Belgium. The tenure of property, and the inadventurous spirit and habits of the people, have suggested to the Government, amidst its efforts to improve the condition of the country, the propriety of making and managing the new roads for railway transit. The Great Belgian Railway is, therefore, a national property, and a Government department under the minister of public works. I speedily made the experiment of travelling by railway on continental lines, and had little cause of complaint because of any inferiority. Ostend had few attractions to detain

us, and we proceeded thence through the kitchen-gardens of Oudenburg by the railway, which has its terminus at the gates of Ostend. From this station the line runs to Mechlin, and branches thence to Brussels and to Antwerp. The route we took was, to go on as far as Mechlin, which in the French language is written Malines.

Mechlin is the residence and see of the only archbishop in the country of Belgium; and his power is considerable. The present occupant of the archiepiscopal dignity was the son of a peasant. On his entrance on his clerical career as a priest of Rome, he was comparatively an obscure man. He obtained the situation of private secretary of the last archbishop—a quiet, easy man, whose patron was the King of Holland, and who had been content to rule as the clerical stipendiary of a Protestant King. The private secretary had more of the church militant character, fit to pair with Henry of *Exeter*, or John of *Tuam*, and acted in that capacity at the time of the Belgian Revolution, in the year 1830. He then assumed authority to issue letters favourable to the revolutionary party, placing them under the auspices of the church, and identifying himself with the popular power that had risen up. You will remember the civil war that was waged between Belgium and Holland, or rather between the Dutch and Flemish population inhabiting the territories of the Netherlands. The conflict rent asunder the one from the other, so as to constitute the separate kingdoms of Holland and Belgium. That revolution had much of its origin in the disagreement that subsisted between the two races on the subject of religion; the clergy of each being the moving springs, and giving stimulus and aggravation to the contest—the Belgians being for the most part Roman Catholics, and the Dutch being almost wholly Presbyterians. The Protestant ascendancy, which was fostered in the government of Holland, was obnoxious to the Flemings, since, as the religion of the conqueror, it had been imposed upon the Roman Catholic

people of Belgium in the year 1815. It was then the Holy Alliance convened its congress of sovereigns at Vienna, for the purpose of dividing and distributing the government of Europe as they thought right: a province to this power, and a city to that crowned head; the rank of sovereignty, or a title of princely excellency, to this and that power; the Belgians being transferred, at that time, to the government of Holland, and the Stadtholder transformed into a king. During the subsequent fifteen years, considerable dissatisfaction prevailed, till it broke out in actual hostilities between the military and the people of Belgium. Just previously the French Revolution, or "three days of July," 1830, had thrown down the throne of the elder Bourbons, and unwittingly set up the throne of King Louis Philippe. Probably as part of the same conspiracy against royal misrule, and contemporaneous with the French convulsion, the Belgian commotions began to spread, and ended in what is called the dynasty or government of King Leopold. The present archbishop of Mechlin may be styled a prelate of the revolution: he took an influential position, and proved one of the prime movers in the agitation, and thus secured to himself his present episcopal eminence and political influence in the country and government, as the primate of Belgium.

Mechlin was celebrated for the production, as the ladies well know, of a peculiarly fine lace; the industrious people of former days here having been employed in the manufacture of this delicate fabric. The leather hangings, stamped and gilded, and substituted for tapestry in decorating the interiors of houses, were also, in past times, manufactured here. The cathedral of Mechlin is a splendid edifice, and is worthy to be visited by a person curious in architecture, or inclined to inspect the monuments of ancient superstition. In all ages and climes it has been a mark of ignorant devotion to be too much addicted to undefined and unintelligible forms and symbols of worship:

the "dim religious light" has most prevailed in large and costly structures, which, as altars, superstitious fanaticism has reared to the *unknown* God. It has been a part of the will-worship and voluntary humility which a formal and blinded religion encouraged, to rear as objects and instruments of divine service, magnificent edifices, and which they designated cathedrals. These Gothic, cloistered, and expensive buildings, are never capable of being rendered useful for the ordinary purposes of society, or being employed for the benefit of the people; or yet to fulfil the pretensions with which such places are invested in connection with religious observances and their solemn consecration. These cathedrals, as the traveller will perceive all over the continent, are immense piles of building, able to contain many thousand people; and yet so constructed as that, though these thousands were to assemble within their walls, it would be impossible so to address them as an audience at one time, as that they should derive benefit from the voice of any human speaker attempting to give instruction. I visited the cathedral dedicated to St. Rumbold, begun in the twelfth century. The tower, which is 348 feet high, was begun in 1452—its steeple was designed to have been 640 feet in height. The church was finished with the money obtained by the sale of indulgences to pilgrims, who crowded thither in 1452 to celebrate a jubilee proclaimed by the Pope ostensibly on the war against the Turks. The interior of the cathedral is large and lofty, and is ornamented with a carved pulpit, commemorating the conversion of Paul the apostle, who is represented as having been thrown from his horse, which has also fallen in terror, under the pulpit. The horse, struck down, rests on his haunches, and seems in the greatest consternation; whilst the companions of the persecutor are scattered round, and angels appear contemplating the scene with peculiar interest. I liked the work of the artist, and examined the dramatic representation with deeper emotions than those

of mere curiosity. The associations pleased me more than either the chasteness of conception or success of execution of the long-deceased artist. The limbo of Christian mythology does not always supply such instruction or harmless memorials of Divine Providence, or of ecclesiastical history,—whilst this imagery was not produced to be the object of adoring veneration, or to divide the prerogatives of divine worship with Deity as instruments of a baptized idolatry.

There is, besides, a magnificent altar-piece in the left-hand transept, painted by Vandyk after his return from Italy. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a far more competent critic than usually we can hear on such masterpieces, and he observes:—"This, perhaps, is the most capital of all his works, in respect to the variety and extensiveness of the design, and the judicious disposition of the whole. In the efforts which the thieves make to disengage themselves from the cross, he has successfully encountered the difficulty of the art; and the expression of grief and resignation in the Virgin is admirable. This picture, upon the whole, may be considered as one of the first pictures in the world, and gives the highest idea of Vandyk's powers," &c. Other churches and paintings are counted worthy of admiration—as the churches of St. John and of Notre Dame; and sixteen pictures of Rubens, which he finished in twenty-eight days, and for which he received nearly 300*l*. The town itself is one of the most picturesque Flemish cities; though it now presents a decayed and deserted aspect spreading over the quaint architecture of its habitations. It was the seat of the Imperial Chamber, founded by Charles the Bold in 1473, and maintained a high reputation, as an upright court of justice, for several centuries. The present population is estimated at about 24,000; with a municipal magistracy, not distinguished for peculiar wisdom and liberality.

We have named Mechlin as a centre from which various

railways diverge. One of these conducts to Ghent (Gand); proceeding on to which, you pass Bruges. Few cities of Flemish history present more attractions to the archæologist or antiquary than does this ancient relic of bygone times. It is still one of the most singular monuments of former ambition and antique grandeur—an ecclesiastical mausoleum, and a commercial ruin. It was at one time capable of containing, in wealth and splendour, 80,000 people, and now it numbers only about 40,000 inhabitants; 15,000 of whom are classed as paupers. It bore a relation to commerce and manufacture for the whole of Western Europe, not unlike to the present position of Glasgow in respect to the enterprise of Scotland. The shipping that came from every part of the world was so divers and extensive, that, in the thirteenth century, it might be regarded as the port of the whole western continent. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, had established, A. D. 958, a market, or regular weekly fair, for woollens, at Bruges, where exchanges were effected by barter rather than money. At this and subsequent periods, the manufactures of the Flemings were considered so extensive as to seem to warrant the vaunt, that “all the world was clothed from English wool wrought in Flanders.” These stuffs were at least sold wherever the sea or a navigable river permitted them to be carried. Flanders was a market for the traders of all the world—Turks as well as Christians. In the middle of the thirteenth century, the Hanscatic League, a confederacy of adventurers in commerce from Italy, the shores of the Black Sea, the Baltic, and of the Mediterranean, and of England, as well as their correspondents in Asia Minor, Persia, and India, fixed on this city as an entrepot for their trade. An old writer (Meyer, *Annales Flandrici*,) asserts that “agents from seventeen kingdoms, had at one time, in the fourteenth century, their permanent residence at Bruges, for the management of mercantile factories; as well as a great many

who resorted thither from almost unknown kingdoms." Twenty foreign ministers had hotels within its walls. Thus it had become the centre of resort for the Lombard and Venetian traders, who brought hither the manufactures of India and the produce of Italy, to exchange them for the merchandize of Germany and the Baltic. From Genoa, Venice, and Constantinople, arrive richly-freighted argosies; so celebrated because of the costliness of their lading and the fortunes made by those who navigated them; and thus named, from the Greek, *Jason's* ship, or as "a ship from *Ragusa*." Ships of large burden and precious cargo from those remote cities might be seen at one time unloading in the harbour of Bruges, while her warehouses groaned beneath bales of wool from England, linen from Belgium, and silk from Persia. In the fifteenth century it became the staple for English and Scotch goods. As the desire for an exchange of European products increased, the commodities of India and Southern Europe were brought to Bruges, which retained its position as the emporium of commerce till the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was then esteemed one of the four principal factories of the Hanse League. It had reached the summit of its splendour in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, when the Dukes of Burgundy held their court in it. The public buildings and private residences, the vestiges of former wealth and power, contrast sadly with the paucity and inactivity, and even misery, of its present population. Amidst its great extent, instead of indications of commercial enterprise, it wears the aspect of desolation. The remnants of houses erected for the purposes of merchandize, as the fragments of former opulence, cast a melancholy shadow on present scenes, and serve as memorials and monuments of former splendour, and proofs of present decay. The street St. Amand, proceeding from the Grande Place, is distinguished by two houses—one for a season the residence of Charles the Second of England, in his exile during

the Protectorate, where the citizens of Bruges invested him with the title of *Roi des Arbalétriers*, or King of the Cross-bowmen. Good for England had he always remained so! The other house occupies the site of the Crænenburg, at the other corner of St. Amand-street: it was the prison of the Emperor Maximilian in 1488, when his daring Flemings, irritated because their rights had been infringed, seized his person, and, converting the house into a prison, by barring its windows, shut him up in close confinement for several weeks, while the burghers kept watch and ward over him. The excommunication of the Pope and the armies of the empire threatened; but they refused to release the Emperor till he vowed, upon his knees before an altar, in the presence of magistrates and people, to respect the liberties of Bruges, to give up the guardianship of his son, and to pardon all offences hitherto committed against his person and government. It was nothing to his imperial conscience that he ratified this treaty by oaths on the sacrament, a fragment of the true cross, and the relics of St. Donatus—all were set at defiance a few weeks afterward. The cathedral, or St. Sauveur; Ouser Vrouw, or Notre Dame; the Hospital of St. John; and La Chapelle du Sang de Dieu, are the ecclesiastical edifices: while Les Halles, the Palais de Justice, and the Hotel de Ville, are the secular buildings, which hold forth now the chief attractions; ornamented as they still are by the paintings of Hans Memling, Van Eyck, and Buonarrotti. On these an amateur of art would love to linger, but my space forbids farther delay.

I proceeded to Ghent. Few cities associate so many antiquarian and historical recollections. It stands on the Scheldt, which there receives as tributaries the Lieve, the Lys, and the More; whose connection is completed by several navigable canals. Twenty-six clustering islands are here united by as many as a hundred bridges, as the locality of one city, occupied by 10,000 houses and 30,000

inhabitants. In the thirteenth century it was one of the largest cities in Europe. The circuit of it was double the dimensions of Bruges, and was, in the opinion of many, the best situated for commerce in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders. According to Ludovico Guicciardini, it then contained 35,000 separate houses, and five inhabitants to each dwelling; while its walls embraced a circumference of 45,640 Roman feet—which no doubt included many open spaces, whether for gardens or squares. The magistrates of Ghent were then most minute in their fiscal surveillance, and exacted a revenue from every loom. The number of its weaving population is said at one time to have exceeded 40,000. The incorporation of weavers could then, on an emergency, call in to the field 18,000 men as soldiers, whose weapons were always accessible. The impress on the general population of Ghent, I think, may be traced to the influence of this body, and evinced much of what I believe to be the characteristic features of the weaver trade in almost all countries. They were a thinking, reasoning, disputatious and opinionated people, refusing to let go what they deemed to be advantages to please any, even men of exalted rank and power. A consequence of this tenacious habit was, that they and their fellow citizens had often broils and squabbles with the petty princes that professed to rule them. It moreover happened, that sometimes this turbulent, self-willed, and imperious spirit precipitated them into conflict with stronger powers than themselves, who, with inexorable revenge, delighted to humble them to the attitude of suppliants, and bring them upon their knees imploring pardon, even with a halter round their necks, to add to their indignity.

So numerous, so united in their movements, and simultaneous in their pursuits and enjoyments were these operatives in that day, that it used to be an order of the municipal authorities in Ghent that a bell should be rung during

the time when they went from their work to their habitations for their meals. And so long as this bell sounded, it was required that no bridge should be drawn to let any ship pass through the numerous canals that intersected the city, lest it should obstruct or delay the weavers and wool-staplers in going to their meals or returning to their work; and that no child should be left in the streets whilst the bell was ringing, lest the child should be trodden down by the stream of weavers hastening to their homes. I suppose that people were not wont to rejoice in potatoes, or be restricted to the provision supplied by a corn-law. *Roland of the Béffroi* was the favourite organ of the public voice, and sounded many a peal, till Charles the Fifth degraded it from its lofty position in the Belfry Tower—a tower which, though erected in 1183, still stands the monument of former times, surmounted by the gilded dragon which a devout crusader brought from Constantinople, where he had fought and plundered under the leadership of Baldwin, Count of Flanders.

I found so many various and attractive descriptions in Murray's "Hand Book" as my guide, that I shall deem it an act of justice here to present a few sketches abridged from him of scenes and associations of Gand or Ghent. The capital of Flanders in the tenth century, its burghers threw off the yoke of feudal superiority, and established for themselves independence and immunities as citizens, which became the model and origin of popular rights in Europe. In 1297 they had acquired so warlike a reputation that they were deemed fit antagonists by Edward the First, who, with 24,000 English troops, was repulsed from their walls—the *élite* of the French chivalry encountered and were repulsed by them in the "Battle of Spurs" at Courtray. Froissart describes Ghent in his own day (A.D. 1400) as one of the strongest cities of Europe, which would have required an army of 200,000 to besiege it on every side, so as to shut up all access by the Lys and

Scheldt. The Counts of Flanders and the Dukes of Burgundy could only reckon on their nominal allegiance ; for if these Seigniors ever attempted to impose an unpopular tax, the citizens, summoned to arms by the great bell, hastened to the conflict, and slew or expelled from the city the officers appointed for its administration. The season for retribution and humiliation might indeed follow, when the courageous but undisciplined citizens suffered for their audacity on the field of battle, where their thousands fell ; after which their dearest privileges were confiscated, ruinous subsidies were levied, and their most honoured citizens and magistrates were constrained to kiss the dust at the feet of their imperious lords. The *Vrydags Markt* is still remembered as the rendezvous of the trades' unions of the fourteenth century, where their standards were planted, and their forces rallied under arms to resent any supposed breach of the privileges of their guilds. The Brewer of Ghent, Jaques Van Artaveldt, at the head of his partisans of the weaver corporation, encountered here the opposite faction of fullers. Though only a civic broil, the fury of the combatants was so sanguinary that the presence of the host, or mass, was disregarded when brought upon the spot to separate them ; and 1,500 corpses of citizens slain by fellow citizens, were left on the square. His son was forty years afterwards placed on the same spot as *protector* of Ghent, receiving the oath of fidelity from his fellow-citizens, and engaging to lead them against Louis de Male. This distinguished man was born while Edward the Third and Philippa his queen made their residence at the *Graeven Kasteel*. The Queen Philippa acted as the baptismal sponsor, or god-mother, of the young Van Artaveldt, and also gave birth to her own more celebrated son named, from the circumstance of his birth, *John of Gaunt*. There existed for many years an intimate alliance between the English and the men of Ghent. While the Flemings cherished the intimacy for

the sake of the wool for their clothes, the exportation of which was sometimes restricted only according to confederacy, the English sovereigns sought to secure the good towns and weavers of Flanders, as allies to assist in their designs upon the crown of France. They aided each other with troops on land and ships at sea; and the connection between the two countries endured till the time of Philip the Bold. Froissart with much minuteness relates the disastrous end of the elder Van Artaveldt, occasioned by his subservient alliance with Edward the Third. The story is quaintly told, and illustrates our representation. "As he rode into the town, (from a conference with the English king,) about noon, they of the town knew of his coming, and many were assembled together in the street where he should pass; and when they saw him they began to murmur, and to run together their heads in one hood, and said, Behold yonder great master, who will order all Flanders at his pleasure, the which is not to be suffered. As he rode through the street, he perceived that there was some new matter against him, for he saw such as were wont to make reverence unto him as he come by, turn their backs toward him and enter into their houses. Then he began to doubt, and as soon as he was alighted in his lodging, he closed fast his doors, gates and windows. This was seant done but all the street was full of men, and especially of those of the small crafts, who assailed his house both behind and before. Though stoutly resisted their numbers prevailed. Artaveldt in vain addressed them from an upper window, the eloquent tongue was now little heeded in the frenzy of popular excitement. When Jaques saw that he could not appease them, he drew in his head and closed the window, and so thought to steal out on the back-side into a church that joined his house; but it was so broken that four hundred persons were entered in, and finally there he was taken and slain without mercy; and one Thomas Denys gave him his

death-stroke." One hundred years later again was Ghent the scene of political excitement, when, by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy with the Grand Duke Maximilian, the Low Countries were added to the Austrian dominions.

Charles the Fifth was born at Ghent; and during his reign a formidable insurrection threatened to divide this province from his dominion, which the duplicity of Francis the First enabled the Emperor promptly to subdue. He soon after laid the first stone of the citadel not far from the Antwerp-gate; 800 houses were removed to make room for it. Intended for the entire restriction of the people's liberty, it afterward served as a prison. It was besieged by the townspeople under the Prince of Orange, and defended by the Spaniards in 1570. Three thousand men of Ghent, wearing for distinction white shirts over their clothes, attempted to carry it by assault. Their ladders were too short, and they prepared again to renew the attack, but the besieged sought terms of capitulation. The citadel was levelled with the ground, and the stronghold of tyranny was demolished; the citizens, their wives, and children working like common labourers to sweep away its vestiges as odious memorials of oppression.

The Cathedral of St. Baefs, founded in 944, contains twenty-four chapels in its side aisles. The walls are lined with black marble, the balustrades are of white or variegated marble; the gates of the chapels are of brass. In front of the high altar are four tall silver candlesticks, once belonging to Whitehall or St. Paul's Church, London. The monuments and paintings are numerous, and some of them possess peculiar merit and attraction. The most celebrated of them is a master-piece, by the brothers Van Eyck; the adoration of the spotless Lamb is the subject. The Lamb, as described in the Revelations, is seen in the centre, surrounded by angels, and approached by four groups of worshippers—on the right, in the distance, are the holy virgins and female saints; on the left the bishops

and founders of monastic orders ; in the foreground, on the right of the Fountain of Life, are the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Testament—on the left Apostles and Saints of the New ; while in the horizon rise the towers of the New Jerusalem, after the style of some old Flemish town. Three hundred heads may be counted, elaborately finished with scrupulous minuteness. Two figures represent the artist brothers themselves ; while the upper part of the picture contains figures of God the Father, in three compartments, with John the Baptist and the Virgin.

The ecclesiastical architecture was subjected, in 1566, to the summary visitation of about four hundred Iconoclasts, who in three or four days entered every church, effacing the rich sculpture, dashing the images and painted glass to pieces, and cutting the pictures to shreds. This excited the malignant vengeance of Philip II. ; drew forth the scourge of the Duke of Alva ; brought upon Flanders the curse of the Inquisition, confiscation, exile, or death ; and the permanent darkness of the Romish superstition.

The University, the Hôtel de Ville, the Museum, the Marche de Vendredi, the Oudeburg, the Beguinage, and the Byloque, are deemed the most attractive objects, as memorials of former scenes and events. The grandeur and opulence of Ghent and its inhabitants have passed away ; and some have traced their decline to their spirit of revolt ; in other words, to their independency,—this, we believe, had been rather the occasion of its ascendancy. They may have been “ intoxicated with the extent of their riches, and the fulness of their freedom ;” but the ruin of their commerce originated not in their controversy with the sovereign, designated *Philip the Good*. They maintained their contest, with all his regal power and resources, for five years : a proof that, though in the end they were compelled to submit, they had ample energies and means to develop, and, under favourable auspices, might still have flourished. Their decayed buildings and architectural ruins .

show that their commerce was extensive as that of the ancient Tyre; their merchants were princes, and the riches of their Guilds like the wealth of nations. We visit such fragments now as curiosities, and the traveller regards them as memorials rather than as useful parts of the city. But though diminished, both in population and manufacture, from the eminence it sustained in the proud days of Burgundian munificence, it has in more recent times appeared to revive. Liéven Bauens, an enterprising Fleming, came to Manchester, and acquired a knowledge of its manufactures; and in 1801 carried over a body of English mechanics, and the machinery of the spinning-jenny and steam loom. In a few years sixty steam-engines were employed, and 30,000 workmen in various cotton factories. Napoleon ranked it as a city in the class with Rouen and Lyons; and we may yet reckon it the *Manchester of Belgium*. Its tall chimneys and rolling smoke, amidst rows of antique buildings, old gloomy churches, and decaying monasteries, contrast strangely with the poetic and picturesque expectations of an imaginative recluse; but the chimney and the spinnery, the cotton manufactory and the sugar refinery, bring more employment and comfort to the people than the most perfect fragments of decayed architecture, or than the monks and sisterhoods of cloistered or spurious sanctity.

The population is now somewhere from 80,000 to 90,000, though it be alleged that the changes incident to European revolutions have been unfavourable to Ghent. Let me transiently notice the fact of such populous and prosperous cities of the middle ages or less remote periods in Europe, having decayed from their early splendour, and sunk into comparative insignificance in modern times. We are occasionally disposed to think that the British nation are a people who have gained prosperity by commerce; and that having acquired our position by such peaceful means, we are likely to retain it. There has oft-times been a tide in

the affairs of men; but there is always an occasion for the ripple on the wave, and an impulse which moves the advancing and receding surges: and the question may be started, how is it that those flourishing and populous cities, once the pride of their inhabitants, the glory of their country, and the emporium of the world's commerce, should afterwards have sunk almost beneath notice? Whence comes it? I think, in one fact of their history we may trace an operating and obnoxious influence,—they usually were organized into what have been called corporations—chartered trades: they held something in common with what we call *monopoly*: particular parties having special privileges, priority of claims and immunities, and excluding other parties from the same advantages. Hot-bed plants have an ephemeral growth; it is the oak of the forest which lives and vegetates a thousand years. There might also be discovered, no doubt, some influences which operated in the changes that passed upon the governments of surrounding countries. The towns to which I have adverted, and especially the Flemish cities, were associated with, or in dependence on, the Hanse Towns: their confederacy was ultimately dissolved, and the intercourse interrupted between Italy, Venice, and Genoa; between Florence, Bruges, and Ostend, and some other ports of equal importance to those towns. That intercourse which depended upon their association as a League, was suspended, and finally ceased altogether, in consequence of other powers rising and superseding the influence of the League.

I passed from Ghent to Anvers, or Antwerp. This city still ranks among the affluent, and its population are ambitious and enterprising. Few modern towns in Belgium can be compared to it in facilities for commercial speculation. Its central position, in relation to the Scheldt, the Thames, and the Rhine, to Prussia, Holland, and England, and to the great Belgian and Rhenish railways, gives it a command over resources, and a superiority over competi-

tors, which are denied to many other ports. Antwerp must have early profited from its position; and if the etymology of its name be, as suggested, from *Æn't werf*, "on the Quay," its origin appears to have been coincident with commercial relations. In the fifteenth century it had presented strong inducements to those engaged in merchandise—the Portuguese having chosen it as their entrepôt for the spices, drugs, and other productions of their Indian trade. One firm existed at Antwerp in the beginning of the sixteenth century, whose wealth alone is sufficient to indicate extensive commercial dealings. They had a license from the King of Portugal to trade to India, and used to send their own factor in every ship that sailed, being partial owners in every cargo of pepper imported from the East. The Emperor Charles V. borrowed from them (the Fuggers) a large sum, to uphold him in his expedition against Tunis. They invited him to an entertainment at Antwerp, in the year 1534, when Fuggér made a fire of cinnamon in his hall, and threw all the emperor's bonds into the blazing hearth. Eleven years afterwards the same merchant gave to Henry VIII. an acquittance for the sum of 152,180*l.*, which the English king had borrowed of him. Merchants from every part of northern Europe settled here: the free fairs of Antwerp, two of which lasted each for six weeks, attracted them from all places; and especially from the now declining Bruges. Here they were certain of finding a market for their merchandise, which they could bring in duty free; while bills of exchange could be negotiated easily and with safety on all parts of Europe. Besides the natives, and the French, who were numerous, there resided at Antwerp, in 1560, six principal foreign nations—Danes, Germans, Italians, English, Spaniards, and Portuguese: more than a thousand merchants, including factors and servants, dwelt here unmoved by war or peace: while many of the natives were declared to be worth from 200,000 to 400,000 crowns. Sir Thomas Gresham resided there,

as British agent, in 1550, and chose the Bourse of Antwerp, erected in 1533, as the model for the Royal Exchange in London. Cloisters supported by columns of Moorish Gothic, of considerable beauty, ran round the inner court, and afforded recesses for confidential transactions. Guicciardini describes their meetings in this Exchange, which were "twice a day, in the mornings and evenings, one hour each time, at the English Bourse, where, by their interpreters and brokers, they buy and sell all kinds of merchandise. Thence they go to the new, or principal Bourse, where, for another hour each time, they transact all matters relating to bills of exchange with the above six nations, and with France, and also to deposit at interest, which is usually 12 per cent. per annum." Five thousand merchants used thus daily to congregate.

The same writer supplies a minute sketch of the commerce of Antwerp in his time. It embraced every country in the world with which traffic could be carried on; and in it were included all the commodities supplied by Asia, America, Africa, and the South of Europe; England, the Baltic countries, Germany, and France. The Antwerp merchants, being of immense wealth, and able to supply at long credit, set their own prices on their merchandise. I have culled a list of the principal articles in which they traded:—woollen-drapery, linen, tapestry, stuffs, cloth of gold and silver, Turkey carpets, canvass, leather, skins, furs, dimitics, camblets, velvet, wrought silk, fustians, serges, satins, crapes, cotton, flax, silk thread, furniture, spices, pepper, cinnamon, dried fruits, oranges, honey, sugar, treacle, molasses; perfumes—amber, musk, civet; saffron, sarsaparilla, aloes, rhubarb, cochineal, manna, galls, senna, sulphur, gums, alum, verdigris, wax, guaiacum; colours—vermilion, azure, blue, and crimson; paper, lead, iron, brass, latten, tin, copper, bullion, gold, silver, and quicksilver; jewels, pearls, coral, small wares of metal, fans, muskets, artillery, toys and trinkets, mith-

ridate, orchil, china-root, madder, woad, saltpetre, glass, oil, vitriol, pitch, tar, potashes, turpentine, soap, tallow, butter, salt, salt fish, salted meat, smoked and dried fish, Parmesan cheese, Brazil wood, timber, wheat, rye, and sometimes corn. They were not then restricted by the operation of odious Corn-laws. To the foregoing I may add hops, beer, malmsey, Spanish and Rhenish wines. Of these last wines Guicciardini speaks in terms of greatest praise, as good for the health, and not affecting the head or stomach, though used in large quantities. He did not believe the creed of modern teetotalism. Forty thousand tuns of it were annually brought to Antwerp, and sold at 36 crowns per tun. Walcheren was at this time the place of rendezvous for the shipping of Antwerp; 2,500 large ships often lying at one time, bound to or returning from the most distant parts. The historian asserts it was no uncommon thing for five hundred ships to come and go in one day. The money put into circulation annually exceeded 500,000,000 guilders, or 41,666,666*l*. Ten thousand carts were constantly employed in conveying merchandise between Antwerp and the neighbouring countries; hundreds of wagons were daily loaded with passengers, and five hundred coaches were used by persons of distinction. On the same authority we learn there were seventy-eight butchers, ninety-two fishmongers, and one hundred and twenty-four goldsmiths, also bankers; the number of houses was 13,500; and of its inhabitants, 200,000.

The contrast presented to me was great in 1844, three hundred years later in the history of the same city. Its population now does not exceed 78,000: it has decreased almost two-thirds, and its dimensions are reduced in the same proportion. The situation of the city is not changed; the articles which were required for commerce have not changed, and the demand for them has increased in all lands; but the policy of its rulers, and the ambition of

men, have changed the relation and intercourse of Antwerp; and hence its mournful declension.

To me there is great interest in tracing the historical events associated with such changes. Philip II. of Spain, and his minister the Duke of Alva, did much to ruin Antwerp. The Inquisition, its cruel edicts and sanguinary persecutions, drove from the place thousands of industrious mechanics; among others, the silk-weavers, who sought and found an asylum in England under the reign of Elizabeth. Again, in 1585, another blow was struck; when, after a siege of fourteen months, the citizens, starved by famine, yielded its capture to the Duke of Parma. He had thrown a bridge across the Scheldt, 2,400 feet long, which shut up the river against all supplies for the besieged. This structure had been so strongly built, that it resisted the winter floods, sustained ninety-seven pieces of cannon, and was guarded by two forts at its extremities. The citizens made every effort to effect its destruction. One night three blazing fires floated down the stream—they were fire-ships, directed against the bridge by a foreign engineer. One of them reached its destination, and had nearly accomplished its mission; for, guided by great precision, it had exploded with tremendous force, and burst through the bridge, in spite of chains and cables, and demolished a stockade, destroying eight hundred Spanish soldiers employed in its defence. The besiegers, however, repaired their loss, and rendered abortive all means of defence. The navigation of the Scheldt was afterwards engrossed by the Dutch; and in 1648, by the treaty of Westphalia, it was agreed that the river should be closed by forcible obstructions against all commerce as far as Antwerp.

Nevertheless, Antwerp is still a magnificent city: and while you pass through its streets, the houses, which are lofty and spacious, bear evidence of remaining wealth, though mingled with superstition: at the corner of almost

every street you observe a niche filled with the Virgin and the Child, or some patron saint. Its merchants have even now considerable influence in the monetary affairs of Europe. The Exchange of Antwerp is one of the most interesting sights the tourist of the Continent can visit. In fact, so peculiar are the habits of its members, that they lock the gates of their Bourse at a certain hour of the day, and admit none during that period, that they may transact their business unmolested and in quietness. I went to the gate, and gazed upon the busied multitude: they were numerous as a motley crowd, heaving to and fro as the waves of the sea, and deeply engrossed in the commerce which they were conducting. You all know that the river Scheldt has, during the present century, been again opened to mercantile fleets—a project of Napoleon Bonaparte's to counteract British commerce and naval superiority. Vessels of considerable magnitude can now sail up to Antwerp. The works carried into execution by Napoleon are stated to have cost 2,000,000*l.* sterling; but these were nothing to what he intended. He designed to have inclosed an extensive plain, on the left bank of the river, by fortifications: imperial dockyards and basins, an arsenal and magazine, were to have been constructed, as an accompaniment to a new city; while private merchants were to occupy the quays on the other banks of the river. On the river, and connected with its various canals, are the fortifications once so celebrated—objects not of much attraction to my curiosity. Visits to such scenes bear to my mind too much the character of devotional pilgrimages, and as tribute paid to the genius of war—a certain *momentum* which every visitor contributes to the reputation of the system. My conscience, on this as well as on other occasions, refused the voluntary tax; though I was not a little anxious to understand how it was that old Chassé, the Dutch General, had found a shelter for himself and his soldiery in the fortress, while the monster engine of the French General Haxo had,

so contrary to all the etiquette and courtesies of formal warfare, played upon his walls, and finally battered the old Dutchman and his troops into submission. Fifty-five thousand French soldiers, under Marshal Gerard and the Duke of Orleans, were employed in this siege for nearly two months, while the Dutch garrison, amounting to 4,500, with 145 pieces of ordnance, defended the citadel till everything within it, in the shape of wall or building, was razed to the ground. Ever since that time there has been a strange coldness, almost alienation, between the people of Antwerp and the Government of the kingdom to which they belong. They look with suspicion upon the Belgian authorities; they believe that they would have been more prosperous in connection with the Dutch Government; and, in consequence of the feeling which thus subsists, there has been little intercourse with the people of Antwerp and King Leopold: as between subjects and their sovereign.

One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed in Antwerp, is its cathedral: it is a lofty building. The cathedral of Antwerp is not only lofty in itself, but is capacious, and exhibits the skill and success of the architect. Begun in the thirteenth century, it was rebuilt in 1534, after being almost wholly consumed by fire. It is 500 feet long, and 250 feet wide, with treble aisles on each side; and is imposing, though simple and uniform. Within its spacious halls, as I might call them, are exhibited some of the rarest paintings of the ancient masters. Perhaps you are aware that Rubens, the celebrated artist, was a native of Antwerp, and that Vandyke was one of his scholars while residing here. The attachment of the Antwerpers to the memory of Rubens, and their pride in his fame, are almost idolatrous. The tokens of their regard are evinced, in the places assigned to his paintings, in the preservation of relics, and in the designation of places sacred to his name; in the commemorations and anniversaries of his life, and in the costly and classic monument, by *Geefs*, which they

have erected in a colossal bronze figure of the painter on the Quai. In consequence of this, some of the most celebrated paintings of Rubens, and of his pupil Vandyke, and Matsys, have found their way to Antwerp, and have remained in its museums and halls to adorn its cathedral and its academy. Among all the works of art or productions of the painter that my eye ever witnessed, the finest picture is in the cathedral of Antwerp: it is called the "Descent from the Cross." It is by Rubens. The success of it, as estimated by artists, (whose ability I cannot attempt duly to appreciate,)—the success of it, according to the judgment of eminent painters, lies in the background, which is composed of a white sheet, upon which the crucified body is laid, and made, in perspective, to depend. It seems so distinctly brought out, that you would think, looking at the painting, it was really a sheet, and not merely a painting. The body itself, as you see it upheld by those that stand upon the ladder, inspires sympathy; and the feminine affection of Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, as expressed in their tender solicitude, lest the corpse should be permitted to fall, seems most natural; whilst the lowering of the body by Joseph of Arimathea, as he stands elevated upon the cross, and lets go the arm of the crucified Jesus, exhibits precisely the expression of countenance and muscular contortions of a frame, relaxed and thrown into such a position:—the skill, the success of the artist, cannot be sufficiently admired. It is not my forte to describe it; but the expression of those who stand around the cross is altogether so natural; the parties that are introduced are only the parties that you would expect to be there; no mythological, no imaginative characters intrude themselves and mar the simple and ingenuous conceptions of the historian. But the Mother of Jesus, with her countenance, which hardly a human pencil could delineate, with the mother's affection, the widow's sorrow, the saint's piety,—all breathing and working and kindling into the most hallowed

emotions, and her mournful associates entrance you, while you stand and lose yourself in admiration, and grieve that thus you must leave it, and cannot wait till you see the whole group completed.

This painting was to me a key to much of the power that the church of Rome possesses upon the feelings and the affections of its votaries. They have, wherever they could avail themselves of the doctrine (if I may call it so) of the senses,—they have worked upon the tender, the imaginative, the poetic sympathies of nature; they have embodied the facts which they regard as sacred, in scenes which they have brought before the eye, and by which they have appealed to the affections, and to the reverence of those that belong to their creed. They have carried out the doctrine that ignorance is the mother of devotion, so far as instruction in theoretic, or in doctrinal points may be concerned; but they have brought vividly, clearly, touchingly, and with singular dexterity before the eyes of their people things that were calculated to move, and melt, and bring them into subjection. Artists have ministered to this,—it was their advantage to do so; their success in such skilful representations of course brought to them much more of employment in other respects, whilst the pride of their hearts in succeeding in the most eloquent and expressive scenes of nature or of religion, flattered themselves, and induced them to make efforts which were almost superhuman. You will find few artists in a Protestant country, inspired by high devotional or sentimental enthusiasm:—you will find few artists of Protestant sentiment, and iconoclastic tendencies, that succeed so well in their paintings of subjects that are calculated to minister a superstitious, or *quasi* spiritual fervour, and to move the feelings in idolatrous veneration, as do those that belong to the creed to which I refer. The museum of Antwerp is full of splendid pictures, but amongst them all I saw nothing to equal “The Descent from the Cross.”

Let me rather qualify what I have said in reference to the

success of painting—I abate not a jot as to the great master-spirits of that art. But the priests whose dominion has followed; who have succeeded to power and influence in cathedrals, in other times than when art had attained its perfection, have carried things into a tawdry excess of pictorial representation in their edifices; and hence you will find sky-blue, and scarlet, and yellow, and green, and all gorgeous colours thrown over the head of the Virgin Mary, or placed round her loins, or made the vestments of Christ, according to wild imagination, altogether unsuitable to the reality of the history, and altogether discordant with the successful exhibitions of those previous artists. Indeed, to my mind there was nothing so uncongenial, so calculated to awaken rather disgust, than rest or repose in their devotional chapels, or scenes that were rendered sacred by hallowed associations, and consecrated to this or that saint; nothing so calculated to offend a chastened taste, as their want of consistent colouring and propriety in the adornment of their modern representations of saints and allegoric emblems. Let me here observe also, in reference to the cathedrals, whilst some people speak of the prosperity of the Roman Catholic faith in that part of the world, or in any part of the world, I am constrained to regard it as a thing gone by, more than as a flourishing superstition or a sectarian domination. The cathedrals are the works of former ages. It is with the greatest difficulty that the Church, as it calls it itself, can keep them in repair. It is considered quite a God-send when some poor infatuated prince, the King of Bavaria in his superstition, or the King of Prussia in his policy, or the Queen of Belgium in her devotion, sets apart a sum of money for the repair,—not for the building of a new cathedral, but the repair or the restoration of some old superannuated shrine, which otherwise would have mouldered into decay. The people of Belgium, whatever be their seeming reverence for the priests, are not disposed to pay much for their priestly buildings.

The museum of Antwerp I visited, and, with catalogue in hand, carefully inspected its galleries; contemplating the *chef-d'œuvres* of great masters; but I venture not here to give any description of them, or of the church of St. Jacques, or St. Paul, or St.-Andrew, all deserving notice.

I took my route to Brussels, in which city I had the pleasure of spending some time. I preferred lengthening my sojourn in this place, as it is the capital of Belgium. I had the opportunity of holding converse with some gentlemen who resided there, during my exploratory excursions and pedestrian rambles around. In the immediate neighbourhood I met with Frenchmen who were disposed to be communicative, or with Englishmen who were able to tell me things that I should not otherwise have known. I should describe Brussels as a handsome, though not magnificent city. There is what they call the Low Brussels, where some splendid old mansions, the Hotel de^e Ville, the theatre, the markets, the exchange, and the post-office, are situated, and the Higher Brussels. The lower division of the city, being the more ancient, and not quite so healthy as the upper part, is situated on a level plain, through which the Senne, a secondary stream, flows; the bridge over this river is said to have given occasion to the name Bruxelles, or Bridgetown. The higher, and finer portion of this capital, rising from the gradual ascent on the face of a sloping hill, towards the south and west, is the district where the nobility and royalty have their residences, and where the most elegant mansions and hotels have latterly been erected. All the houses here are built of stone, and every edifice is painted in oil, white, and with white jalousies, imparting to the streets under the glare of sunshine a brilliant and imposing appearance. Though the declivity to the lower city is ornamented by not a few superior houses and the street Montagne de la Cour, especially, which descends more than a mile, occupied by the principal shops gaily stocked, gradually uplifting the

old and new; yet the contrast is great between the dark and antique houses of the lower districts and the glare of the higher; and places in apposition the old Flemish character and the modish French, as marked by the sign-board, the "*Oude Kirk Straat*," and "*Rue de l'Ancienne Eglise*."

The population of Brussels may be somewhere about 150,000 people, immediately within and around the walls of the City. It is much larger than you would suppose that number of people require, in consequence of extensive buildings being occupied by individual families. The park is said to resemble the garden of the Tuileries, but with lofty trees instead of shrubbery. From the park to the Place Royal, the view is beautiful; and, taking in the Rue Royale, the appearance of everything is on a scale of princely magnificence. The Boulevards invite the citizens; and the park, planted with rows of trees at its sides, and its central pond for golden fish, afford amusement and recreation for promenaders. Light coppices, deep dells, patches of green-sward, and thick shrubberies, skilfully diversifying the divisions, give variety to the scene, and afford sites for marble statues, vases, and busts, to the gratification of the admirers of the arts. Brussels presented to me, as the first capital of Europe which I had ever seen, a scene of much interest and attraction, which I carefully inspected. I entered into the place not in search of what would be called carnal amusements, or of fashionable resort. The season was to my mind hallowed and sacred; a portion was the day of rest; I did not go, of course, to the theatre or the opera, or places of similar character, where many English residents congregate, and find pleasure in the giddy dance, or the whirling maze of mirthful madness. But I wandered where I might hope to see the people in their leisure, in their undress, their repose, the quietude of their intercourse with one another, in their retreats from home, and from the occupations of commer-

cial life and pecuniary speculations. I may mention also, concerning those that were residing there, that they are grossly superstitious, or totally unobservant and careless about the claims of religion. I found this to be their character. The females are much addicted to the religious observances of the Church of Rome, while the males are generally indifferent to them, and mostly under the influence of what we should call infidelity, disregarding religion; inasmuch as they dislike the system which prevails, and have had no disposition to inquire for a better. I went to the Boulevards, where they resort for recreation, and lounge for amusement on the sabbath-day, and I found them in trooping multitudes gathered in the shady walks, or resting on the benches provided for their accommodation, that they might listen to the choral and military music, or that they might hold the exchange of social pleasure; perhaps that they might see, perchance that they might be seen. I was certainly gratified with the sobriety of their demeanour—no violent hilarity, no gaudy show of dress; I never saw ladies attired with more exquisite simplicity of costume, with more perfect propriety, and with an adornment that more became their sex and beautiful forms than the ladies of Brussels. I should much like those that are fond of flounces and furbelows, and all things of that kind, who would have every ribbon crinkled and every part of their garments in curl; on which, even in dreams, their invention is bestowed; who walk mincing as they go, who add pile to pile in their head-furniture, or circle to circle in their descending garments, deliberately and reflectively to take a peep at the ladies of Brussels when they are in this easy sort of enjoyment, this quietude of pleasure, wishing to be seen and yet not singled out; very well pleased that their dress should be admired, I dare say, but yet thinking that guileless simplicity was the best ornament after all, and that when unadorned nature is adorned the most.

In reference to the people, I must say that I learned—what may perhaps occasion some considerable anxiety hereafter to those that are in authority, and bear the rule of government in that country—that there was no very great attachment to the rulers of the country. Now, I don't suppose there is a more respectable man in every matter which affects his social, his domestic, or public character, his conduct as a father, a husband, or a friend, or his relation as a king;—I may assert there is not a more unoffending man than King Leopold amongst the monarchs of Europe. I, therefore, do not by these reflections design to throw out the slightest insinuation against his wisdom as a ruler; I believe he wishes to rule in the confidence of the people, and he thinks he had better comply with the wishes of the priests. He may imagine that the priesthood will be a fit tool for him to employ in maintaining his royal prerogative and popular rule. And, at the same time, let me do him the justice to say, that there is not a country on the Continent where there is more liberty to the sectary than there is in Belgium; no, even Presbyterian Holland is not to be compared to it. The *colporteurs* of the Bible Societies traverse Belgium, circulate their Bibles, hold their prayer-meetings, and the authorities never say, “What are you doing?” If any vexatious intruder should disturb them in their exercises, and under some allegation of criminality as against the laws, or the prerogatives of the church, have them cast into prison,—as they may, because the law recognises a dominant church and ascendant priesthood, and hedges round their claims by inviolous immunities, and powers,—immediate steps are taken, some way or another, to find an excuse for the discharge of the prisoners; and the individual who has effected their imprisonment succeeds to no snug sinecure, or lucrative emolument, as a reward for his intolerance, or because he has shown his bigotry in such a way. The administration of the country, so far as

religious liberty is involved, I was assured endeavoured to maintain a character for liberality; affording to Christian congregation the liberty of association, as well as freedom of conscience according to the Charter of the Revolution, and that none should intermeddle when they met together to serve and worship the living and the true God, as directed by their judgment of his Word.

The intercourse between Britain and Belgium is frequent, and familiar, and the mutual confidence of the two nations is increasing, promising permanency and reciprocal advantage. There are in Brussels somewhere about 10,000 English people; they are not peculiarly solicitous about their religion or of its rites and services; as you will judge, when I tell you that there are but two English chapels for this large population, and that one of them is only very indifferently attended. The king has an English chapel attached to his palace; I do not know on what ground, because I believe he conforms in some way or another to the established religion in Belgium,—that religion being Roman Catholicism; he goes to the Roman Catholic Church. Besides the English chapel and its officiating clergymen, he also has a gentleman who was sent from Prussia, or Saxe Coburg, to occupy a Lutheran chapel; but some considerations of policy, or state expediency, seem to have excited a suspicion that this Lutheran chapel might lead the Belgian people to murmur, and, doubting the patriotism of their monarch, to exhibit more than a little jealousy of proselytism. Instead, therefore, of making him a chaplain, he has made him a librarian, and invests him with the less onerous and responsible trust, to take care of the royal library of Brussels. But there are only two places of worship that are open for English Protestants in Brussels, though I think I have not exaggerated when I describe the number as 10,000 English residing in Brussels from time to time. Prior to the Revolution in 1830, probably a greater number of British resi-

dents resorted to this city, for the sake of economy. For a time they were dispersed; but they are gradually multiplying, and are supposed to have considerable influence on the prices in the markets by their habits and wealth. There is a little society of fervent and zealous Christians, who call their association the Belgian Evangelical Society; and they endeavour to extend the knowledge of the Gospel by means of missions of their own. They have, I think, as many as ten stations, with fourteen or more agents as preachers and teachers. &c., throughout Belgium; and the missionaries whom they employ are French, or those who can speak French; they have made only feeble attempts among the Walloons. The devoted men who are the chief staff of the Evangelical Society, are either Englishmen, or those that act in connection with an English community. The persons that are employed in the mission of the Evangelical Society for Belgium, have numerous assemblies, who congregate from time to time to hear the exposition of Divine truth. They preach the gospel sometimes in the midst of opposition, but oftener among a favourable audience, with tokens of favour. They have converts from the Roman Catholic community; and these converts are frequently instances of the power and beauty of religion. They are, however, but as a handful of corn on the tops of the mountains: as yet a weak and despised few amongst a dense population.

There are four millions and a half of people in the kingdom of Belgium; and there are only those few individuals that I speak of employed in preaching, or disseminating the evangelical doctrine amongst that mass of people. They are in need of the sympathy of those that dwell in this country, who would promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion; and I think they deserve our co-operation, from the circumstance that they have a promising field for labour, that opens itself without danger or obstruction, and that gives encouragement to future exertions.

I spent the hours of public devotion on the Lord's-day with a few of these fellow-Christians, and derived both pleasure and profit from the association. The offices of the Bible Society I had visited, that I might seek out and find those servants of Christ, of whom I had heard, and have sweet counsel together with them in matters affecting the prosperity of Zion. Here were a few convened, as in an upper room, to worship and make supplication, with one accord and one mind. I promised to return again in the evening, and was welcomed by a company who waited to hear the word of God. Though I pleaded the inability of an invalid, it was unavailing; and I found that the only alternative was I should preach, or the company separate without an address.

Two or three points of historical interest deserve specific notice. Among these, which I omitted to mention, is an incident worthy of record in the progress of ecclesiastical events, which occurred in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and connects it with the popish persecutions of England. I passed through Vilvorde. It was pointed out to me again and again as a particularly interesting spot. The building to which my attention was thus particularly directed is now the Penitentiary, or National Prison. The site on which that prison now stands was the scene where one of the first and most honoured reformers, Tindale, was burnt, in 1536, as a heretic. The crime that he had committed was to have translated the Scriptures into the vernacular language of the people. For this offence, for the offence of placing before his fellow men the oracles of their own religion in their own language, that they might judge whether its claims were true or false; that they might have the consolation of it, so far as the Truth of God could bring consolation; or that they might have the reproofs which the inspired volume conveyed, so far as they deserved reproof for their offences, he was consumed as a martyr at the stake; and the record of the fiery intolerance

and persecuting spirit of Romish priests is remembered even in popish countries to this day as the stigma of ecclesiastical governments. In the vicinity, and between Brussels and Vilvorde, is situated the palace of Laeken, erected in 1784, where the present king of Belgium resides for the most part. Originally designed for the Austrian governor of the Netherlands, this palace was afterwards the residence of Napoleon Bonaparte, who rescued it from demolition by purchase: here he issued his hostile manifesto, as a declaration of war against Russia, and planned that expedition which terminated in the prostration of his imperial power, and finally led to his own exile and the dismemberment of his confederated dominion; which, having squandered the Gallic resources, brought Napoleon himself from his high eminence to the solitude of St. Helena, and prepared the way for the restoration of the dynasties that now rule: I will not say, what perhaps I might have said correctly, which now *misrule* the countries on the Continent.

I have been entertained by a description of the Laeken, and a moralizing reflection of William Chambers of Edinburgh. The grounds have been extended and encompassed since Leopold became their occupant—they now comprehend nearly 200 acres, and are laid out with much taste, embracing a variety of summer-houses, green-houses, and an orangery. “At one of the sides there is a little garden, or play-ground, laid off for the young prince, containing a rabbit-hutch and house for some beautiful fancy poultry. The gardener who conducted our party through the grounds surprised me by mentioning that the climate of Laeken is more severe during the winter than anything he had ever experienced in England. As an instance of the inclemency of the weather, he mentioned he could not preserve laurels and other evergreens in the open air at Laeken during winter.” It has been as unpropitious for sovereigns as for evergreens; for Chambers says, “Already, in the

space of half a century, Laeken has afforded a lodging to princes of four dynasties ; to it, therefore, might with propriety be applied the sage remark of the eastern dervise, ' This is not a palace, but a caravanserai.' "

• These are memorials which are brought before the eye of the traveller ; and you are led to wonder at the things that have happened, and to ask, what will the end of these things be ? I am satisfied that the decay of cities, which I alluded to at the beginning—the present superficial state of society in the whole country of Belgium—the flippant amusements which the people resort to, and the superficial scepticism that characterises the mass of men who boast of their intelligence, may all be traced to the want of a true, plain, faithfully preached gospel ; such a gospel as we profess to have received, as we profess to rejoice in. I shall, in conclusion, take the opportunity of presenting to you one or two extracts from an affecting and fervent appeal which has been made by the Evangelical Society of Belgium for the Christian confidence, and co-operation of their fellow-Christians in other lands :—

“ Roman Catholicism flourishes in this country as in a hot-bed. Rome itself cannot vie with it in blind and active zeal for all that is connected with the interests of that awful system ; and as may be expected, Popery shows itself in all its unblushing idolatry. Money is lavished on the building and adorning of churches, shrines and virgins. The Virgin Mary is exalted and worshipped as divine ; she receives more homage than Christ. More offerings are made to her, than to Him ; more confidence is placed in her intercession, than in that of the Saviour ! The following is translated from a printed paper hung on the walls of a church in Mons :—

“ I salute you, my Divine Queen, amiable Mary. I adore and bless the design which God has, of glorifying you in this holy place, and of glorifying himself in you. To contribute as much as lies in my power to the admir-

able purpose of this supreme Majesty, and to render to you the honour due to you, I cast myself, Holy Virgin, at the foot of the throne of your glory, and with my humble respect, offer you that which all earth and heaven render to you. Amiable Mediatrix between God and man, it is particularly in this holy place, you exercise this glorious office, and open to poor mortals the treasures of Divine favours, which, *without your aid, Heaven would refuse.* Refuge of the miserable! Protectress of all who call upon you, particularly in this holy place, condescend to pour on me your grace and to help your poor servant, who will do his utmost to proclaim, at all times, and in all places, your praise and honour, to the greater glory of God, and of his Holy Mother.'

"The following is translated from a card sold in the shops at Brussels, illuminated with gold and various colours:—

" 'To Mary, our Mother, who are* in heaven; O Mary, blessed be your name for ever; let your love come to all our hearts; let your desires be accomplished on the earth as in heaven; give us this day grace and mercy; give us the pardon of our faults, as we hope from your unbounded goodness, and let us no more sink under temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.'

"Easily conceiving that our friends will have the greatest difficulty in believing it possible so to imitate the Lord's Prayer and apply it to the Virgin, we give the original, to convince them of the fact:—

" 'A Marie, notre Mère, qui êtes aux cieux; ô Marie, que votre nom soit béni à jamais; que votre amour vienne à tous les cœurs; que vos désirs s'accomplissent en la terre comme au ciel; donnez-nous aujourd'hui la grâce et la miséricorde, donnez-nous le pardon de nos fautes, comme nous l'espérons de votre bonté sans bornes, et ne nous

* The Roman Catholics always speak of and address the Deity in the second person plural.

laissez plus succomber à la tentation ; mais délivrez-nous du mal. Ainsi soit-il.

“ Only a few days since, in one of the largest churches in Brussels, a most splendid crown was presented to a ‘*Miraculous image of the Virgin,*’ invoked as the Mother of Mercy. It is stated that there were ninety ounces of pure gold in the crown, and the workmanship alone cost 280*l*. The following is a . . .

“ *Description of the Crown, as given in the Journal de Bruxelles, 31st May, 1843:—*

“ ‘ The front of the cross which is on the orb is ornamented with five superb sapphires ; the one given by her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians is placed in the middle. On the sides are four brilliants, four fine rubies, and forty-five rose diamonds. The back of the cross is the same as the front, with the exception of the sapphires, for which peridots are substituted ; in addition to these, the cross is enriched by thirty-three fine pearls. The arches are of gothic form, and studded with forty diamonds and forty-eight vermicilles ; enamelled ivy-branches climb the sides of the arches and meet at the top. The band which encircles the orb, and that which crosses its upper hemisphere, are of sky-blue enamel, and are adorned with twelve diamonds and four rubies. The fleurons are embellished with sixteen fine hyacinths and other precious stones. The cap has four beautiful gothic ornaments, with four fine Siberian amethysts and two hundred and eighty-four diamonds. Between each of these ornaments there is an inscription in sky-blue enamelled letters, *Mariæ Matri Misericordiæ*. The crown is lined with gothic lace of golden filigree-work, intermixed with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, and three hundred and forty-four pearls. The total number of precious stones in the crown is five hundred and ninety-three, and of fine pearls three hundred and seventy-seven. What in the eye of faith infinitely augments the value of these precious stones is, that they are the gifts of the middle-classes,

who have imitated the zeal of the poor. (*The subscription to buy the crown was begun by the poor*)

“ ‘The circle of the diadem bears an inscription, *Mariæ Matri Misericordiæ*, in azure letters, because Mary is Queen of heaven by the almighty power of God. The emblems are taken from different royal and imperial crowns, to show that Mary’s crown includes and far surpasses them all. On the top of the four arches (after the royal crown) is an orb surmounted by the sign of redemption, because the Mother of the Saviour reigns by this sign of salvation.’

“ ‘As may be supposed, the ceremony of crowning the image was one of great pomp. The *Journal de Bruxelles* gives the following account of it:—

“ ‘The evening before Ascension-day, all that part of the High-street which reaches from the church to the parsonage-house, was planted with firs, on which were hung garlands of evergreens, and red, blue and white calico. Several triumphal arches were also placed in the streets. Early in the morning an immense crowd gathered around the church. At six o’clock the cardinal-archbishop celebrated the mass, and during two hours administered the communion.

“ ‘The confessors had been engaged until midnight in hearing the confessions of the people. At eight o’clock, the Archbishop of Damietta, nuncio at Brussels, celebrated mass, and then continued to give the communion; in an adjoining chapel, the holy eucharist had been distributed from five o’clock in the morning. Several hundreds of persons, seeing the difficulty of approaching the holy table, went to other churches to satisfy their devotion. There were 3,000 communicants at “la Chapelle” alone (the church in which the ceremony took place.) At ten o’clock the Rector Magnifique of the Louvain Catholic University chanted high mass, at which the cardinal was present in his pontifical dress, surrounded by his grand-vicar, several canons and a great number of the clergy.

“ At two o'clock the procession quitted the parsonage-house for the church, headed and closed by a detachment of the “ Guides ” (the king's body-guard,) their music in front. The procession was formed by a deputation of the different brotherhoods of the parish,—the council of administration of the church,—the community of the brethren of Christian schools,—the fathers of the Company of Jesus and of the congregation of Redemptorists,—the curé of the parish and a numerous clergy,—the cardinal-archbishop and his vicar-general,—the rector magnifique of the University of Louvain and several canons.

“ More than three hundred men of the different regiments in town were drawn up in line to keep order.

“ The crown was borne by eight young ladies dressed in white, accompanied by others carrying flowers and laurels. When they reached the church, it was placed on a rich pedestal at the feet of Mary.

“ In the morning, the curé of the church was informed that the King had decided on accompanying her Majesty the Queen, and bringing with him his Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant. At three o'clock, the royal suite arrived; their Majesties were accompanied by the Countess Merode, etc.; etc. . . . At the entrance of the church, the cardinal-archbishop, at the head of his clergy, complimented the King on his following the example of his august consort in honouring the grand solemnity with his presence. The cardinal began the *Veni Creator*, which was executed by a full orchestra. The Rev. Father Boone addressed the assembly in a short and touching discourse, proving in a few words, that the crown offered to Mary was a crown of glory for her and a crown of joy for the people. The cardinal then blessed the crown; after which the imposing ceremony of the coronation took place.

“ Preceded by two priests, who carried the precious treasure, the cardinal ascended the steps which were raised before the throne of Mary; and when the crown—proof of so

much affection and of so many good works and conversions — was placed on the head of the Mother of Mercy, the eyes of all the assembly were fixed on this good Mother, and expressed a feeling of the purest joy and most filial attachment; no pen can describe that moment of enthusiasm. The music of the “Guides,” which had played during the ceremony, now ceased, and that of the college executed a hymn. The cardinal then consecrated to Mary the King, the Queen, their august children, the parish, the capital, and the whole of Belgium, and began the Magnificat; which, chanted by a numerous clergy, constrained every heart to the deepest devotion. The affecting ceremony being ended, the cardinal went to the high altar and gave the triple blessing, with the holy Sacrament; and then conducted their Majesties to the church door. It is impossible for us to describe the enthusiasm of the people, when the Royal family entered and quitted the church. “Long live the King! long live the Queen! long live the Duke of Brabant!” were repeated by more than 30,000 tongues. We are happy to see that it is to honour Mary the Duke of Brabant appears for the first time publicly in a church. In the evening there was an illumination in the streets through which the procession had passed, and also in different parts of the parish; the poor places vied with the rich in the number of lights. It was impossible for the people to be happier than they were at seeing the Royal family, the nobility and the high clergy associate with them in a festival which they had begun in such an interesting manner, and which, in establishing their religious principles, has given them a lesson of such high morality.’

• “We will make no comments on the ceremony; it will speak to the hearts of all those who have been taught of God, more powerfully than we can do. We will only remark, that the *golden-crowned* Virgin held on her arm an image of Christ *as a child*, on whose head was a *small*

silver crown ; we heard of no offering being made to the Child."

It is a happy omen of national improvement when metropolitan journals are employed to give publicity to the details of even superstitious rites. Things only which can endure scrutiny and the ordeal of public discussion, which may be freely canvassed without prejudice to their moral character, and remain subject to reflection and comparison, will continue the popular observances of religion or the public ordinances of a rational and sensitive people. I feel assured that the description of such scenes as identified with Divine worship, must be unpalatable to the priestly performers in the mummeries and mockeries of sacred things, which even the *Journal de Bruxelles* thus paraded before the people of Belgium.

* * * A legendary authority has given an origin to the name "*Antwerp*" other than that I have mentioned ; which, as connected with the Scheldt, is not uninteresting. M. Octave Delepreve, in his work "*Old Flanders*," gives the legend of Antigon, a gigantic pirate, who perpetrated his atrocities on the Scheldt prior to the Roman dominion in Gaul. He encountered two lovers, Atuix and Frega, while crossing the river ; and, by frightful displays of ferocity and power, attempted the destruction of both. He succeeded with one, cut off the hand of Atuix, and flung it into the river ; after which he crushed the youth to death in his brawny arms. Years after the giant, in a fight with the Romans, fell before a warrior of apparent feebleness, who cut off his hand as he lay upon the earth. Just before the giant expired, his conqueror took off a helmet, and revealed to him the features of Frega, who thus avenged the fate of Atuix. From this incident Antwerp derived its name ; *Ant* signifying " a hand," and *werpen* " to throw," in allusion to the bloody hand thrown into the Scheldt.

CHAPTER II.

**Modern Belgian Cities—Church Establishments—Papal Persecutions
—Reformation suppressed—Manufactures—Missionary efforts.**

I HAD not completed the details and descriptions which I thought would be deemed deserving of notice, or acceptable to you in relation to Brussels, the capital of Belgium. I find a discrepancy in the general accounts of the number of the population, as supplied in geographies, and the numbers that were mentioned to me in the city: that statement was made by residents who are themselves in constant intercourse with the people for benevolent purposes; gentlemen who conduct the operations of the Bible Society, and of the Belgian Evangelical Society: who, from their locality and their engagements, are intimately acquainted with the place. You will find it stated in guide-books to be somewhere about 150,000; but they represented it to me as containing, including its suburbs as well as within its walls, about 200,000.

Brussels, most of you know, was once celebrated for its carpetings and its tapestry; Brussels carpets having long been an article of commerce and of luxury to the wealthiest classes in Britain. But its manufacture is now confined to a lighter fabric than the Brussels carpet. The ladies will remember what I mean when I speak of Brussels lace. That is a product which comes from the gentle hands of women; who, I am sorry to say, there, as in other places,

are not sufficiently remunerated for their labour. The Brussels lace is prepared by a process of very delicate manufacture; the small figures and diminutive flowers, which, though exquisitely fine, are finished with great dexterity, and give the beauty as well as value to the lace, are separately made first, and then incorporated with the body of the texture as it is presented to the ladies who wear it. I understand that this elegant and costly article is considered to be so valuable in some of its products as to be worth more than its weight in gold: sixty francs being paid oftentimes for a yard of this lace. There is a large quantity produced by the tradespeople of Brussels; and I believe it is almost the principal, if not the only occupation of the operative classes, except it be the manufacture of books.

It seems that the letter-press printing has much increased in later years in Brussels; the booksellers finding it for their advantage to republish English and French works, and to sell them as they have opportunity in the market. I have never sympathized with the severe and hostile reprobation with which what is called foreign *literary piracy* has been denounced, both by authors and biblioplists. The greater the legitimate facilities for the diffusion of knowledge, the better for itself and for those who labour as its ministers. Its quiet and unresisted, but onward progress, moreover, may be promoted effectually by what might correctly be designated international plagiarism: since it is probable that, while full liberty is withheld from the press in the vernacular language of the people, the authorities may be less vigilant in excluding the same matter in a foreign tongue. If, in Milton's phrase, a good book be "that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself;" if such "do contain a potency within them as active as was that soul whose progeny they are; nay," if "they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them;" and if it be "almost as good kill a man as kill a good book:" since "he who destroys a good book

kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye :” if a good book “be the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life,” we should surely be wary what persecution we raise against the living images of wise as well as public men ; how we spill that seasoned life of man, “preserved and stored up in books.” I cannot think it well becomes master-spirits to be so chary of their essential progeny, whose expansion will only multiply their *living images*, without decreasing or deteriorating their own manly vigour ; or, for mercenary considerations, to obstruct or discourage the reduplication of their labours in other lands. How much better it is to have an unlicensed, and therefore unfettered press, with no Cerberian censor to watch, and it may be, *massacre* great truths and noble thoughts by whole editions, than to be able, by privilege and charter, to limit and restrict the free current of breathing, living thoughts among the nations ; to bargain and traffic for the price of every copy or transcript of intellectual conception and travail. I fear not the consequence of the invasion of copyright by the enterprise of foreign literary piracy. I should rather expect such competition would be useful to authors as well as to the world of mind, and to the progress of truth, wisdom, and virtue. I was not sorry, therefore, to find in Brussels a large book-making trade, with material supplied by other countries.

There are several large book-manufactories in this city ; but none of the largest belongs to a company, some partners of which have been functionaries of Government. The mechanical preparation of books, the printing and binding, as well as selling, in all their necessary operations, are conducted simultaneously in the one establishment. This combination of resources, and division of labour, added to the lowness of wages and cheapness of material, enable the parties to *manufacture* literature on lower terms than can be done in Britain, and to prepare books for exportation

as successful competitors with English publishers. They supply all the principal book-marts in Germany, Italy, Greece, and Russia, to a prodigious extent; and drive a trade of which even enterprising Englishmen seem to be ignorant, or at least from which our home publishers are excluded by the local and limited character of their language, and their more expensive modes of production. Many works in English are reprinted in a convenient and economic form; but the greater number are in French, and are reprints of Paris editions. The literature of the one country is not only suited to the mental meridian of the other, but one language prevails in both; and almost as soon as the work of any distinguished author appears from the press in Paris, it is reprinted at Brussels. This, it is alleged, is detrimental to the business of publication in Paris, though it be legal at Brussels; yet I cannot help thinking the evil might cure itself, and a popular author, or enterprising publisher, might provide against it by simultaneous and cheap publication in both countries. The French complain—but the Belgians vindicate themselves by asserting that the Parisian publisher not only can, but does make reprisals, by republishing their works. While the French booksellers do not hesitate to republish without scruple the valuable works of Anglican authors.

I regarded the controversy as less interesting than the fact that the facilities for getting up books here, and in other continental towns, and their cheapness, though not in the best style of art, or of the choicest material, tended largely to multiply and disseminate the productions of literature, and to create an appetite for their perusal. Book-shops are numerous, and the demand is extensive even among persons of lowly condition. I observed the truth of Chambers's statement in walking through the streets of Brussels on a Sunday, "that a number of young women, left in charge of the shops, then partially opened, were sitting behind the counter diligently perusing a book."

Chambers describes what I did not see, the "Etablissement Géographique de Bruxelles," founded in 1830, by M. P. Vandermaelen, its present proprietor, a person of great perseverance, ingenuity, and benevolence. He conducts at this establishment the business of designing, engraving, and lithographic printing, the largest in the kingdom; to which is added letter-press printing. Lithography appears the principal department; in which charts, maps, and pictorial embellishments, are extensively produced: globes, too, of large dimensions, so much as seven feet in circumference, are manufactured: all these works of art are under the superintendence of M. M. Vandermaelen, the brother of the proprietor. The object, however, more than the details, deserves our admiration. The accumulation of a fortune is held subordinate to the means of doing good; the founder has therefore associated with his undertaking an educational and generally instructive institution. Attached to the establishment are halls or saloons for library, museums of natural history, geology, animal physiology, and for lectures on various branches of science, besides a large botanical garden. The instruction here communicated is all gratuitous; and a great number of young persons, from fourteen years of age to eighteen, are admitted to receive the benefits of masters,—while the proprietor seeks no other reward than the approval of his own mind, and a consciousness of being the means of elevating young men of ability from a subordinate to a higher sphere, in which they are fitted to shine. The library of the institution has been collected chiefly from visitors. Should they have books which they can spare, as duplicates, &c., they are asked to exchange them for some other work, the produce of the establishment. Thus books of all the civilized nations in Europe have been collected in great variety and great value. The library is large, and is open to all who may choose to make use of its stores. Such efforts are highly creditable to the benevolent citizen; and must be

useful to his country, as well by its beneficial example and moral influence as by its direct advantages.

Brussels contains some very celebrated buildings: the Hôtel de Ville, or the Town-Hall, as it may be denominated, being one of the most remarkable; its structure having stood for somewhere about 400 years, as it is now presented. Here Charles V., emperor of Germany, abdicated and laid royalty aside, in 1555. It has a beautiful tower of Gothic open work, rising to the height of 364 feet, built by Jean Van Ruysbrook. Besides the Boulevards which encompass this metropolis, and among the more distinguished objects of curiosity in Brussels, is what is called the Park. It is a pleasant retreat for the population, one of the most agreeable, perhaps, that has been provided in any country; and may be accepted as a model to our friends in Manchester, who are anticipating public walks, and scenes of healthful recreation for the inhabitants of this populous region. The Park, in Brussels, is adorned with some fine, shady, and magnificent trees; which have been tastefully laid out in avenues converging and centreing towards a pond or lake where they have fancy fish—gold fish, swimming in the open air, and around which there are statues of ancient as well as modern heroes, or celebrated characters; objects of antique research, reckoned suitable as embellishments, are presented to the inhabitants who lounge there;—associations that are calculated to refine the mind, and to improve the taste. These walks, as well as the Boulevards, are provided with seats placed under umbrageous foliage, so numerous that the multitudes promenading may rest either in the heat of the day or in the cool of the evening; and they are resorted to not only on the sabbath-day, (which I would only mention rather than advocate,) but also on week-days, as places of retreat, and yet as places of intercourse. The Park was the scene of the most violent conflict in the time of the revolution in 1830; and you will see some of the magnificent

trees patched up with sheets of tin or lead, in order to close the wounds which these forest monarchs innocently sustained in the battle-conflict between the revolutionary Belgians and the soldiers of the King of Holland. The Royal Palace skirts one side, and the halls of legislative assembly (the Belgian Chambers of Congress) are situated on the opposite side of this park. This last building, designated the Palais de la Nation, was erected by Maria Theresa, for the meetings of the Council of Brabant.

To pass, not from the lively to severe, but from great things to small—from grave to gay, and afford the contrast which a sight-seeing tourist may discover in the extremes of society, and in the diverse tastes of men—I shall here introduce a sketch, given by another pen, of what Brussels possesses as an object of art, and which the people have almost deified—which they even look upon as the Palladium of their city. I borrow from Mr. W. Chambers's description. This is a small figure of a man, or rather of a boy, in bronze, which is usually placed over a fountain at the corner of a street in the lower town, and is known by the name of the "Mannekin." The history of the little fellow is quite farcical. The figure, which was originally of stone, is said to have existed in the seventh century. It was, however, by some means broken, and replaced by a figure in iron; and this, again, was succeeded by the present one, in bronze. It seems to have been a mighty object of desire, with the enemies of Brussels, to steal the Mannekin, and he accordingly was frequently carried off; but to keep him was impossible—he was always re-captured, and brought back. It being the practice to decorate him on fête-days, the Emperor Charles V. gave him a complete suite, and settled a pension on him. Peter the Great of Russia came to see him; and, bowing before him, said, "Sir, I have come to see you, since you go to see no one;" and added to his pension. Duke Maximilian, in 1698, gave him not only fine clothes,

but invested him with his order. Louis XV., to protect him, as he said, from the violence of his soldiery, though actually to please the citizens of Brussels, gave him a full uniform, and solemnly decorated him with the order of St. Louis. It is a positive fact, that, in addition to these gifts from sovereigns, several people have made the little man votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills. Within the last twenty years a lady left him an annuity of 120 francs. He has a regular *valet de chambre*, who is paid 400 francs a-year for dressing him on fête-days; and a treasurer, who is responsible for his disbursements and revenues: and all this for a piece of inanimate metal!—*Vive la bagatelle!*

Amongst the curiosities which I visited in Brussels was the cathedral of St. Gudule, the building of which was finished in 1273. This cathedral is of Gothic architecture; and, besides its painted glass windows, and the statues of the twelve apostles, is characterised by a very peculiar pulpit, which has been carved in the most finished manner. The carving represents the “expulsion from Eden.” There you see Adam and Eve being driven out from the Paradise in which they had been placed, whilst the fruit of the tree is hanging over them; and Death, in his meagre costume, as we are wont to see him represented, gloating over them as his victims, anticipating their ruin. Above this, the body of the pulpit is wrought out of the trunk of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, or, perhaps, the Tree of Life, according to the idea of the artist. Above this is represented, in carved work also, the scene of the Crucifixion; and the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ are brought into close contact with the emblematical representation that is below, as if the cross was to triumph over the serpent; and the serpent is seen below, in the midst of the fruit of the tree. The Virgin is represented assisting the child Jesus to thrust the cross down upon the head of the tempter. This is rather a favourite mode of

ornamenting pulpits on the Continent. The pulpit of St. Gudule is reputed the *chef des œuvres* of Verbruggen, who intended this production of his genius for the church of the Jesuits at Louvain. I may remark, that when in the cathedral of St. Gudule, I saw what was in itself calculated to interest the friend of education and of youth; and yet it did not promise so much as appearances at first would have led you to expect. In two remote parts of the cathedral I saw separate clusters of children gathered together, and priests employed in the midst examining them in catechetical instruction: they were proceeding in the language of the Flemings: it was the Flemish dialect, or *patois* of the Dutch, they were using. I did not understand it; but a friend with me was familiar with the language, and explained to me their questions. In both instances the questions were upon the sacraments, the seven sacraments—endeavouring to impress and indoctrinate the minds of the young with the opinion, that sacraments were the salvation of those that received them; and that the body and the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ was received in the sacrament of the mass, or in the wafer.

I marked here, and in other parts of Belgium, the exceeding prominence taken by the priests of the church of Rome; and, from subsequent movements, I have been led to inquire into their number. There are four millions and a half of people in Belgium: there are 4,550 priests paid by the State for the four and half millions. You will at once perceive there is a greater number than will provide one priest for every thousand of the people. These ecclesiastics are paid by the State 164,000*l.* per annum; which, if you divide amongst the 4,550, you will find affords to each a little more than 36*l.* per annum, including the archbishop, the bishops, the curés and vicars; the chiefs and the assistants, from the highest to the lowest. Fractionally divided and apportioned, it comes to no more than about 36*l.* 9*s.* per annum to each of them. Do not, however,

suppose that these worthy and reverend fathers and spiritual functionaries have no greater revenue than these 36l. There are confessions; there are marriages and churchings; there are baptisms and burials; and there are other incidentals, which the priests know how to multiply, and which in various ways they employ to fleece the people, and to fill their own pockets. A proof of the sordid and debasing practices to which they resort, to exact contributions from the most exalted in rank, as well as from the poorest in condition and station, occurred in the crowning of the *miraculous* image of the Virgin. A similar pageant was exhibited, though on a minor scale, while I was in Brussels, to which I was invited by the urgent solicitations of a female, who seemed to consider her zeal meritorious in God's sight, as well as acceptable to her clergy. The enthusiasm was popular and extensive, while multitudes flocked to the scene as to a gala show and festival revel. The Roman Catholic religion is the prevalent religion in Belgium, and its prevalency is sustained in this way:—The priests have their domestic and relative connections, as you may judge; there are also the aristocracy, who, in most lands, are not the most enlightened, and whose consciences would seem to dictate that they have to contribute a few largesses for themselves, and lend their political and legislative influence as subservient to priestcraft, in order to make peace for their souls. It is thus their corrupt practices and their wickedness are expiated, and their responsibility vainly compromised. They are chiefly the adventitious ornaments and gewgaw supports of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The females of all classes are more enthusiastically and unreservedly identified with the devotions—I would say the superstitions—of Popery in Belgium.

The population consists of the Flemish and the Walloons. The former is characterised by features of Dutch temperament, from whom they have descended, and with whom

they have mingled; phlegmatic, monotonous, with not much vivacity, though plodding, laborious, and patient. The Walloons occupy chiefly the southern parts of Belgium, bordering on France; speaking a language which may be described as a *patois* or provincial dialect of the French, and exhibiting the sprightly vivacity and versatility of that people; the countenance, the reputation of a Gallic origin. Both parties, however, as well as the population, bearing a less distinct and diverse character, are speedily amalgamating as a French people, and combining in the employment of the French tongue as the medium of intercourse. The middle classes, and the better educated operatives, are almost altogether sceptics in matters of religion. They see through the films and disguises which a superstitious idolatry uses for avaricious purposes, to hoodwink and mislead; while they are familiar with no other aspect of religious pretension or truth. It is only the poor, the miserably poor, who are reared in ignorance; the rich, the indolent and aristocratic rich, to whom menial sycophancy panders its flatteries and indulgences, and who are usually vicariously crammed with the forms of knowledge, but, unaccustomed to think or reason, become imperious, pretending, and corrupted; and the Belgian females, of all classes, who have no better opportunity or means of instruction,—who are the stay and support of Romanism in this country. These are the persons violently opposed to everything not papal, and as blindly attached to whatever belongs to the Roman Catholic church. Thus the poorer classes are kept under complete domination, since the number, power, and authority of the priestly party are immense. Nor have the sceptics much moral influence or principle to oppose to it, since their mothers and daughters, their sisters and wives, are under clerical guidance; and at a marriage, birth, or burial, give precedence to the priest, whose mummeries are submitted to, though despised, or treated as a matter of indifference.

I mingled in the intercourse of some individuals, intelligent and enlightened in their character, who laughed at religion, and who laughed at monarchy as well as at religion; and from them I ascertained that there is throughout Belgium a species of secret association, a fraternity of liberals, who confidently, perhaps presumptuously, are preparing to cast off, as they may think in their own time, not only monarchy, but Popery,—or, as they would call it, religion: and there is great danger, very great danger, that, should some sudden emergency arise, some unforeseen excitement unsettle society, the same scenes may be enacted in Belgium and in France as were enacted at the close of the eighteenth century. The only probable antidote will be the leaven of Divine Truth infused by other means,—evangelical associations and scriptural agencies efficiently conducted among the people. There are about eighteen Protestant ministers in all Belgium; ten or twelve of them are synodal, as they are technically designated, and are something like the French Protestant Church, or rather the Lutherans of Prussia. I delivered a missionary address in the church of one of these pastors, where the minister is, by profession and connection, of evangelical sentiments. He was engaged by the Evangelical Society as the agent at one of their most prosperous stations, and appeared an efficient labourer before he obtained his present appointment. There are eight churches; and their ministers have a salary from Government. About 2,120*l.* per annum are received by the Protestants of Belgium from the Government. The Jews are endowed, as well as the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; and the Jews have somewhere between 400*l.* and 500*l.* per annum.

Besides the synodal clergy, who are endowed, there are seven congregations, having, it is said, each a minister of the persuasion of the Church of England, who are supported by voluntary contributions. Some of these have only English Liturgical services by Episcopal cler-

gymen; and some of them have worship in the French language.

At Brussels, the Rev. Edward Panchaud, (one of the most amiable, one of the most humble and pious men, whom I met on the Continent,) presides as pastor over a Congregational Church of about fifty members. He was a Swiss clergyman; he came from the neighbourhood of Lausanne, where he had been a clergyman of the Established Church; and, because of his principles, he had been persecuted, and driven out of his church from his home and kindred. The friends of his family, or rather of his wife's family, instituted a measure of divorce, and urged its prosecution, that they might separate his wife from him. His evangelical principles, his zeal for truth, his obedience to the authority of Christ, and his willingness rather to bear the cross than sacrifice a good conscience, were the only reasons for such persecution. His wife knew him better, and loved him the more for his piety: the truth of Jesus was precious also to her, and she is his consolation in the midst of his labours. As the minister of the Congregational Church in Brussels, he has been much honoured as a standard-bearer for the truth; and from this church a body of pious and devoted associates, who love and co-operate with him, have been raised up to embark in the evangelization of Belgium. Their proceedings I have already briefly described, and commended to your sympathy and support.

It is interesting to look back to what Belgium was, as well as to look at what Belgium is, in a religious point of view. The generally intelligent character, and commercial intercourse of the people of Flanders with the nations of the Protestant Reformation, afforded facilities for the speedy introduction of the reform doctrines among the Flemings. Evangelical light penetrated the Popish darkness which had prevailed; and its clear and radiant influence pervaded not only towns and villages, but also col-

leges and convents, till many bosoms glowed with the hallowed fire which burned with such ardour among the German reformers. The Scriptures, brought forth from papal imprisonment, shed the rays of their Divine doctrines, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, upon the minds and hearts of multitudes. The dream of superstition was broken, and the spell of ignorance dissolved; and men, indignant at the erroneous fables and polluting absurdities which had been fabricated and imposed, but which were now detected and exposed, zealously taught and professed the new doctrines; believers were multiplied in the Netherland cities of Ghent, Tournay, Brussels, Mons, and Antwerp; and churches were formed, notwithstanding the threats and persecutions, the denunciations and violence of infatuated and interested adherents. The prospects of Popish superstition, to the human eye, threatened a speedy decay and ultimate downfall in the southern provinces of Belgium; yet a resort to the usual means of Roman Catholic conflict, though disastrous, was not fruitless: after the season of generous struggle, suffering, and sacrifice, the light of the Belgic reformation was quenched in sackcloth and blood. The faith and patience of heroic though martyred saints, bore up against, but did not subdue, the revolting and remorseless cruelties which, amidst tyrannic rage, and infamous and unfounded accusations, were heaped by the persecutor upon the witnesses of Jesus. Banishment, fines, mutilation of the body, imprisonment, the rack, the gibbet, burning alive, drowning, burying alive, were the weapons for religion which the champions of Rome gloried in wielding against the Reformation and the reformers.

Charles V. of Germany, in the year 1520, as emperor, issued a decree concerning Martin Luther and his confederates in Belgium; wherein he represented Luther as not merely an instrument of the wicked one, but as in fact the personification of the Devil, in the shape of a

man, and in the habit of a monk, who was going up and down deceiving the nation, to cause the eternal death and destruction of mankind. It was forbidden to publish any book mentioning the Holy Scriptures, or giving an explanation of passages of the Bible, without leave from one appointed by ordinaries and universities authorized to make such appointment. And it was enacted by the same decree, that whosoever should harbour or entertain the sentiments, or the missionaries who propagated the sentiments of Martin Luther, should be put to a violent death. The first instance of death occurred in the year 1523; when the monks of Austin Friars, at Brussels, having been convinced of the truth of the Protestant religion, embraced it. They had read Luther's writings, and approved them.

Their prior escaped out of prison, but many were retained in the dungeon: and while some of them fled for their lives, three of them were declared to be heretics, and degraded on the scaffold, at Brussels, July 1st, 1523, and were led to the place of execution, where two of them were burnt to death, in the display of undaunted courage: the third was led back to his prison, and executed in private. The two who were led to execution proclaimed their steadfastness in their principles; and that they suffered as Christians. When fastened to the stake, they were enabled to sing the songs of triumph, whilst the flames were consuming their bodies. They repeated the Creed, and sung alternately the Te Deum, till the flames deprived them of the use of speech. On occasion of this fanatical murder, Erasmus observed:—"Two men have been burnt at Brussels; and from that time the doctrine of Luther has begun to be in vogue in that city." The rage of intolerance became exasperated, and indulgence only whetted the sanguinary appetite for further victims. "No privacy, however sacred, was secure: no age, or sex, or rank, was spared: this once happy land was overshadowed with grief, terror, and silence." Brandt, the historian, thus describes the

measures of the persecutors:—"On the 14th of October, 1529, a new proclamation was issued against the Lutherans; by which all those who, after having abjured their errors, had relapsed into them, were condemned to be burned. As for others, the men were condemned to die by the sword; the women to be buried alive. All converts were offered their lives, provided they were not relapses, or actually prisoners. Everybody was forbidden to receive any heretic into his house, upon pain of death and confiscation of goods. All persons suspected of heresy were excluded from honourable employments: and the better to find out heretics, one-half of their estates, not exceeding the sum of a hundred Flemish livres, was promised as a reward to the informants."*

An example of the martyr's spirit was exhibited in his last trying hours by John Van Bacha:—"The prisoner was then carried to the place of execution. When he went by the prison, to which many persons were confined for the faith, he cried out, 'Behold, my dear brethren, I am ready to suffer martyrdom. Cheer up, like faithful soldiers of Christ, and being animated by my example, defend the truths of the Gospel against all unrighteousness.' The prisoners did no sooner hear these words, than they clapt their hands, and shouted: and, in order to honour the martyrdom of their friend, they sung *Te Deum*, the *Certamen Magnum*, and the hymn, *O beata Martyrum Solemnia*; and they did not give over singing till the martyr had expired. When he was fastened to the stake, he cried out, 'O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? Death is swallowed up by the victory of Jesus Christ.' At last the martyr expired, after he had spoke these words: 'Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they do. O Son of God, remember me! Have mercy upon me!'"

* Brandt, vol. i., p. 32.

During the reign of Charles V. fifty thousand persons were butchered, or executed, for their religious principles, in Belgium alone. One hundred thousand families, because of their love to Jesus, and attachment to his cause, were driven from Belgium into exile, during the same reign. When Philip, the son of Charles, succeeded to the Spanish portion of his father's empire, he became the ruler of the Netherlands: and that part which is now called Belgium—then overrun by a brutal soldiery, spreading rapine and blood over its surface,—presented, in his time, as many as eighteen thousand martyrs, after the fifty thousand that I speak of: eighteen thousand that were delivered over by the Duke of Alva, or his immediate predecessor, to the hands of the executioner; besides (and this is his own boast) “besides a much greater number whom he had put to the sword in the towns he had taken in the field of battle.” Wives were punished with the utmost severity for affording shelter to their husbands, whom the council had condemned; children for performing the same offices to their parents; and in Utrecht a father was executed for allowing his son, who had returned from banishment, to lodge under his roof for the night. No wonder a persecuted people left the country subject to such calamities, and sought refuge in other lands. This is the manner in which the Reformation was crushed in Belgium; the manner in which individuals and communities were compelled either to sacrifice their lives or their homes, and thus to leave the land to be a prey to the spoiler, to superstition and to ignorance.

“It is interesting to remark, that from that period it seems possible to trace a succession of witnesses for the truth, even in Belgium; a few obscure hidden ones—living memorials of the past—living anticipations of better days to follow—living sparks, kept from utter extinction, amidst the ashes that covered them—precious seeds, preserved amidst battered and ruined harvests, the remains of a former, the

tokens of a coming fertility. The number of pious persons who remained in Belgium, as in France, after the fatal triumph of persecution, will never be known till the day of revelation. The more intrepid and influential were all gone; but in many quarters not a few remained, bound to their country by ties which they could not unloose, or who, from penury, had no means of escape; not a few meek and obscure ones, whom the Lord mercifully hid in the day of his fierce anger. The vigilant intolerance of the merciless enemy, eager to hunt out the very poorest and weakest of the flock, often detected such retreats; and many solitary fugitives, long after the great body had disappeared, finding their country intolerable, and their temptations too many and strong for flesh to fight with, one after another bade family, and friends, and home, adieu; and although with sad and broken hearts for those they left behind, and for the expiring cause of God, sought the nearest asylum where they might breathe the air of freedom, enjoy communion with the people of God, and worship unmolested the God of their fathers! Of one individual it is related that he took farewell of his native village singing the sorrowful strains of the Eighteenth Psalm, while leaving behind him his wife and children, who would not quit the land of idolatry and wickedness. Still those who lingered behind did not all bow to the dominant superstition.

“Although every Protestant minister was silenced—all social worship strictly prohibited—their Bibles and other books sought for and burned, and every detected recusant punished—all did not deny the faith, and make shipwreck of a good conscience. Deprived of the past enjoyments of the sanctuary, and often weeping when they remembered Zion, they still worshipped God even in the midst of Babylon; the Bible, though torn from their dwellings, lived in their hearts—though no village pastor cheered them now with his voice, the remembrance of those holy men who had spoken to them the Word of God, stirred all that was in

them; they secreted their Bibles in holes in the walls, or in the thatch of their houses, and drew them thence in guarded privacy, to cheer the watches of the night. Indeed it is affirmed, that when old Protestant dwellings have been taken down, some of those relics have occasionally been discovered among the rubbish.

“The following anecdote I select from an excellent paper on the subject, recently published. Said the old Estrebech, about one hundred and fifty years ago, In my youth there was but one Bible in our neighbourhood, which was in the possession of a few Christians, who met secretly during the night to peruse its sacred contents, and to instruct and strengthen their souls. This sacred book was a source of terror to the popish priests, and to the faithful adherents of the Romish Church; they sought after the sacred volume with avidity, and searched everywhere they thought it might be secreted. The village constable had received orders to go with some of his emissaries, and carefully search every house where there were any hopes of finding it. This Bible was the property of four individuals, fathers of families, who were miners. One day, their wives being from home, they were obliged, when going to their work, to leave their precious treasure in charge of a young girl about eight or nine years of age, who remained at home to take care of her little brother. These worthy people thought it desirable to hide their Bible in the bottom of the cradle, charging the little girl at the same time, if any one should come during their absence, continually to rock the child, even if it should be asleep. The poor little girl, taught from her infancy to prize this inestimable treasure, strictly observed the orders she had received, when the persecutors entered. They began immediately to search every corner of the house from top to bottom; but the object of their search was not to be found. Disappointed and discouraged, they were about to retire, when one of them observed that they had not

looked into the cradle. What was the poor girl's distress on hearing these words, and the anguish of her mind on seeing the holy volume torn from her! but still it was nothing to that of the parents, when they returned from their labour in the evening, and learned their irreparable loss. Their grief was beyond expression; they wept aloud; crying out, Oh, dear Bible! precious book! what will become of us without thee? Better had it been for us that our cottages had been torn, or devoured by the flames."

Thus a succession of witnesses was preserved; and it is stated that, even at this day, many Roman Catholics remember with some degree of interest their old Protestant ancestors, and display a freedom from that embittered hatred of evangelical truth and all who hold it, which distinguish the other adherents of the Church of Rome. In no quarter does the succession seem so easily traceable as in the vicinity of Mons, particularly in the small town of Dour, and the adjoining village of Paturage. In these places shattered remains of Christian congregations were found down to the commencement of the last century. About 1700, among those charged with contumacy, was a woman advanced in years, who never having herself been taught to read the Word, had become acquainted with many of the most precious passages by hearing her husband read to her. The devout Fenelon, at that time visiting his diocese, came to Dour, and conversed with this woman, who replied to all his questions, by quoting verses of the sacred volume; and who especially repeated those precious words of the apostle, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Touched with what he saw and heard, the venerable archbishop gave her, in writing, a paper insuring to her protection from all molestation, and sent her away, saying, "My good woman, pray for me."

About the year 1750, a few of these Protestants began to assemble for the worship of God in the house of one of

their number : and although the vigilance of the persecutors soon prevented this, in 1784 the Protestants of Dour obtained deliverance by the passing of an act of toleration by Joseph II. of Austria. From that period their history is distinct. They soon applied to a devoted Christian minister, Devisme ; who itinerated among the Protestants in the north of France, and whose labours in his circuit allowed him to visit them only once in three months. For a considerable time this excellent man seems to have pursued his work without molestation ; but in 1789, while engaged in Protestant service, he was seized, and carried to prison in Mons ; where he was detained for forty-eight days. On his liberation, he seems to have resumed his labours ; for in 1802 he was subjected to imprisonment on account of them, for one day. From that time to the year 1817 he continued to pursue his silent course of usefulness ; at which period he was succeeded by his son, who continues to preach the gospel in the same place. The adjoining village of Paturage, when Protestantism was all but extinct, appears to have derived some considerable revival from Dour ; for in 1795 M. Devisme prevailed on the Protestants, who were willing to hear the gospel, to have a service on sabbath in their own village. These means continued till 1820, when the younger Mr. Devisme first began to visit them ; and found them assembled, few in number, in the house of a poor old blind woman. From that time they have increased in number, knowledge, and zeal."*

* I am indebted to "Religion in Geneva and Belgium," by the Rev. H. Heugh, D.D., for some of the preceding passages. My lectures were delivered before I had the pleasure of the perusal of Dr Heugh's very instructive volume. I have since perceived our sources of information were in some instances identical ; but in others he has not only anticipated, but far exceeded any attempt of mine, either in research or disquisition—though my efforts at detail may be a little more various and extended.

Before I leave the general aspect of the country, since time forbids my extending the description further, I may mention that while the king of Holland reigned over Belgium in connexion with Holland, from the year 1816, general education was promoted to a large extent; and it was found by statistical returns, that so many as one in every ten, were attending schools throughout Belgium. Protestantism was the religion of the court as it was of the adherents to the Dutch ascendancy. The Flemish, who are chiefly bigoted in their Papal predilections, and the Walloons who constitute a large portion of the liberal and semi-infidel classes, disliked the predominance of the Dutch; the latter because it tended to despotism, and the former, because it was Protestant. In the year 1830, the revolution took place. The teachers were, during the reign of the king of Holland, the servants of the state; everything then depended on the will of the monarch, and none but those who were in such service, were allowed to proceed in promoting the purposes or the plans of education. But when the revolution of 1830 took place, liberty of teaching, as well as liberty of association was, in the fullest manner, enacted by the legislature of Belgium. A provision was made, "That all parties shall be on a perfect equality as to religious matters; that there shall be no State religion; and that the civil authorities shall have no power to interfere in matters religious, to appoint or displace a minister, or to impose laws and regulations for any religious body." In regard to public worship, it is provided, "That no person shall be compelled to take part in any religious ceremony, or to attend any place of worship to which he may object." Any one may now teach in Belgium; the teaching is more general, is not now so systematic, and it is thought by some admirers of the centralizing system of Prussia and of Holland, that education is not advancing with such rapid strides as it did from 1816 to 1830. But I am convinced that the true principle of liberty, whether

for education or for religion, will ultimately secure the best and the largest amount of education amongst the people. A secular clergy have generally been hostile to the progress, and averse to popular plans of education: especially when they were likely to succeed in their opposition. But the Belgian clergy are now most ostensible and assiduous in its promotion; wishing, of course, to retain it in their hands, and employ it for their own purposes. Money is never wanting, the influence of their female adherents is unhesitatingly lent for its accumulation; titled ladies carry round the plates for the collection after sermons have been preached by popular preachers in aid of Infant schools. "Sisters of mercy," "daughters of the cross," "dames of the sacred heart," and of "the bleeding heart," put forth their strenuous influences. Yet I have no fear, that notwithstanding the persevering and bigoted influences of the priesthood of the Romish church, true, extensive, enlightened education will ultimately prevail amongst the people of Belgium. Belgium, though more popish, is far more liberal than France. In the latter, no meeting can be held of more than twenty persons without the consent of civil authorities. In Belgium no authority can interfere with any religious meeting, nor is there any need of a permission to meet when and where it may be found convenient. Here therefore is no authoritative obstruction to the work of evangelization.

Let me proceed now to recall a few memorials of the locality and aspect of cities in Belgium, that I have not yet described. The first of these to which I will direct your attention, along our great highway toward Prussia, is Louvain, which I passed through on my route from Brussels to Liege. In the fourteenth century Louvain contained 200,000 inhabitants; in the year 1842 it could not number more than 26,000 of population; thus, had it been reduced, not by decimation, but almost to a decimal fraction of what it had been in the era of its greatness, and

prosperity. In the sixteenth century it had forty-three colleges dependent upon its university, containing so many as 6000 students. It was then the nursing mother, or rather the *alma mater*, supplying a *via lactea* as well as theological discipline for the whole Roman Catholic community of that part of the Netherlands. There is a university now, to which are appended about twenty colleges ; which with their various professors, receive and instruct between 400 and 500 scholars. The restoration and royal re-establishment of this university was a part of the Dutch policy toward Belgium in the year 1817, when the regal patronage of learning was attempted in connection with a dominant Protestantism. Since 1830, the purposes of this institution have been more restricted. It is now the academic nursery for the priesthood of the Belgic Romish church. Louvain was distinguished in the fourteenth century, by its manufacturing as well as its mercantile spirit ; and it received within it the products of the surrounding country, as well as sent forth from it the manufactures of its own handicraft. The weavers, nearly half of the population of Louvain, were something like the operatives of Ghent as I described them to you last Monday evening. It is related that in 1582, their turbulent resistance to the tyranny of impolitic rulers led to, or so aggravated, a tumult, that seventeen of the magistrates were thrown out of the town-house windows, and many of the woollen manufacturers were henceforward banished from Louvain ; and, as exiles, took refuge in England, carrying with them their industry and independence. Now, Louvain is only remarkable for its good ale, its extensive breweries, its distilleries, and a few manufactories for spinning cotton yarn, for weaving calico and for printing the same. It is not one of the more thriving or prosperous towns of Belgium.

The town itself, which is situated on the tributary river Dyle,^{em} is, as you may judge, comparatively a ruin, wearing the aspect of solitude and desertion rather than of ancient

power and prosperity. It once had high earthen embankments, extensive walls and ramparts, having a circumference of seven miles,—which, with its fosse, bastions, and casements, were its defence; but which were all demolished in the year 1792, when Kliber led the revolutionary army against its proud bulwarks, and cast them down. They have since been turned into boulevards or walks, and places for recreation; you will agree with me that this is a much better application than when employed as fortresses, whence death and the warlike spirit should proceed. But its more remarkable structures; its cathedral and its Hotel de Ville, its Guildhall (now the University library) and its Chateau de Cæsar, are deserving a notice, and will attract the eye of the connoisseur in antiquity. In the last of these, it is said, Edward the Third lived for a year, and Charles, the emperor, was brought up in his childhood. The City-hall is reputed one of the richest and most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world. Finished in 1463, its decorated exterior, the elaborate production of the chisel, continued for centuries to show a rich and delicate masonry, which time and weather did not spare. It has recently been renovated by a patient and laborious process. The stone employed for its repair (moulded according to the original design) has been obtained from France, and when first quarried was nearly as soft as pipe-clay, but has become by exposure to the air and saturation with a preparation of oil, of great hardness and consistency. The whole is now considered equal to the ancient workmanship, and in a style consistent with the original design. It is not necessary I should pause to renew my description of the cathedral; the fact is, when you have looked at one cathedral, you can judge of all the rest as to space and expenditure of money, as to the gorgeous architecture and the pictorial ornaments which occupy the inner parts; the chapels and the dells that are connected with episcopal edifices are almost all of the same character. We

are to-night rather interested in other things than ecclesiastical ornaments.

Louvain has hitherto remained an unfruitful soil for Protestant missions among its population, and, notwithstanding assiduous culture by a devoted agency under the direction of the Belgic Evangelical Society, it has appeared a desert in which there are no springs of water. Though fertile as a nursery of Belgian Romanism at the time of my visit, the good men who laboured in that Association, complained that "two or three ears of corn had, in three years, been only gathered into the heavenly garner, and few indeed had been the opportunities presented to the servant of Christ who laboured there of entering into the harvest." The prevalent domination of the priesthood, the strong and habitual Catholic prejudices of the people, and the absence of all excitement or popular intelligence among the community, had rendered this (Mr. Van Velden's) station a most uncongenial and unpropitious sphere for ministration, while the greatest hostility and the most deplorable indifference were evinced toward evangelical worship. No regular auditory had been formed; and this minister of the gospel knew not who, if any one, would be there to join him in worship, or listen to the word preached. Perhaps he might begin in presence of a couple of hearers; then a group of curious persons having assembled, might wait for a quarter of an hour, and abruptly leave him alone. Sometimes he had the grief of seeing a number of young lads enter the room for no other purpose than to make a noise and interrupt his procedure. Nothing could be more afflicting to a generous and cultivated mind. However, in the midst of the profound regret this occasioned, the hope was fondly cherished that, according to the Scripture, joy had been in heaven over one sinner, who, in the chapel of Louvain, had seen his sinfulness, and trusted to Jesus Christ alone as his Redeemer. This was some consolation to Mr. Van Velden, the

preacher, who, in the anguish of his soul, had often been led to say within himself, "I consume myself for nought:" and, doubtless, if he be kept faithful, he shall reap if he faint not.

Better days may be yet in store for the agent and his cause at Louvain. The conductors of the agency had indeed often deliberated, with the generous benefactor who was the principal supporter of the operations, on the propriety of his discontinuing the station; but the unanimous resolution of all concerned was, wait a little longer, looking up to the "hills whence cometh our help;" and to pray the good Shepherd to draw, by his Spirit, some of the lost sheep into his fold. This determination has been already followed with symptoms of improvement and progress. He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return with the song of triumph. Even now notes of that song are chanted. The two or three who came occasionally to hear have become a congregation. The services now, conducted by Mr. Van Velden on the Sabbath, are attended by regular auditors numbering from ten to twenty-three. There is evident progress: this year several have entered on the way of life, and others are searching for its paths. A church has commenced the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The hands of the agents are strengthened in the Lord, and they await with confidence the effusion of the Spirit of light and truth upon the dark city of Louvain. Some brethren in Holland have united themselves regularly to implore the outpouring of the Spirit on this people, and the consideration of this cheers and fortifies the ardent expectation of the labourers at this station. Louvain is the only post maintained in Flanders by the Belgic Society; and they feel resolved to continue a preacher in the Flemish district and language, and to sustain him with their most ardent prayers.

Before we proceed to the town of Liege, if you will linger with me, we shall turn from the more direct route

and visit the higher region, through which flows the silver Meuse. I delight to trace and compare the rise and course of rivers—they so remind us of the stream of time and the course of human life. If you will look on the map, you will perceive that within a very few miles the fountains open of three celebrated and most romantic rivers—the Moselle, the Meuse; and the Saone, which is afterward joined by the Rhone; while the Rhine flows hard by. All the three rise in the Vosges Mountains, and the Meuse steals her northward course from Langres. It is of this stream that Wordsworth exclaims,

“How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade;”

and wonderingly, as if it were impossible, inquires,

“Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War’s favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the morn with pearly dews?”

But his poetic fervour is thus excited, while his eyes

“Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
With its grey locks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still.”

The proximity of the citadel and fortresses of Huy and Namur had suggested the allusions to “war’s playground” in the sonnet; and the latter stronghold is famed for sanguinary conflicts in the modern history of Europe. Here Louis the Fourteenth showed his royal prowess in warfare by the siege and capture of the lofty citadel; and William the Third, after ten weeks’ conflict and martial valour, achieved its conquest. “My uncle Toby”—a no less important personage to the juvenile reader—is also associated in his adventures and glories with the Porte St. Nicolas, of Namur. At this point the Meuse and the Sambre unite, and flow through scenery of a picturesque and interesting character; the road running along their banks. The romance of nature is here combined with the fruits of human ingenuity and industry; the wild and still aspect

of the former, amidst naked and precipitous rocks and ruined castles, agreeably diversifies the cultivation and industry of flourishing villages, and many-windowed mills and factories, smoking steam engines and floating craft. Mines of coal and iron are found in the district in great abundance, affording material for smelting and working iron in many thousand tons yearly. There are also manufactures of glass, of paper, porcelain, and leather; besides breweries and distilleries. The Walloons are the inhabitants of the place, speak only their peculiar *patois*; are not generally educated, but remain much attached to their old customs and religion. The district swarms with population; in the town alone may be about 20,000 inhabitants. They cultivate the soil as carefully as if there were no subterranean mines; and the lower grounds, the richest corn-fields, the most verdant meadows, and the well-trained hop or vine plants, on either bank of the flowing streams, give to the landscape a beauty a thousand times more attractive than all the glories or battlements of war. But the policy of statesmen and the councils of warlike chieftains have prevailed to modify even the modern features of the scene. Here, under the inspection of the Duke of Wellington, Great Britain expended no inconsiderable sum, in concert with continental rulers, in erecting what they have called “part of the *great barrier* on the side of France,”—the work of centuries, it has been since its beginning; this fortress has been erected at the cost of vast sums of money, and battled for at as vast an expenditure of blood. How much better to expend such treasures in promoting the interests of commerce, of knowledge, and of religion:—the handmaids of peace, which requires no bulwarks, but longs for the removal of every barrier which obstructs the freest intercourse between the men of all lands; and especially the nations whose dwellings or interests bring them together in the reward of industry and virtue.

Namur is to Belgium what Sheffield is to England: the cutlery of the Netherlands is made there. Seraigne, more like a street for continuousness than a town for architecture, nearly a mile in length, stretches along upon the river Meuse between Namur and Liege. An old episcopal residence, in which the prelatie princes of Liege resided in the times of feudal power and grandeur, was a few years ago turned into the vestibule and front section of a magnificent factory for casting and constructing machinery for almost every mechanical purpose; whether for peaceful arts, or as implements of destruction. The palatial gardens,—no longer the luxurious retreat of lordly churchmen, but now made the storehouse or depository for crude and manufactured iron, and occupied with heaps of coal,—have altogether lost their episcopal aspect; and, while yielding to the darkening and sombre influences of some fifty wide-mouth chimneys, and their issuing flames or smoke, the prelatie dignity of the scene may seem to have disappeared—but a no less intellectual and industrious destiny prevails. Ingenuity and patient labour here preside; while nearly every description of iron-work is fabricated, from the heaviest and most potent engine to the most complicated or refined instrument of utility—from the monumental lion which couches on the field of Waterloo, to the lady's penknife, which is deposited in her reticule. The vast pile of buildings forms a town within itself. The establishment possesses a great advantage in being placed over the bed of coal from which its exhaustless supply is dug; and the fuel being raised within the limits of the factory, and close to the furnaces near to which the mineral ore is found, the labour is much diminished compared with many English foundries. The workshops of the craftsmen are situated upon the line of railways on the banks of canals leading to the river. The blast furnaces, puddling furnaces, forges, and rolling mills, are on the opposite bank of the river from the houses of the operatives; but they maintain their in-

tercourse between home and the shop by boats provided for their convenience and at their command.

John Cockerill, as a prince among mechanics, was in partnership (a strange association, and uncommon for the trader,) with the late King of Holland, as an engine-builder and machine-maker, which gave celebrity to this large establishment. There have been, and I presume there are still, 3,000 employed in these works, receiving on an average about £2,000 in weekly wages. Cockerill sought to extend his connections and mechanical fame, especially in regions where manufacturing skill was precious. He died at Warsaw, leaving his wealth to his heirs, and his name on many continental locomotives.

A company have undertaken the management of his extended works, and employ an equal number of men in the same branches of manufacture; making not merely implements of destruction, as used to be the case at the Carron Works in Scotland, but also some of the first-rate locomotive engines for Prussian and other European railways, which are rapidly multiplying. The cotton factory is also thence supplied with spinning-jennies and other machinery. Thus the school of Cockerill competes with the shops of Sharpe, Robberts, and other prime mechanists in England. The elements and occasion of Cockerill's success sprang from a source which working men were not quick enough to discern—at least they did not soon enough discover and remedy the mistake. The law which short-sighted monopoly had enacted, as it was considered for the protection of the machine-maker in England, preventing the exportation of machinery from this to continental countries, gave the stimulus and premium to enterprise in those countries. For a while the smuggler profited by the interdict, and gambled on the chances of detection. The *machine* of human thought, the mysterious engine of the busy mind, revolved its powers and principles in contrivance and imitation for production and

supply. No law could contravene the laws of nature and the gifts of God. Genius can summon its resources from Indus to the Poles, and self-interest has power enough to bind the winds and seas, fire and vapour of smoke. Monopoly was defied, and at length subdued.

John Cockerill, and his friends and men of like spirit, exported the men of thought and genius from England, who went forth and became the tutors of the men of Belgium. It was not enough to work and execute plans; they had Literary and Mechanics' Institutions in Cockerill's works and in others, for the training of handicraftsmen, who received their instruction from English mechanicians, and who have now filled the whole of the workshops of Belgium with foremen and men capable of managing all kinds of machinery, and of inventing, as well as producing the manufacture of machinery such as will very nearly compete with your most skilled engine-makers of England.

Whilst Namur is the manufactory of cutlery, Liege is something like Birmingham in reference to England, as the manufactory of musquetry and the implements of destruction. Liège is situated, as I have said, upon the Meuse. I have seldom seen a more beautiful valley in any country than is the winding of the Meuse and the access to Liege. The lovely scenery around the city of Liege is beyond anything that I ever traversed in England. The nearest approach to it is to be found in the vale of the Derwent, Derbyshire, I think between Matlock and Belper; or on the banks of the Wye, from Ross to Chepstow; but the banks of the Wye are insignificant when compared to the more majestic and picturesque scenery on the banks of the Meuse, both before and after it has been joined by the Ourthe. The entrance to Liege is by a descent into a narrow plain, where the whole city spreads out to your view as in an amphitheatre. The valley opens as a capacious basin, and presents culti-

vated fields, inclosed orchards and gardens, thriving villages, and the lively spectacle of an industrious people.* The buildings of various kinds are extensive, but they have been blackened with the smoke of the furnaces, which exhibit their tall chimneys as a more homely feature, but not less attractive to the working men of Liege, just as your own town derives its most picturesque forms as to its buildings from the industry of its inhabitants. The city is built with no regard to regularity, having been subject to the vicissitudes and destruction of wars and sieges. Its divisions are joined by bridges which cross the Meuse and the Ourthe. The part of the town in which are situated the principal public edifices, squares, and hotels, lies to the north and west of the Meuse; which, being navigable for small vessels from the Rhine, and offering much facility for smaller craft, imparts variety and incident, the sound features of foreign

* "The city of Liege combines, perhaps, more variety of associated objects than any in Christendom. A busy manufacturing town, a great workshop for arms, it bristles on the one side of a narrow valley, the steeps of which are interlaced with brushwood, and on whose topmost ridge tall trees wave against the blue sky—a river, broad yet sylvan, ripples gently through it, and curves away from it beneath green and lofty banks; large fountains, figured with quaint devices, play in its busiest streets, and vestiges of dim antiquity arrest the thought in its meanest alleys. The Hall of Justice, formerly the palace of the Prince Bishop, built around a quadrangle supported by ebony pillars of various architecture, looks as Venetian as if Canaletti had painted it, and touches the mind with the sense of gloomy passion with which tragedy has invested Venice beyond all other cities. The forms which cluster in the squares are as varied as the fictitious events of *Quentin Durward*; the sturdy armer, the grave soldier, the fantastic student—each has his home in Liege, and finds kindred objects of regard. Nature, however, triumphs over all—she 'doth embrace her lawful offspring in man's art;' and her beauty softens, harmonises and reconciles all, as parts of one extraordinary and miscellaneous, but beautiful picture."—*Talfourd's Vacation Rambles*.

intercourse and the excitement of commerce to the people and the locality.

Liege has been celebrated in the annals of ancient Netherlands, and presents, as some of you who are in the habit of reading novels will perhaps remember, some aliment for the novel-writer. *Quentin Durward*, I think, is the name of one of Sir Walter Scott's productions: the Boar of Ardennes being a prime character of the scene of the fiction. These people, the *Liegeois* as they are called, were disposed to covet more liberty than their bishop princes gave them; and repeatedly they contested the point with their rulers. On one occasion, (A.D. 1468,) at the time that this Boar of Ardennes was a leading character, they slew their bishop prince. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and of greater power than any petty prince, more a monarch than a duke, and of more ambition than any prince of his era, was determined to take vengeance upon them. I fancy he thought that if bishop princes were destroyed, even ducal rulers, should their subjects imagine that they were arbitrary like this prelatie prince, might come in for their share of retribution. He seized Louis the Eleventh, king of France,—who at that time was presumed to be confederated with the *Liegeois*, and was in fact their ally, having fomented their rebellion,—and ordered him to direct his troops to join in a combined movement with the forces of Burgundy, and attack the city of Liege. They lay down as a beleaguering army, opening trenches and casting up encampments before the city, determined that they should bring it to terms. In the neighbourhood of Liege were domiciled some devoted partisans of the besieged citizens. The little town called Franchemont supplied a body of six hundred fierce and infatuated men; brave they would be usually called, who resolved to take Charles the Bold and Louis, the King of France, prisoners. These six hundred Walloons went out by night, cut their way towards the tents of the princes,

and had all but captured them, when the Scottish mercenaries, archers in the Duke's pay, and the Burgundian guards, discovered their approach. The sudden attack, and the prevalent confusion, added to the jealousy entertained of each other by the besiegers, made each fear they had been betrayed and become the victims of a treacherous plot. But recovering from their surprise, and assuming their arms and their position of defence, they drove back the six hundred men, who were nearly all cut to pieces. As a reward of their deed, a memorial of their heroism has been inscribed on the face of the rock near to Franchemont: what measure of indulgence this will afford their departed spirits, the military historian would find it difficult to describe. The citizens of Liege had fancied themselves still secure, were spreading their tables for dinner on the next, the Sabbath day, (no day of rest to warriors,) when Charles and Louis—the perfidious ally and the ungenerous foe—entered with their forces. Multitudes of the people fled, to perish from cold in the woods; many were slaughtered at once, to glut the vengeance of the conqueror. The city was devoted to destruction—what the sword had spared the fire consumed: all the buildings, except convents and churches, were consigned to the flames; and the conflagration was completed on the day after Charles the *Bold* quitted it with his army. So much for Burgundian policy! The place was left as a desert; and would have so continued but for a commercial spirit which prevailed among the plundered people. Its population, prior to this calamity, was 120,000; it is now estimated at about 66,000.

The early history of Liège is not disparaged by the modern spirit and industrious habits of its enterprising population at the present day. Like all manufacturing and commercial people they are not so subject to the domination of priestcraft, and the superstitious fears which intolerant bigotry fosters among the agriculturists of a

rural district, or the bourgeois of a cathedral or university town, as to apprehend danger from the diffusion of knowledge, or injurious consequences from freedom of conscience, and the free discussion of conflicting opinions on religious matters. In the manufactory of fire-arms, or the casting of cannon and shot; in the smelting or welding of the staple material of their fabrications, and constructing their engines and machines; in the production of large quantities of cotton cloth, or in the preparatory processes requisite for extensive trade in saddlery, not only are competition and enterprise stimulated, and general intercourse with other towns maintained, but the most scientific principles are developed; the value of knowledge, the cultivation of mind, and the wisdom of giving full scope to genius and invention, are felt and appreciated. The collision of thought with thought, of opinion with opinion, and of argument with argument, on secular questions, not only habituates the people to mental activity, but disciplines their minds for nobler exercises and more intellectual and spiritual themes. In Liege there is not only more freedom of conscience, and, practically, of religious diversity and association than in Louvain; but there is also more appetite for inquiry, and independent and rational speculation. The bold spirit of enterprise which perforated the rocky mountains by some *nineteen or twenty tunnels*, between Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, so as to carry their railway through every difficulty, will not be deterred from religious investigations, discoveries, and conclusions, by the frowns of priestcraft, or the mountainous masses of grovelling superstition and ecclesiastical intolerance, or even of popular ignorance, which have to be subdued.

Hence, I think, it will hardly be deemed presumptuous to trace, in some degree, the peculiar characteristic of the work of the evangelists of Christ in this town, which is described as the gradual development of faith in a daily increasing number of persons. The masses did not at first crowd themselves into the congregation, and then leave it

again forthwith, capriciously and without reflection, as if dreading a ghostly rebuke; and though there have not been any external marks of brilliant success, the little community, not more than ten or twelve Christians, which assembled a few years ago, has increased to more than a hundred, who declare their attachment to a preached gospel, and recognise Mr. Girod as their minister. A regular congregation of 200 persons are present every Sabbath to attend the preaching in the chapel, which is occasionally increased. On a recent occasion, prior to my first inquiries as to the state of religion, a Bible meeting was held, when more than 300 assembled. The public discussion of the claims of Scripture increased the attention and attendance; and the result of the visit of the friends who then convened from Geneva and Brussels was, that the Sunday services were more numerous attended than ever, and the minister's expectation of progress greatly augmented. Such considerations seemed legitimately to inspire the assurance that the congregation at Liege might gradually become a light and a blessing to the Walloon population. Mr. Girod had reported most favourably of his prospects prior to my acquaintance with the town or its religious condition; and I now introduce some of his own statements, which will favourably contrast with the darker colouring I have given of the university town of Louvain:—

“The Lord has permitted his gospel to be carried into two suburbs where we could not previously count a disciple of Jesus Christ. I rejoice at this, because I know that the word of God, when the preaching thereof is once begun, resembles a young tree which, growing every day, at length extends its branches far and wide. In one of these suburbs lives a Romanist, who has however attended our worship several months; he now sees clearly, that to reject the errors of Rome is not enough, but that after having pulled down, it is necessary to build up; he sees himself a sinner in need of Divine grace.

“In another part of the town is a Protestant who had

embraced Popery, but who now regularly attends our chapel, and appears to mourn over his former weakness. Our private meetings have brought three families to our place of worship, who seem likely to persevere in the truth. Two families who last winter left the Romish church, have just had their new-born infants baptized in our chapel. Aware of the gravity thereof, and that they should displease many of their friends by so public an act, they nevertheless chose to obey God rather than man.

“A revival has appeared in a part of the town where hitherto there was not a single believer; we can now look upon three families who promise well; enjoying easy mediocrity, they are not likely to have been drawn by interested motives. A member of one of these families possessed a Bible and read it before he began to frequent our chapel; this was made useful to him, and since he has attended the preaching it appears to him clearer and clearer, and exercises a greater influence on his mind: a fresh proof that the dissemination of the Scriptures, and their explanation, are the two great means employed by God in the extension of his kingdom.”

For a season, Mr. Girod had been separated from his flock, and returned to them in love with his work, and not less attached to the people of his charge. Some of the converts had endured suffering and privation, and were besides exposed to temptations and conflicts: the common lot of all who embrace the gospel; nevertheless they stood firm, relying on the promises of God. A person who had been long troubled on account of his sins was brought to enjoy peace in believing; having cast off his own righteousness, he trusted alone in the sacrifice of Jesus; perceiving there was no justification but by faith, he had cast himself upon the Lord, who granted him a sense of pardoned sin, and the love of every good work.

About the period of my excursion a change had come upon the character of the proceedings: the progress had

been accelerated, the movements had become more important, and these numerous conversions cheered the heart of the faithful labourer. The auditory had considerably increased, taking manifest pleasure in *both* services of the Sabbath in the chapel. Besides the worship here conducted, Mr. Girod presided in a private house, where a more social exercise had been commenced by such brethren as were desirous of edifying one another. A crowd were convened here, some to listen to the gospel, others to create disturbance. But the assembly, though attracted together as a numerous mob, listened most attentively, till the priests were alarmed, and resorted to violent denunciations. This awakened greater attention, and drew a larger number to hear the words of peace, and turn towards the Lord, that they might have life. The public administration of baptism to a child whose parents had been Catholics, excited increased interest—the father's decision, the mother's hesitation, and deliberate acquiescence, which ended with conviction and joy, occasioned great hostility in the bosom of their own senior relations, and proved the strength of principle in the young converts, and the sufficiency of Divine grace. Thus the kingdom of God advanced, even though it suffered violence. What has contributed mostly to the advancement of the cause are the new meetings in private houses, to which I barely referred; they are continued till now, and are well attended. It is hoped they will prove a blessing both for those within and without the little circle. There are also meetings held elsewhere, which prove that the Christians at Liege do not remain inactive. The brethren at S.— and environs are also on the alert; there is a pious female in the neighbourhood who displays great zeal and love, and is useful to the cause.

A rencontre on the railway between some priests and this female, in consequence of her deep interest in these things, will illustrate the state of popular opinion. She held a religious tract in her hand, and was reading it, and

thus attracted the attention of one of these curés in the carriage; who thinking to turn the laugh against her before the whole company, asked her if she were telling fortunes. "Do you wish," she replied, "that I should tell you your fortune?" They all consented. "Well," she said, "you are blind ones who lead the blind, and you will fall into the ditch." The curés, ashamed, made no reply. They left the train and the people in it, who observed their confusion and desire to shun all farther conference on the subject. The exclamation of the people was that, "A woman had well given it to three priests." But the members of the church maintain an influential position in the community, and the public voice declares in their favour; the audiences are larger than they have sitting room. New faces appear; and new voices proclaim, "It is evangelical truth that is taught here; it is religion as Christ and his apostles taught it—it is not what the priests talk—here they tell us good news." A society has been formed in this congregation—not at the suggestion of either minister or elders, but by four young men—for the benefit of poor and sick people; and the promoters of the plan effectively carry it out, independently of the help of the more aged members. The heart of the labourer is therefore greatly encouraged, and he looks forward for additional tokens of Divine favour. Some of the more zealous Catholics have been excited to controversy, but so as to discover the weak points of their system, and thus expose themselves to defeat. Mr. Girod says, "We do not hesitate to proclaim the truth to them boldly, because we have no doubt about it; but as the apostle says, we use great plainness of speech, not fearing to declare that the Romish church is in error. This unfearing testimony to the truth gives us a great advantage. Nevertheless, we know that without the help of God we can do nothing: if we trust in Him we shall prosper, and by continued prayer we seek his blessing."

From Liege the traveller journeys on towards Aix-la-Chapelle, and passes through a place called Spa. The springs at this Spa are medicinally useful for cases of relaxed nervousness, and other diseases which are deemed to be benefited by vapour-baths of sulphuretted hydrogen. The immediate vicinity of Spa is diversified with almost every natural beauty that scenery can supply. The Vesdre falls into the Ourthe, after the windings of the stream have added attractions to a charming valley, enlivened by snug villas and neat gardens, green pastures, and fruitful orchards, manufactories of cloth, shady walks, and populous villages. From several beautiful and picturesque stations on the railway the traveller can follow the course of other streams and valleys hardly less enchanting, where the bright foliage of wooded heights and verdant meadows, which clothe the streamlet's banks, interspersed with country houses of resident manufacturers evince the riches of the soil and the wealth of the inhabitants. The scenery around has been compared to that of Matlock Bath, and I should say exceeds it in beauty; while the staple manufacture affords more certain employment for the industrious classes. The Spa, as will be remembered by those conversant with the political affairs of the Continent, about the beginning of the present century, sustains some celebrity; having been the place of congress for European sovereigns and rulers, who resorted thither not only to discuss, but determine the relation, dimensions, and power of nations; to sever, serve out and appropriate among themselves the provinces and kingdoms of the earth: to say to this noble, "You shall be king over that region," and to that soldier, "You shall be king over this other region;" to divide and to apportion territories and kingdoms of men as if they were only made for counters, that statesmen and kings might play with them as upon some large draft-board. It has been celebrated, however, by other gambling transactions, as well as the one I have

mentioned. They have public tables for gaming there ; and large fortunes have been lost in the mad ambition of gamblers, who, first longing to be rich, afterward became infatuated enthusiasts at play, and reckless spendthrifts. The country continues beautiful, and compensates for the folly of man which has marred the associations of the locality.

Near the spring of the Spa a handsome building, designated the Redoute, has been constructed, containing under the same roof a ball-room, a café, a theatre, and gambling-rooms. In these last, from morning to night, roulette, rouge-et-noir, and similar games, are carried on. More than one such building has been erected ; and the structure now called Vauxhall was built for this purpose, but was recently occupied as a chapel for the performance of English service. Gambling-houses have, in former times, sustained a more questionable episcopal connexion at Spa. The bishop of Liege used to be their proprietor ; and, as partner in the concern, derived no small revenue, with the manager, from their conjoint share in the infamous gains of the establishment. No gaming-tables could be set up at the place without the bishop's permission ; usually purchased with money. There are more lotteries in the church than small livings and wealthy benefices. Clerical influence and ministerial talent have been withheld too long, except where secularised and regulated by papal canons, among the resident people of this country. Better prospects, however, begin to open, and efforts are to be made which may tend to improve the religious condition of Spa. The Belgian Evangelical Society had their solicitude awakened a long time ago and their interest excited by the importunities of pious friends, who urgently implored them to occupy this as one of their stations, and place in it one of their devoted agents. A beginning was made much about the time when I passed through the country. One of the committee of the agency had appointed to travel, if possible, part of the way with me.

The friends were visited ; and about thirty met at one time, all eagerly urging the claims of the perishing multitude. On his return to Brussels he reported so favourably of the town and its facilities, that the committee were induced forthwith to send an evangelist to labour at Spa. In last September, Mr. Sumichrast was requested, and he engaged with much readiness, to occupy the sphere. The commencement and reception excelled the expectation of his friends. Crowds convened, at first from mere curiosity ; the meetings were denounced by the priests, and discountenanced by other enemies of the truth and free discussion. Thirty persons have regularly attended ; and, in addition to those who were seriously concerned about their salvation, many others have attached themselves since Mr. Sumichrast settled among them, and have given hope that Divine grace has awakened their concern. Numerous interesting details of what has occurred might have been given, to prove that it is not a mere external reformation which has been begun. The preacher cherishes the assurance that the Holy Spirit is inclining and bringing captive souls to the feet of Jesus Christ. One person he regards as having been turned, not merely from Romanism, but from the power of Satan unto God.* Another declared that he wished from his heart to walk in the steps of the Divine model, since he cordially believed in Jesus as his Saviour. Many such instances have been ascertained, and mere professions are not valued until the fruit appear. The Christian friends who previously resided at Spa have rendered their zealous co-operation, holding up the hands and affording every facility to the labours of Mr. Sumichrast ; who confines not his efforts to the town, but proclaims the gospel of salvation in the vicinity round about, wherever a door is opened to receive him.

The railway proceeds along the valley of the Vesdre. I do not know that I ever saw a prettier stream, or banks which appeared so fit to soothe as well as charm—some-

thing like what some of my Scotch friends will remember is the scenery between Edinburgh and Rosslyn, by way of the South Esk; but more fit for manufacturing purposes, and more calculated to invite the enterprise of those who wish to turn the water-power to advantage. You go on from the valley of the Vesdre to Verviers, and here you pass through the most expensive part of the Belgium railway. I think, beside the tunnels, they have to cross as many as seventeen bridges over the Vesdre, in order that they may reach the province of Limburg, from Liege. These tunnels are cut through the granite rock; they have been compared to a needle running through the twist of a corkscrew; that is, the railways shoot through the valley and the rocks, as the needle would pass through the interstices, or within the worm of the screw. Every time you come out you see some hill, some magnificent house, some beautiful feature of nature, and again you are shut up for the few moments or minutes that you have to pass through these tunnels; thus the variety of the scene pleases the traveller. In that part of my route, lifting myself, in order to accommodate my position as I thought, I dropped my Taglioni, or great coat, from the railway. There was no possibility of stopping the train: we went on, perhaps about seventy miles; yet such was the power of centralization, that, sending back from the station where I stopped, at Cologne, and waiting only till next day, my great coat was restored to me, costing only three francs, and it reached its destination safe and uninjured. I mention this to show, that whilst despotism has its abuses and brings its woes, there are certain conveniences which are especially most gratifying to people of the superior or dominant class when they meet them. One paramount law of action, and one principle of supervision and concentration, when in operation, secure control and unity in the regulation of multifarious details, exceedingly pleasing to the natural love of indolence and power common to all men.

After leaving Spa, you come to Verviers, upon the borders of Prussia and the confines of Belgium. It has no attraction whatever but the waters of Vesdre. Upon these waters I think they have as many as sixty different public works, and they are all connected with the woollen manufacture. It is said that the water is peculiarly good for dyeing wool; and this may, perhaps, be an additional inducement for the tendency of population towards this as a centre. There are 40,000 hands employed in and around Verviers, in the woollen manufacture. A population of 20,000 are resident in Verviers at least. There are somewhere about three principal houses that employ a large number of hands. I am sorry to say that the manufacturing classes there are not paid more than half the wages of the manufacturing classes here; and that they cannot provide for themselves from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, except upon very singularly rare occasions, anything in the shape of animal food; brown bread and sour-crout being their principal provision from day to day. In consequence of their low wages, (and probably it is in consequence of the professedly cheap food that they have such low wages,) they are enabled to produce goods at a cheaper rate than our manufacturers are able to supply them in this country. They come into the general market, and compete successfully with English manufacturers; and not only do they clothe the whole of the Belgian troops by the woollen cloth manufactured at Verviers, but they also carry their competition into the markets of other parts of Germany, and of America, so as to supersede the former demand for English manufacture.

Passing on from Verviers, our route lies within sight of the castle and town of Limburg. The surrounding country is exposed and bare, and the site of the fortress wears the aspect of desolation, such as war in its calamities is likely to leave. The town once flourished, and was strongly fortified; but, from the days of Louis XIV., it

has been subject to the ruinous visitation of siege and mining. The rage of the elements, too, has not left it unscathed. So late as 1834, a conflagration consumed a large portion of it, and has left it little better than a heap of ruins. This fortress, and its mineral country, opens on the view of the traveller as he emerges from under one of the picturesque tunnels on the railway.

Aix-la-Chapelle derived its name from the tomb of Charles the Great, as he was called,—Charlemagne, as he is usually called. He gave instructions that when he died, he should be buried in a right royal position—not prostrate, as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected after the model of the chapel which had been reared over the sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The Gospels, which I suppose he had not often read whilst he was living, he would appear determined to thoroughly study after he was dead: he directed they should be laid upon his knees before him: by his side was his sword, his celebrated sword;—I think they call it the *joyeuse*: upon his head was an imperial crown, significant of his reigning; and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders, to betoken his dominion. Thus was his body placed; and thus did his body remain for somewhere about one hundred and eighty years. I am not sure whether this was the precise number of years, but I think he died in 814. One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what had become of the riches that adorned his tomb. The tomb was opened 997, by the emperor Otto: the skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered; the various ornaments that I speak of were all there, too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen, disjointed and asunder; and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull, wearing its crown still; and nothing to signify royalty but this vain pageant of death in its most hideous

form. The various relics were taken up, and are now preserved at Vienna; they have oftentimes since been employed in the coronation of the emperors of Germany, in order to signify their greatness, and their being the successors of Charlemagne, King of France, and the great Emperor of the West—or rather you would have called him, of Europe. The chapel which he erected as his monument was that which gave name to the place, Aix-la-Chapelle. Perhaps—I do not know exactly what the cause was—perhaps it had something to do with the remembrance of the city, which was his birth-place. It is said by some that here he was born in the year 742.

There are sulphuretted springs at this place, the waters of which are used for medicinal purposes, and have been resorted to since the days of the ancient Romans. It was called *Aquis Grani*, or the waters of Granus. This Roman was a brother of the emperor Nero, and being delighted with the hot-baths, built a tower, and attracted many other citizens of the imperial city. The waters—these Kochbrunnens of Aix, or Aachen,—continued to sustain a wide reputation from the earliest eras; and to modern, or at least till more recent, times, when Charlemagne made it the second city of the empire, and invested its citizens with numerous immunities. For seven hundred years it was thus distinguished, and some fifty imperial monarchs were here crowned. The baths are handsome ornaments, as well as lucrative attractions to the place. Three times have sovereign princes, or their plenipotentiaries, resorted thither, in 1668, in 1748, and again in 1818, to sign treaties of peace, or determine on great international movements, and decide the destiny of princes. The mineral springs are of two classes, the stronger and the weaker, the warmer and the colder, the sulphuretted and the chalybeate; and are situated in the midst of the town. The heat of some of the springs is great; and suffices, even after the baths have been supplied, to furnish the humbler members of the commu-

nity with water to wash their clothes, without soap or other alkalis. Those who are fastidious about smells or odour will not, however, adopt such an expedient. Gambling is here as much the pastime and folly of the visitors as it is at other watering places; but as the town is within the Prussian dominions, the Government *employés* are restricted from indulging the bewitching passion, and the gains of those who farm the tables are curtailed by an appropriation clause in their lease, which contemplates the improvement of the town!

Aix-la-Chapelle at one time contained a numerous population; but the amount of inhabitants now does not exceed more than 40,000 who are residents. Often, however, the pilgrimages, which Romish superstition trades upon, convene more than four times its usual numbers. So many as 150,000 pilgrims have assembled; and, even in 1839, 60,000 resorted to witness the ceremony of exhibiting the *grand reliques* between the 15th and 27th of July. Charlemagne obtained them from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and from Haroun, king of Persia; and they are now secured as his gift to the *chapel*, deposited in a rich shrine of silver gilt, the production of the ninth century. It may be instructive to enumerate a few of these valued treasures, the lessons of Rome's wisdom to her ignorant people:—The robe worn by Mary at the birth of Christ, of cotton, five feet long; the swaddling-clothes, of yellow cloth, as coarse as sacking; the cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was laid; the scarf worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion, bearing stains of blood! They also exhibit a lock of the Virgin's hair; a piece of the true cross; the leathern girdle of Christ; a nail of the cross; the sponge which was filled with vinegar; the *cord* which bound the rod with which he was scourged; the arm of Simeon, on which the infant Jesus was laid; some of the blood and bones of St. Stephen; some manna from the wilderness; and some bits of Aaron's rod! I did not ascertain whether

the rod budded, or the manna was fit to be eaten; but these were as likely as is the veritable existence of the relics which are said to be deposited, along with the *skull* and *hunting-horn* of Charlemagne, in the sacristy of the Dom Kirche or Cathedral, which now occupies the site of the chapel of Charlemagne. This and the Rathhouse of Aachen would afford scope in which the architectural antiquary might expand, describing their beauties, their ancient grandeur, and unique styles or mixture of orders: while these, and the antique remains of palaces or streets, whether Gothic, Saxon, or Byzantine, might supply much that would interest, had we space and ability to describe or appreciate their beauties.

Aix-la-Chapelle finds employment for its industrious classes in trades and manufactures, similar to those of Verviers. They compete with the British trader in woollens, in the manufacture of machinery, in cotton spinning, and weaving; twelve thousand in and around the city find occupation by such means, and three thousand derive support from the work of needle-making. I fear I have now exhausted the time during which I could crave your indulgence, and I do not think it expedient to detain you longer. If you regard these sketches and descriptions connected with the present manufactories of Belgium, the present state of the religion of the people of that country, and the comparison with their historical state in times of old, as deserving of your attention, and designed to increase your acquaintance with the condition, and interest in means for promoting the welfare, of your fellow men, and likely to excite curiosity and inquiry regarding the places and communities which I may deem worthy of being examined and visited, I shall be happy to receive again the pleasure of your company next Monday evening; when I shall proceed to the description of Cologne, of Bonn, of the Drachenfels, of Coblenz, of Treves, the Moselle, and the lower parts of the Rhine.

Let me pause, in approaching a conclusion, to remind you, that my object is not merely to acquaint you with the ancient scenes or historical recollections, or with the modern cities of Germany; but it is also to bring before you the state of the people of those lands. In all the regions that I have now traversed, nothing but gross Popery prevails. There are no ministers of revealed truth, such as you and I should wish our fellow men to appreciate, as the instructors of the people, but those whose spheres and offices I have specified. From the borders of Belgium to the further territorial confines of the French and Dutch, the people, with but few exceptions, are left to the forms and observances of the Roman Catholic church. I do not say but, in that church, there may be individuals who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and truly believe in his atoning merits and justifying grace, as their Redeemer; who exercise charity toward their fellow men; who fear their God; and who, living according to the precepts of divine authority, are the heirs of a better world, of a richer inheritance than can be enjoyed here: but I do say, that when those called priests and teachers of religion in that church can sit down and indite prayers to the Virgin Mary; can represent her to the whole nation as the Mother of God, as having more power in heaven than Jesus Christ, and as deserving of more prayers on earth than the Deity himself;—when they can thus act, and prostitute an office deemed sacred as between God and men, and their religious influence, to the forms of idolatry, it is only the exceptional cases that I can look to for anything like an enlightened religious influence. It is only here and there, a stranger to his own creed under the forms of the church of Rome, that I can expect to recognise as a servant of God, as a child of heaven. I fear that idolatry serves even as an opiate to soothe and lull to sleep; as an extinguisher rather than a veil to exclude the light, and as a bandage to shut up the eyes of the mind,—and that its influence is characterized by all that

debases and demoralizes ; that unfits for the best acts of man towards his fellow man, and of the creature towards his God. And I do not expect the overthrow of so baneful a system till Britons, or Christians of other lands, those that feel the truth and love the truth, shall arise and avail themselves of the liberty of teaching and the liberty of association, which we find in Belgium ; till Christian associations shall arise and go forth with all the pity that has been expended upon Tahiti, and the other islands of the South. Tahiti, with its 10,000 inhabitants, has had twenty times the number of missionaries sent to it that we have sent to Belgium, with its 4,000,000 of people.

While we have in Belgium the liberty of teaching and of association, we pass over the ignorant and perishing multitudes that are near, who, when themselves enlightened and converted, might work with us in efforts of Christian benevolence ; who might expend and consecrate energies and sanctified resources in promoting the same work, and in diffusing the blessings of Christian fellowship amidst the inhabitants of neighbouring lands. Instead of thus concentrating and accumulating our power to do good, we almost neglect the fields of proximate lands, and range the wide extremes of the world, casting our corn in handfuls upon comparatively barren rocks. I would say nothing to disparage missionary work, but I would undertake missionary work at home as well as abroad ; I would take missionary work amongst the millions of continental nations as I would take missionary work amongst the hundreds of the islands of the Southern Seas. It is the duty of Christians to seize the best means of extending their religion ; and I say, let them extend it amongst the countries that are near them, with zeal and energy proportionate to their efforts amongst the countries that are more remote. •

CHAPTER III.

Prussian liberty—the Rhine—Traveller's descriptions—Towns of the Lower Rhine.—Feudal grandeur — Cologne — Antiquarian architecture.

I THINK you will agree with me, that there is a sufficiently strong inducement to endeavour to interest one another in the condition of the people of Prussia when I explain two or three circumstances which have recently come under my own observation. Since I closed my last lecture, and during the week, a young man of extraordinary talent, of great attainments, zealously devoted and conscientious, with the desire of being employed as a minister of the gospel, made application to the Lancashire Independent College, that, as a student, he might be admitted to its literary and theological advantages. He was examined, and admitted, after giving abundant satisfaction by evidences of his piety and superior ability. He is a native of Prussia. He has studied at several of the universities of that country—and was so distinguished by classical knowledge and acquaintance with philosophy and literature, while residing in Paris, that he was employed as the tutor of a Russian nobleman, and removed in the discharge of his duties to St. Petersburg. Lucrative prospects and distinctions, perhaps the highest official employment, seemed within the reach of his ambition, when he was brought under the conviction that it was his duty to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel. But the circumstance to which I refer, is the obstacle which impeded and threatened

to obstruct his progress in the full discharge of the duties of that responsible office. Having had, as you will easily imagine, some interest awakened in my mind in relation to Prussia, I put the question to him myself, why he did not endeavour to enter the ministry in Prussia? His answer was, "I should not be permitted to exercise my ministry in accordance with the principles which I profess." These were the principles which you and I profess, as voluntary Congregational Christians. Thus, whatever his talent, whatever his zeal, whatever his ability for the ministration of the gospel; such is the law, and such are the restrictions of the governing authorities in that land, that Prussia, Protestant Prussia, will not permit a faithful, enlightened, and conscientious servant of Christ Jesus, though willing to stand alone, endure privations, and make sacrifices for his religion, to administer the ordinances of religion as we enjoy them. The other circumstance to which I refer is, that within the last few weeks there has been held a synod, a sort of clerical convention, at Berlin, where they have most presumptuously been endeavouring to form a kind of comprehensive system, that will allow a little more latitude, and at the same time maintain a national uniformity.

The futility and arrogance of such oppressive attempts to stereotype the human mind and the aspect of conscientious opinion for generations or multitudes of men, need not here be exposed or reprobated: but I may observe, that such absurd devices to restrain or regulate thought arise from efforts that were made during the last king of Prussia's reign, when the Lutheran communities were prevented from exercising their ministry according to the Lutheran creed, or the opinions of the Lutheran doctors; and were forced to adopt a kind of uniform Liturgy, that the king of Prussia himself had ordered to be prepared *under his royal supervision*. Whole congregations were in consequence scattered not merely through their own country

but compelled to pass into other lands, with the hope that they might enjoy liberty of conscience. Those of them that did not migrate, but remained, and yet wished to uphold the liberty of conscience in their father-land, had soldiers quartered upon them, and were subjected to capricious penalties, the dictate of a military despotism.

Several thousands of the Prussian people passed through Hull, on their way to other climes, that they might seek in New South Wales, in Australia, or in America, a habitation, a Bethel, where they could enjoy religious liberty, and be permitted to worship their God according to his word and the dictate of their own consciences. Now, all this is transacted within, literally within two days' travel of the land in which we dwell. This is the portion of the most loyal and virtuous subjects and citizens of the country where a monarch reigns, who has been brought into a near and responsible religious association with our own country, having been made what they call godfather to the Prince Royal of England. This is the measure of religious liberty, of impiously called *toleration*, yielded by one creature to another in the paramount and universal obligations of Divine service in a country where there is such direct intercourse between the supreme authorities for mutual counsel and determination, even on religious matters, that it was alleged while I was at Berlin, that his Majesty the King of Prussia had consulted the Bishop of London, (an authority not very competent, in the apprehension of English Nonconformists,) as to the best way of improving the system of his ecclesiastical government in Prussia. I mention these things in order to show that we are not occupied on these occasions for trifling purposes. We have great and vital interests belonging to our fellow men, and to the Continent of Europe, to which we are related, that ought not only to awaken a sympathy in our minds, but also to draw forth the energies of our hearts, and the resources that we can command, in order

to improve their condition. I shall, by and by, be able to show you how we may exercise an influence upon Prussia, but I wish first to excite and secure to you an interest in the country.

I promised that we should this evening direct our attention to the cities of the Lower Rhine. The Rhine is a magnificent river, about 900 miles in length, from amidst the glaciers of the Alps to the sands of Leyden. I feel reluctant to attempt here any description of the majestic Rhine, from a conviction not only of my own perfect inadequacy to do justice to its claims, but also that here we have not the most favourable aspect in which to contemplate its character; since at its embouchure it presents the features of decay and imbecility rather than of the gigantic strength and impetuous energy which characterize the earlier career of the river. There is a greater pleasure in numbering the days and joys of childhood than in counting the few straggling and hoar hairs of old age. And from the diffusion of its waters, the multiplicity and ramification of its channels, and the flatness of the region through which it passes to the ocean, the Rhine between Emmerich and Katwyk assumes the appearance of sluggish and stagnant canals rather than the sparkling and vivacity which give truth and beauty to the titled poet's eulogy:—

“ But thou exulting and abounding river !
 Making the waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict ; then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such to me,
 E'en now what wants thy stream, that it should Lethe be ?”

However, the appropriateness and significance of Bulwer's moralizing will be perceived by those who exercise the virtue ; “ It reverses life, and” at its mouth “ the stream

flows through dulness at first, reserving its poetry for our perseverance" as we ascend towards its source. "You must wait till we have passed Cologne, before the glories of the Rhine burst upon you." Yet its divisions, and subdivisions into the Waal, the Lek, the Merwe, the Yssel, and the Maes, as it approaches Rotterdam, Utrecht, Leyden, or the Zuyder Zee, not only demonstrate the tributary streams and natural wealth which have been poured into this vast river since it started in its course from under the glaciers of Mount Adula among the Alps ; but also have served to develop the energies, the skill, and enterprise of nations. It is not only "all around Dort, there is a bewildering complexity of land and water ; but everywhere below Nymeguen the country seems choked full of water, every hollow is full ; and if the tide or flood of the Rhine rises but a foot or two the stranger's fear is that the whole region will be covered as was the Bies Bosch in the year 1421. It is recorded that that catastrophe, occasioned by a storm which raised the tide, and, bursting one of the dykes, spread the water with resistless fury over a large tract of country, destroyed 100,000 persons, and swept away many villages, which have never been restored. The inundation altered completely the channels of the river, and changed the size of some of the most important of them. In 1809 extensive sluices were formed ; and thus the river, which had been left to lose itself in beds of sand, and dribbled off into insignificant streams, or settled into pestilential morasses, is now made to pass out in a volume of water about equal to 100,000 cubic feet every second. The artificial channel has been provided with a triple set of sluices ; the first having two pairs, the second four pairs, and the last, nearest the sea, having seven pairs of gates. The gates are shut, to prevent the entrance of the sea when the tide flows, which rises twelve feet against them at high water ; and the level of the sea without is equal to that of the canal within. By means of machinery, the gates are

opened during ebb-tide, and the accumulated streams, by the impetus with which they pass out, clear away^d the sands collected by the sea waves. The dikes, which are stupendous, are erected upon piles driven into the loose sand, and faced with solid masonry of lime-stone. The works were executed during the reign of Bonaparte's brother, and bear proof of the expansive wisdom which then ruled the country." . . .

The more attractive parts of the Rhine, however, depend not on the works or arrangements of human art or science for their features of beauty ; it is there,

" Where nature, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth what autumn is to the year."

And I can most truly accord with the glowing descriptions of William Howitt, " The loftiness and varying wildness of its hills ; its sky-seeking pinnacles of crag, on which are often perched the most picturesque of ruined, or yet habitable castles ; its black precipices, its splintered and naked gigantic piles of rocks, its miles and scores of miles of hanging vineyards, all in the neatest order of cultivation and supported with terraces and walls on rocky and steep eminences, which bear testimony to the most incessant labour of ages ; its wood-crowned summits ; its delicious valleys, opening right and left as you proceed ; its green fields and gardens, full of happy-looking peasantry, on its river banks ; its fine old ruins of castles and convents on the mountain heights ; and towns, and towers, and villages, strewn along its shores for scores and hundreds of miles, so quaint, so old-fashioned, so dimmed and darkened with the hues of antiquity, and yet so full of life and population ; it is impossible to witness all this without the deepest delight and enthusiasm ; and when you have seen many other and very glorious rivers, you shall still acknowledge that this is a true region of poetry and beauty.

" We islanders feel the same sentiments of admiration

and surprise on ascending the Rhine which dictated those expressive lines of Lord Byron :

‘ But thou, exulting and abounding river,
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow.’

It is this exulting and abounding aspect which is the great character of the Rhine. Far as you go, for several hundred miles, it is still large, full to the banks, vigorous in its current, and magnificent in the affluence of its waters. No receding tide leaves a hollow and slimy channel. As the steamer ploughs its way, its swell reaches in living ripples amidst the grass and hanging flowers on its margin, or scours in curling silver streams the black adamant of its rocks. People in gay costumes enlivening its smiling vineyards ; and a life of boats, trade-barges, and rafts, move everywhere on its surface, in striking contrast with this description of Rhenish scenery.” Howitt elsewhere affirms with perfect truth, “ The beauty of Germany lies only, or with few exceptions, amongst its hills. There its woods, and green valleys, and clear streams are beautiful ; but from one region of hills to another extend only huge and open plains, marked with the road-side lines of trees.”

The admiration of Germans themselves is ardently cherished and eloquently expressed in praise of the “ Fair Rhine.” Dr. Lieber has described, has pictured, and grouped its attractions, not alone from its historical associations, its poetic beauties, or the cultivated vineyards which adorn its slopes ; but as “ a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines ; which, in its course of 900 miles, affords 630 miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basil to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores ; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many

of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind: such a river, it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call in poetry, *Father* or *King Rhine*." The temptation is almost irresistible to add the brief but graphic sketch of the same imperial stream, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, and his comparison from it to illustrate the character of the German mind, and the literature of the country through which it flows. He makes his "Pilgrims" enter the mouths of the stream from Rotterdam, to pass up its accumulated waters by Gorcum to Surdt and Godorf, above Cologne.

"The peculiar character of the river does not, however, really appear, until, by degrees, the Seven Mountains, and the '*Castled Crag of Drachenfels*' above them all, break upon the eye. Around Nieder Cassel and Rheidt, the vines lie thick and clustering; and by the shore you see, from place to place, the islands stretching their green length along, and breaking the exulting tide. Village rises above village, and, viewed from the distance, as you sail, the pastoral errors that enamoured us of the village life crowd thick and fast upon us. So still do these hamlets seem, so sheltered from the passions of the world, as if the passions were not like the winds—only felt where they breathe, and invisible save by their effects. Leaping into the broad bosom of the Rhine, come many a stream and rivulet upon either side. Spire upon spire rises and sinks as you sail on. Mountain and city—the solitary island—the castled steep—like the dreams of ambition, suddenly appear, proudly swell, and dimly fade away. You begin now to understand the character of the German literature. The Rhine is an emblem of its luxuriance, its fertility, its romance. The best commentary to the German genius is a visit to the German scenery. The mighty gloom of the Hartz; the feudal towers that look over vines and deep valleys on the legendary Rhine; the gigantic remains of antique power profusely scattered over plain, mount, and

forest; the thousand mixed recollections that hallow the ground; the stately Roman, the stalwart Goth; the chivalry of the feudal age, and the dim brotherhood of the ideal world, have here alike their record and their remembrance. And over such scenes wanders the young German student. Instead of the pomp and luxury of the English, the thousand devices to cheat the way, he has but his volume in his hand, his knapsack at his back. From such scenes he draws and hives all that various store which after years ripen to invention. Hence the florid mixture of the German muse—the classic, the romantic, the contemplative, the philosophic, and the superstitious. Each the result of actual meditation over different scenes: each the produce of separate but confused recollections. As the Rhine flows, so flows the national genius, by mountain and valley—the wildest solitude—the sudden spires of ancient cities—the mouldered castle—the stately monastery—the humble cot. Grandeur and homeliness, history and superstition, truth and fable, succeeding one another, so as to blend into a whole.”

The lordly Byron has even more poetically, and in measured stanza, portrayed and sung the traditional scenes and mental influences of the “Majestic Rhine.” Doubtless many are familiar with his well-drawn description; but, for the gratification of others, I will repeat two or three of his stanzas, in harmony with Bulwer’s sketch:—

“ A thousand battles have assail’d thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have pass’d away,—
 And slaughter heap’d on high his weltring ranks;
 Their very graves are gone—and what are they?
 Thy tide wash’d down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glass’d with its dancing light the sunny ray:
 But o’er the blacken’d memory’s blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

" Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine:
 The mind is colour'd by the every hue:
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise:
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days!

" The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,—
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
 In mockery of man's art; and these, withal,
 A race of faces happy as the scene;
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,—
 Still springing o'er thy banks, tho' empires near them fall!"

It will be in a few hurried and summary expressions I shall present to you my own impressions and recollections of this far-famed river.

From the mouth of the Rhine to Cologne is a distance of about two hundred miles. The greatest part of that course is through low, level countries; nothing exciting the curiosity of the traveller, or rewarding his patience in forcing his passage up against a current which is said to flow down at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour. The Rhine sweeps with a broad impetuous stream, and in many places is said to be deep, almost as deep as the sea for fathoming. But its usual breadth, so far as I have seen it, is about the third of a mile, except when it passes through certain gorges, which will come to be described. Its greatest breadth is about 700 yards, or nearly half a mile, so far as I saw it, and that was as high above the sea as 500 or 600 miles. The Rhine flows throughout, a most beautifully coloured stream. It is a blue, pellucid water, seeming as if it derived its colour from some early sources,

which were free from everything that would pollute it. So strong is the colour of what may be described as the Rhine Proper, that when the Moselle enters it at Coblenz, it retains its distinct appearance, as if it were still a separate stream; for many miles beyond their junction the two rivers manifestly run down in parallel lines in the same channel.

On the Rhine there are frequently seen what are called rafts; that is, floats of timber bound together by chains and other means, from the very highest sources of the river. These rafts are attractive and exciting to the English traveller; they serve to illustrate the modes and perils of ancient traffic, and to link the commerce of the present times with antiquity. Sometimes they are, or have been, so long as 800 feet, and 250 feet broad, and more than two, three, or four logs or trees in depth. Four hundred men, I learned, have occasionally been employed in navigating one of those rafts down the river; having their huts erected upon the open and exposed platform, and having one sort of central rendezvous where they resort for their provision at meal-times, and where a general culinary apparatus is kept in operation to supply the whole company. The value of the raft that thus glides down the river day after day, and week after week, till it reaches the place where it is to be broken up and sold, is sometimes computed at as much as 30,000*l.* in timber alone. I saw some of these floating monsters, and marked the manner of working them down the river. They may be said to be characteristic of the Rhine from its source—not merely of the Upper but also of the Lower Rhine; and therefore I think it advisable to introduce a description of them at this place. When a steamer passed them, the men apparently thought it necessary to run to a particular part of the raft, otherwise the eddy or wave, that the steamer had raised up, would flow over the whole surface of the raft, and they might experience at least the inconvenience of submersion, if not something worse. They work them with

paddles in the front and paddles in the stern. As many as eight or ten different towers work gently at the prow and at the stern of these temporary structures, so that they could keep them twisting or moving in accordance with the current of the stream. Since I did not sail up the Rhine to Cologne, I will only mention one or two of the towns which are upon the stream before you ascend to Cologne, after you pass Nymeguen and Dort.

Dort, or Dordrecht, is situated on the branch of the Rhine called the Waal, the waters of which have rendered its position insular, and almost isolated, and give a deadness to the general aspect of the place. Silent as a sabbath, the days of Dort's greatness seem to have passed away. Mr. William Chambers represents the streets as lined with houses of antique fashion, the gables turning outward, and rising, with many grotesquely ornamented windows and iron steps, to a considerable altitude; the bricks painted bright red, with stone cornices and ornaments of a light colour. Many of them bear their dates carved on the exterior, and intimate that they were erected anterior to, or during, the Spanish occupation of the Low Provinces. The city is one of the oldest in Holland, and was the focus of turbulent political agitations when the people sought to establish constitutional liberty. Its surrounding hollow land gave title to its resident counts, who were thence denominated counts of Holland; and hence arose the name of the whole province, whose people were anciently called the Frisons. In 1572, when the Seven Provinces declared their independence, the members of the states held their first meeting at Dort, and constituted William Prince of Orange, Stadtholder. But the associations of the place in ecclesiastical history have given it more notoriety. It was here that the speculations in theology of James Hermann (Latinised into Arminius) occasioned a six months' synod, when Protestant clergy, in imitation of Papal councils, convened from many lands, by royal and republican authority, in the

years 1618 and 1619, to deliberate and determine (vain attempt!) whether Arminianism or Calvinism were the doctrine of Scripture. Their conclusion, which settled nothing for other men, but only expressed their own judgment, was, that the opinions of Calvin regarding the "five points," including predestination, are the true doctrine; and, consequently, that the principles of Arminius are not truth. The edifice in which this assembly of grave divines held their discussions, stands in a narrow back street, resembles an old chapel, with two rows of windows, those of the higher floor being loftier than is the lower tier; and along the front are a range of heads, carved in relief, in stone. It is now a public-house, or Dutch slytirij, and the principal hall was recently occupied as a theatre for music, dancing, and theatricals.*

* This synod consisted of thirty-eight Dutch and Walloon divines, five professors of the universities, and twenty-one lay elders; making together sixty-four persons; of which not above three or four were Remonstrants. Besides these, there were twenty-eight foreign divines, from Great Britain, from the Palatinate, from Hussia, Switzerland, Geneva, Bremen, Emden, Nassau, and Wetteravia; the French king not permitting his Protestant divines to appear. Next to the States' deputies sat the English divines: the second place was reserved for the French divines the rest sat in the order recited. Upon the right and left hand of the chair, next to the lay deputies, sat the Netherland professors of divinity, then the ministers and elders, according to the rank of their provinces; the Walloon churches sitting last. After the divines, as well domestic as foreign, had produced their credentials, the Rev. Mr. John Bogerman, of Lee Warden, who had declared that heretics ought to be put to death, was chosen president; the Rev. Jacob Roland and Herman Faukelius, of Amsterdam and Middleburgh, assessors; Heinsius was scribe; and the Rev. Mr. Damonon and Festius Hommius, secretaries. These last were men of limited attainments, but zealous partisans. A general fast was then appointed; after which they proceeded to business. The names of the English divines were, Dr. Carlton, Bishop of Llandaff; Dr. Hall, Dean of Worcester, afterwards Bishop of Norwich; Dr. Davenant, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; and Dr. Samuel Ward, Master of Sydney College, Cambridge: but Dr.

The population is now 20,000, and Dort remains still rather distinguished for its association in connection with the commerce of Holland. You pass on to the fortress of Wesel, a frontier bulwark of Prussia, and thence to Dusseldorf, situated on the river Dussel. This is represented as a prosperous town, connected with both sides of the Rhine by a bridge of boats, containing about 30,000 inhabitants: but it is more celebrated in literature, by the arts, and what is called the Dusseldorf school, than by any other peculiarity; and the Dusseldorf school is a school of painters, whose exhibitions every year have introduced a new character into the style of modern paintings, and who therefore are deemed to be worthy of some celebrity and of commendation by those who conduct the literature of the day. The navigation of the river brings the vessels

Hall not being able to bear the climate, Dr. Good, Prebendary of Canterbury, was appointed in his room. Mr. Balcanqual, a Scotchman, but no friend to the Kirk, was also commissioned by King James to represent that church. He was taken into consultation, and joined in suffrage with the English divines, so as to make one college, for the divines of each nation gave only one vote in the synod, as their united sense; and though Balcanqual did not wear the habit of the English divines, nor sit with them in the synod, having a place by himself, as representative of the Scottish Kirk, yet (says the Bishop of Llandaff) his apparel was decent, and in all respects he gave much satisfaction. His Majesty's instructions to them were, 1st, "To agree among themselves about the state of any question, and how far it may be maintained agreeably to the Scriptures and the doctrine of the Church of England 2nd, to advise the Dutch ministers not to insist, in their sermons, upon scholastic points, but to abide by their former confession of faith, and those of their neighbour reformed churches. 3rd, that they should consult the king's honour, the peace of the distracted churches, and behave in all things with gravity and moderation" When all the members of the synod were assembled, they took the following oath in the twenty-third session, each person standing up in his place, and laying his hand upon his heart:—

"I promise before God, whom I believe and worship, as here present, and as the searcher of the reins and heart, that during the

close in upon the streets of Dusseldorf. Its fortresses have given place to pleasant and fruitful gardens, and scenes of recreation; and as the residence of one of the Prussian princes, it affords attractions to the provincial estates of the Lower Rhine. Elberfeld is but a few miles from Dusseldorf, connected by a railway, and is one of the most important towns in Prussia. It has been designated the Manchester of the Lower Rhine, in consequence of the extensive cotton manufactories, the various modes of producing cotton and preparing them for the world at large. Its principal manufactures are thread, cottons, silks, and

whole course of the transactions of this synod, in which there will be made an inquiry into, and judgment and decision of, not only the well-known five points, and all the difficulties resulting from thence, but likewise of all other sorts of doctrine, I will not make use of any kind of human writings, but only of the word of God, as a sure and infallible rule of faith. Neither will I have any other thing in view throughout this whole discussion but the honour of God, the peace of the church, and, above all, the preservation of the purity of doctrine. So help me, my Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom I ardently beseech to assist me in this my design by his Holy Spirit."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of this invocation and oath, there is too much reason to believe that the minority were treated as criminals cited to the bar for judgment; standing before God and their magistrates, and required by the States to obey the decrees of the synod, under the penalty, if they refused, of both civil and ecclesiastical censure. The conduct of the majority, of the moderator, and other officials, was tyrannical, degrading, and partial; upbraiding the Remonstrants as audacious and deceitful, insolent and pertinacious, and inflicting on them every mark of indignity and provocation; locking the doors of the room to which they retired for counsel, and excluding, with vigilant suspicion, any friend from conversation, or any witness from observation and reporting of this synod, "called only to please angry divines." Martinus, of Bremen, said to his friends, "I believe, now, what St. Gregory Nazianzen says, 'that he had never seen any council which had a happy success, but rather increased the evil instead of removing it.' I declare, as well as that father, that I will never set my foot in any synod again. O, Dort! Dort! would to God that I had never seen thee!"

Turkey dyes, from which it has derived a modern prosperity and great wealth. They so excel in dyeing Turkey red, that dealers send cotton yarn, even from England and Scotland, that it may be dyed in this city. Three millions sterling were said to be the value of the manufactures here in the year 1829. United with Barman, a contiguous town, the population of this district amounts to 70,000; and one continuous scene of industry is presented for nearly six miles. Situated in the valley of the Wupper, its position is picturesque, healthy, and convenient for commerce.

I now come, however, to my own part of the journey; and remind you that my route lay along the railway from Brussels direct through Mechlin, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, and some minor towns, to Cologne. The machinery for these railways has been, for the most part, the manufacture of that Cockerill of whom I spoke, at Seraigne, whose establishment is in the neighbourhood of Liege: but here and there a superior engine, one that was considered rather a first-rate and successful one, and admired as a model, I saw bearing the mark of Sharpe, Roberts, and Co.; and I felt, too, a sort of brotherhood with these engines when they passed me with such a name; for not only was I reminded of Manchester, and of the enterprise which distinguishes this town; but I saw in this what had been the glory of Manchester,—its mechanical skill, and its successful application of that skill, to facilitate travelling in other lands as well as in Britain. An honour, a thousand times more to be coveted than the ducal coronet, or mere martial banners identified with the name; or than if the material thus fabricated had been converted into implements of war,—the spear, the sword, or the murderous instruments of artillery. The trains between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne have greater accommodation than you have in your railway trains here. They are arranged into as many as four different classes: the highest class being

for those that like to be very peculiarly select, and who, in order to enjoy such seclusion, are willing to pay three times the price that they might travel at. Some people like to indulge themselves, and appropriate *otium cum dignitate*; and that nobody can object to, when it is acquired at their own charge. The fares for these are about $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ per mile. The second class, *chars-à-banc*, as they are called, are carriages with cushions, linings, and every luxury that we, who are moderate in our ideas of luxury, should consider as fit for the first class: and for the second class, the price does not much exceed $1d.$ a mile. The third class are in close carriages, without cushions; and the fourth class are open wagons, which sometimes are covered from the rain, the sun, and the snow. I travelled frequently by such; and these are considerably cheaper than $1d.$ per mile for personal travelling; apart from luggage, which is charged by weight. I think that the railways on the Continent are but little inferior to the railways in England. Of course we took our chance of rough and smooth, of dust, and wind, and rain; and, endeavouring to be economical in my way towards Cologne, met with a few inconveniences.

I chose the open carriages, and was for a season completely covered with dust. Seeking a snug corner, as I thought, behind a superior carriage that rose high above me, I imagined myself quiet and comfortable; but when we came to the pulverised part of the road, where the motion and draught of the engine and carriages excited the dust, it was a perfect cloud of penetrating sand. We were enveloped—surrounded: we had to close our eyes, our ears, our bosoms: we had, of course, to keep our mouths shut. There was very little opportunity for admiring the objects you were passing; and for about two hours our position was most unpleasant, without affording the facilities we had contemplated for seeing the country. I would not advise anybody to take the fourth class carriages either for economy or pleasure. I mention this to show you the

usual modes of the railway travelling. We traversed about thirty miles during the time of this dusty visitation ; the scenery of which was entirely hid from our view—such was the speed at which we travelled. Whilst whirling onward in this course, we stopped at and passed the ancient town of Düren, a Roman station mentioned in Antonine's Itinerary ; and not distant from it is the celebrated battle-field of Zulpich, where King Clovis, in 496, defeated the Allemanni. In the parish church of Zulpich is still preserved the font in which this royal warrior renounced his hereditary idolatry, and embraced the title of a Christian king. Charles V. was nearly killed by a shot fired from the walls of Düren by a townsman, who sought thus to defend his native city, while the emperor sought to take it. His force amounted to nearly 62,000 men ; with which, after a protracted siege and an obstinate resistance, he took, and destroyed the citadel, in the year 1543. The town is now employed in nobler pursuits—8,000 people diligently engaged in the manufacture of cloth and paper.

The train in which we were conveyed was one that seemed appointed to stop at all the stations ; which were frequently at such vexatiously short distances as six or seven miles, during part of the way. I thought at the time it was most tedious, compared to the facility with which I have usually travelled ; but when I reflected on the distances and time, it occurred to me they were not more tedious than the trains passing from Liverpool to Manchester, where they stop some fourteen times in the course of thirty miles. I believe that, placing the one against the other, and working the one on the same principle with the other, you will find the railroads on the Continent almost as good, or, with but few abatements, as pleasant as the railroads in England. They have, for the sake of economy, however, adopted what I should think will in the end prove no economy ; they have only laid one line of rails on the Great Belgian line ; and at certain places only, at

guard stations, they have a double line, with the design to allow the carriages to pass one another. In consequence of this, if one train is early and another is late, the early carriages must stay in impatient expectation for the others; and all the speed that has been made is entirely and vexatiously lost in waiting for the lingering and irregular party. I think they will by and by see it to be the best economy to allow free scope for every carriage, and to have double lines. We came to Cologne; and as we approached it, we found that it appeared to the rapid glance of the stranger surrounded with the waters of the Rhine. The road seemed as if it must intersect and cross several deep ravines before you could enter. These waters, I fancy, were the waters that filled up the ditches of the fortification. Our train arrived smooth and comfortably at the station; and in a few moments we were carried by an omnibus to the Gasthof Hof Van Holland—the Hotel of Holland.

I need not give you any account of the manner in which we were entertained there. I may only remark, that the first night was passed without many of the comforts, not to say luxuries of home. The sailors, or whoever they were, that were passing through the streets, seemed to be merry enough to a late hour, and the noise of their merriment reached my bed-room, so that I slept little. I found my friends had shared in similar restlessness, but from another cause. Dr. D. and his lady had proceeded as if they had been at home, as regarded being in one bed-room, and had not sought more than one bed; but it proved that the bed was not so long as that a man might stretch himself upon it, nor so broad as that they could sleep comfortably under its covering. It was deemed requisite by us all that a new arrangement should be made, and that each traveller should occupy a separate bed the next night.

It was our fortune to experience the reality of what Hood, in his comic humour, presented in caricature, in his “Voyage up the Rhine.” The scene was called *A Spare Bed*.

By the pictorial representation, a gentleman is exhibited with his head just up over the pillow, not very comfortably situated; and his feet and legs, or half of his legs, beyond the lower end of the bed; the clothes lying down, not sufficient to cover him, on one side; his extremities bare at the foot. This was a spare bed upon the Rhine. We made ourselves comfortable, however: so far as bedding was concerned, we were resolved to do so: and the different bed-rooms which were required for Mr. B. and his sister, for Dr. D. and his lady, and myself, were all arranged together in a convenient part of the hotel; so that we could breakfast and have tea by ourselves, and were perfectly suited, so far as such things were concerned. They had no idea of blankets there: it was only by particular desire that blankets were provided. They have what appeared to me a most appalling substitute: it was no other than a downy bed, to be laid on the person that proposed to sleep: you had the sheet, that was neither long enough nor broad enough, but you had nothing more to wrap yourself in as an under-covering, and then you had this downy bed which overlaid you. I thought, when I awoke, some tremendous monster oppressed me: it proved a kind of night-mare. I resolved I should sleep under no such covering next night. This was the bedding that was provided at the Cour de Hollande. I found, however, as a homely and most useful accompaniment for foreign travel, my Scotch plaid; which served a double debt to pay—a quilt by night, and overall by day. Many of the people followed, and looked with wonderment or surprise, imagining I was some strange erratic visitant from one of the most remote or least civilised of the regions of the earth: but I experienced the comfort of it many times, when no other garment would have served as a substitute.

Cologne itself contains a population of about 65,000, or from that to 70,000 people. As a town, it is one of the least inviting, the least handsome or spacious of all the

cities I have visited anywhere ; to be an ancient and a large city ; the resort of imperial and commercial wealth, as well as ecclesiastical domination. The streets are narrow and mean ; they are as contracted and impassable as the streets that I saw in the obsolete and decayed cities of the East, where the light of the sun never shone upon the pavements ; the houses having been reared so high as to keep out the sun, even though it was vertical. It might have been deemed the design of architects and civic authorities, from the days of Agrippina till the time when Hanseatic prosperity declined, to keep out the beauties of heaven and the balmy breath of day from the pavements upon which the passenger trod. The streets of Cologne have been compared very fitly, by a Scotch writer, to the streets of the Old Town of Edinburgh,—to the West Bow, the Cowgate, the Grass Market, and various other places. The associations which these allusions will recall to a *quondam* visitor of Auld Reekie, at the hours of nine and ten o'clock, P.M., when the *régime* of malarious sewerage and loathsome effluvia gave character to the streets, however uninviting, will fitly represent the filthiness of Cologne. The poetry of Coleridge will better complete the picture than my harsh prose :—

“ Ye nymphs who reign o’er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne,
 But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”

I may only add, that, to my apprehension, the Colognese seemed to prefer the luxury of carrying their sewers and sinks upon the surface of their streets, to any under-ground excavations and conduits which sanitary refinement might suggest. You may conjecture what would be the effluvia passing through a town with such accommodation. This ancient seat of power and commerce has, however, many

circumstances connected with it of an historical character to excite an interest in it.

Bulwer exclaims, as he pauses in his pilgrimage:—
“Rome, magnificent Rome! wherever the pilgrim wends, the traces of thy dominion greet his eyes. Still, in the heart of the bold German race, is graven the print of the eagle’s claws; and amidst the haunted regions of the Rhine we pause to wonder at the great monuments of the Italian yoke. At Cologne our travellers were in the city to which the camp of Marcus Agrippa had given birth; that spot had resounded with the armed tread of the legions of Trajan. In that city, Vitellius, Sylvanus, were proclaimed emperors. By that church did the latter receive his death.” In September, 355, Sylvanus, charged with treason, and acquitted of the charge, to which only a fraudulent artifice had exposed him, was yet indignantly precipitated into the rebellion of which he was unjustly accused; and having assumed the purple at Cologne, his head-quarters, he thence menaced Italy with invasion, and Milan with a siege. Ursicinus pretended to join his standard, betrayed his confidence, and effected his assassination, after an imperial reign of twenty-eight days. Prior to the Christian era, the Roman camp had occupied the site of this city: here Germanicus fought the battles of the empire; and his wife gave birth to Agrippina, the sister of one emperor, Caligula; the wife of another, Claudius; and the mother of Nero, the last hereditary Augustus; of great talent and greater lewdness; poisoning her husband, to make room for her son in the seat of empire; and receiving, as her fatal retribution, the sentence of private murder by the order of that son whom she had pampered and indulged. With her expiring breath she execrated his name, and entreated the executioner to plunge his weapon into the womb which had borne into the world such a monster as Nero. Tacitus mentions that Tiberius had transplanted the Ubii from the opposite bank of the Rhine to the camp

where Agrippina was born; and hence it bore the name of Civitas Ubiorum; but the empress secured her birth-place a higher honour in the esteem of citizens, when it was raised to the dignity of a colony of the imperial city, and designated Colonia Agrippina. Hence the origin of its modern name. Little less than two thousand years is the period of its history; and it serves as a link of connection with the days and events in which apostles laboured and primitive martyrs suffered for Jesus' sake. In German its name is pronounced Kolen, and in French it is written Cologne, from its original name.

Cologne was in subsequent years so prosperous in commerce, and as a centre of intercourse upon the Rhine, as to be able to send forth 30,000 fighting men at one time. The resident population, therefore, must have been exceedingly great. The archbishops of Cologne became clerical princes; and they were something like the bishop whose deliverance from captivity the pope claimed from a warlike king. The king had taken the bishop prisoner in the field of battle. The pope demanded the bishop, as being a son of the church; he was a consecrated priest, a holy man; his person was sacred, and his office was of divine authority; he was an episcopal dignitary, and he ought not to be made the captive of war. So reasoned the pope under the bishop's mitre and the tiara of Rome. The king, in examining his captive, discovered an under garment, a warlike jacket; it was a coat of mail, worn by the reverend prelate to protect him while fighting. The answer of the king, therefore, was, to retain the bishop, and send the coat of mail to the pope; and with this laconic and insinuating query he closed the matter—"Is this thy son's coat or no?" The coat of mail being the garb assumed by a son of the church, would prove that he was not very peaceable in his disposition; or that the times in which he lived were tempting and hostile, and that he could forget his message of peace and his ministry of reconciliation; that he was as

well qualified to be placed under the service of the king as of the pope.

The archbishops of Cologne proved themselves equally warlike: they had their settlements in the neighbourhood of Cologne, up so far as Bonn. One of the largest, the university, was such a fastness, and called the Electoral Palace of the Archbishops of Cologne. It is said that there were 2,500 priests in Cologne, as the priests that ministered to the people from day to day in the time of its prosperity; and that they had as many churches as there were days in the year. So numerous were their ecclesiastical edifices, that this passed into a proverb; and so conducive to the spirit of mendicancy, that 5,000 beggars are reported as having daily depended on the charity solicited by the monks. It then fell under the blind and injurious domination of the clergy. Their sway was not justly designated listless; but uncontrolled bigotry showed the incompetency of its ecclesiastical rulers, marred the prosperity of the town, and completed its ultimate decay. Intolerant persecution chased the Jewish people from its walls; despotic fear expelled from within its gates the liberty-loving weavers; and fanaticism expatriated the intelligent adherents of the Protestant Reformation.

The episcopal and clerical character of Cologne eminently flourished, and was congenially sustained by the number of its ecclesiastical edifices, down to the French Revolution; when the town contained eleven collegiate churches, nineteen parish churches, nineteen convents of monks, thirty-nine convents of nuns, and forty-nine chapels. The French *reformers* entered; they did not quite adopt the policy of John Knox, who affirmed that if the nests were pulled down the rooks would fly out; but they converted many of the buildings to more useful purposes, or at least to purposes that suited them better; altering some of them to arsenals; making some of them store-houses; employing some of them as places for the sick; and thus

rendering their rich foundations and convents an accommodation to the public, rather than, as they had been previously, dens for thieving under the name of religion.

The chief of all the ecclesiastical edifices in Cologne is called the Dom Kirke, or the cathedral. This building was undertaken in the thirteenth century; it was not finished in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a very grand conception, according to the idea of the architect. There were designed two towers, each of them to be 500 feet high; the length of the edifice was to be, from one extreme to the other, east and west, 500 feet also. Indeed, I believe it is 511 feet. The elevation of the roof or ceiling was to be as much as the breadth of the building, 231 feet, and so it is; and the ceiling is sustained by the most graceful columns or pillars; appearing airy and chaste in so large an edifice. The whole structure is capacious, and exhibits the grand outline of the artist's conception. So singular is the building, that people think it a matter of curiosity to discover who designed it. Since the year 1824 or 1825, to the year 1842, about 40,000*l.* were expended in its repairs; and yet at the end of 1842, it was considered to be in no better condition than at the beginning of the period when the repairs began. They had chosen the stone of the Drachenfels, which is a peculiarly soft, porous, sandy, and decaying stone; and the new parts of the building were not more enduring than the old parts of its masonry. They had, however, placed it under the directions of Herr Zwirner, a distinguished architect, who possesses the confidence of the association by whom the completion of the cathedral has been undertaken. There were about three hundred workmen employed, when I was there, cutting the stone, removing and replenishing parts that had decayed, restoring and repairing the whole in the exact model of the original design. The corroding stone was removed from the walls, its corruptions filled up, and plaster of Paris casts made from the moulds; after the fashion of which the new stones were cut; so that the new or modern parts

should be exactly like the old building. Now they had expended—how much upon it do you think? More than 30,000*l.* three years ago; and they calculate that five millions of dollars, or 750,000*l.*, will be required for the nave and transept, the tower, façades, &c., in order to complete the design. The King of Bavaria and the King of Prussia have each promised liberal and large grants. The King of Prussia has devoted a certain sum of money every year; and the Bavarian monarch is to provide painted glass for the windows.

An association, denominated *Don-bau Verien*, extends its ramifications over Germany, for the purpose of organizing the people who now subscribe to the completion and repair of the cathedral, begun in 1248 by Conrad, of Hochstedten, electoral archbishop of Cologne. The highest tower is not completed; it has stopped short, somewhere about 200 feet from the ground; and upon this tower still remains what they call a crane. The natives,—you may call them so,—natives in superstition,—believe that this is the very crane by which the workmen raised the stones of the building when their labours were interrupted in 1509. Other sages, however, more learned in the records and traditions of the *Dom Kirke*, tell us that at one time it was thought to be an unsightly object, and a perpetual memorial of boastful folly and incompetency by its imperfection; and the authorities had the weather-beaten and rotten timbers brought down. Soon after it was removed a storm began to rage; thunder echoed, and rain poured in torrents; and, amidst the fearful war of the elements, the *Colognese* fancied the fury of the sweeping blast was sent to rend the cathedral to its base, as a mark of Divine displeasure, and that it threatened to destroy them as well as the cathedral. In the greatest agitation and alarm the multitude declared their displeasure with the authorities, who had evinced such impiety; and would give them no peace till the crane, or a crane, was again placed on the top of the tower. It has been suggested, however, that its per-

manent appearance on the lofty and conspicuous position was intended, by the sacerdotal managers, to indicate that at no time was the idea of completing the whole design of the original architect entirely abandoned. The whole tradition and the facts illustrate the superstition of that city and neighbourhood, and of their most distinguished clergy.

We should, moreover, deduce from the incompleteness and boastful descriptions of what the cathedral *was to be*, that, like the religion with which it was associated, there was more of promise than of fulfilment; more of show than of reality; and more of plan than of execution. It is singular how writers of all names praise this cathedral for what it *was to have been*, and give credit to its builders or its patrons for *what was its design*, as if the parts and dimensions specified in figures and sketched in drawings had been erected in solid masonry. The cathedral is a fragment, a ruin, an original plan, designs, of “so splendid a structure,” &c., &c. It was to have been the St. Peter’s of Gothic architecture; and “the founder who conceived so splendid a structure deserves to be recorded,” though no one can tell who he was, whether a magician, a saint, or a hero. Two towers *were to have been* raised 500 feet high; and much more, that never will be done, *was to have been* all finished. I do not know why the same eulogies might not be passed on many other fancy architects. I quote only one sentence, to show what one admirer says, as an echo of others:—“The *choir is the only* part finished; 161 feet high; and internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully-coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally, its double range of stupendous flying buttresses, and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purpled pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment. If completed, this would have been at once the most regular and most stupendous Gothic monument existing. The fine painted windows in the north aisle of the nave were

executed in 1508; the fourth, on the left from the entrance, is the most beautiful; those in the choir are much older. Fourteen colossal statues of the twelve Apostles, the Virgin and Saviour coloured, are of excellent conception and execution."

We visited the cathedral: we passed through its aisles, its naves, its arches; and my friends, the ladies who were with me, were not particularly awe-struck with the scene; at least they seemed to feel that they could do what the gentlemen might not venture to do. They approached a confessional in one aisle of the cathedral; and the one was going to sit down as the confessor, and the other proposed to kneel, or to place herself in the character of the penitent. It was well that they did not execute their caricature; the priest would have denounced it as a most wicked design: for immediately they approached the chair, and indicated their irreverent freedom, within the guarded precincts of the confessional, (a kind of chapel, where the priest used to sit to hear, confidentially poured into his ear, all that the penitents, in the fulness and sorrow of their hearts, chose to tell,) they were warned, and recalled to consider their position and danger. The guide rushed towards them; and with rage, well feigned or sincere, in his countenance, said, "If you dare to do that, you will be put into prison." As a just cause for his alarm, he narrated that there was a man who was guilty of a similar act of irreverence and impiety not long since, and the priest had him confined as a criminal for many days; and in this the decision of the magistrate sustained him, because he brought desecration upon the holy place. I did not try the question whether they would put me into prison; but I walked up and down, hither and thither, through the aisles and transepts, until we had given full scope to our curiosity, and surveyed externally what is considered the gem of the cathedral.

This is a small marble chapel, where the burning lamp

continues by night as well as by day. The lamps always burn and shed their feeble rays in this innermost recess of the cathedral. I know not whether these lights are designed to conform to tabernacle and temple usages; to honour the dead, by illuminating the chambers of their dust—it cannot, surely, cheer their spirits; or to instruct the living in matters otherwise obscure. Such *dim religious lights* may betoken the darkness which reigns within, and the imperfections prevailing in a cathedral service, and the worship which is yielded to saints and angels; but they cannot impart spiritual or intellectual benefits to the votary. You ask what renders this so sacred a place? What needs a Christian sanctuary the aid of such emblematic fires, or the appendages of an idol's temple? You are told, it is the chapel of *the three kings*. The three kings—who were they? The answer of the oracle is, “They were the wise men that came from the East, at the time when the star appeared to manifest the birth of Christ at Bethlehem.” Their identity may perplex a rational inquirer; but it presents no difficulty to cathedral orthodoxy, or to the satisfaction of sacerdotal gossip. Their *mortal*—I was about to say;—I ought rather, it might seem, to say their immortal or undecaying remains were marked out and intrusted to some confidential guardian, whose piety and faith were sufficiently credulous; if not at the time they died, within a century, more or less—near enough to confound all the doubts of scepticism, and respond to all the inquiries of reason. Who was the first honoured depositary I am not learned enough in the legend to tell; or what intermediate agent brought them from their own country, to which, by instructions of the angel, they had returned, under the care and disposal of the party in whose possession they were. When the Empress Helena procured them is beyond my power to report: but it is most gravely affirmed by the antiquary, that the Empress—she is ranked in the calendar as St. Helena—brought them to Constan-

tinople to grace the metropolis founded by her son. To him, according to Eusebius, she owed her knowledge of Christian doctrine; and if she only knew it so far as to count her treasures by mouldering bones, as the relics of saints or the fabulous remains of ancient worthies, her Christianity was not deserving of canonization.

It is unknown to me: perhaps some of the Romish archæologists or legendary monks could inform us, what casualty befel these relics so as to disturb their rest at Stamboul. But the next habitation which the calendar assigns them is Milan; where we are told the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa found them. The republican Milanese would not probably have much concerned themselves about the Magi or their bones; but their electoral archbishops found relics and gewgaw instruments for promoting clerical devotion; and when the glory of this republic, the ancient metropolis of Lombardy, and the early seat of Christian emperors, whose arch-prelate was second only to Rome in the hierarchy of the Latin Church, lay prostrate at the discretion of the Suabian monarch; when its deserted streets were occupied by the imperial army, and its houses were tenanted only for revenge by the adverse population of Pavia and Como, of Cremona and Lodi; it was natural that the churches, which stood alone amidst the ruins of what had been Milan, should give up their treasures as pillage to the relentless spoiler. About the year 1162 this vengeance came upon the devoted city; and the emperor transferred the relics of the three kings to the Archbishop of Cologne. The bones of the skeletons are, it is alleged, preserved in a coffin of silver, placed beneath the shrine, but never open to public gaze.

Chambers, in his description, seems to have looked upon these fragments of human greatness, if not with the levity of scepticism, yet with the cold incredulity of austere Presbyterianism. I will not designate his spirit as irreverent, lest I should come under the same condemnation; but I

will quote his representation. “With difficulty we perceived, in the midst of the partial gloom, three skulls stuck in a row like barbers’ blocks, and of as jetty darkness as if burnished with Warren’s blacking. Around the brow of each ghastly object, beneath a crown of gilt metal, was bound a fillet; on which, in sparkling gems of different colours, were inscribed the several names, ‘GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BALTHAZAR.’” How the names of these *sancti magi* were respectively deciphered or appropriated, it would be a little too prying to inquire. The Evangelist gave them no such distinctive names; but they are all and individually under the special guardianship of a jolly sacristan, who passes for a ‘good-humoured priest,’ whose is the business to trim the lamps and shut up the shrine from unpaid inspection. It is only during the high festivals of the church that the people imagine they have a common property in these sacred delusions. The marble chapel is then thrown open, leaving the measure of votive offering to the gratuitous pleasure of the votary. But the *jolly sacristan* will exhibit them to any curious inquirer or gentle and simple admirer of rosaries, whose soft and maudlin virtues consist in the liberal admiration of dotard and servile superstition, of ignorant sanctity. When such visitors choose to pay a fee of five shillings, they may calmly and deliberately examine with near and minute inspection the bones of the three kings. I did not pay the penalty, and was disinclined to minister either to the importance or the pocket of the ‘good-humoured priest.’ I know not how enlightened men—I will not say Christians—can countenance such gross and absurd superstition and imposture. I cannot refuse my credence that there are bones; though of what age, of what race, of what clime, of what sex, or, perhaps, even of what animal, I may question whether the *jolly sacristan* could determine: and it matters little to the votaries whether they be the bones of the magi, of the Decapolitan demoniac, or the subse-

quent victims of his evil genii who perished in the lake. Yet I do believe there are *bones* enshrined in this chapel; and that the most satisfactory evidence of their reality could be afforded. Parties most competent and qualified by sight and payment have testified, and I believe, that there are osseous structures, or rather fragments, encased and ornamented in the jewellery that is here exhibited. I will not even attempt to throw discredit on the averment that the *ex-devant* kings, as they are reputed, had their cerebral coverings cased and jewelled after the most costly fashion; and that many thousands have been expended as the price of their preservation and exhibition. But I will not admit that the shrine and its various ornaments are worth six millions of francs, or 240,000*l.* sterling. I believe the priests of superstition have known a more homely mode of employing the gifts of devotees in all ages. It is, moreover, well known, that when the French revolutionary army approached Cologne, A.D. 1794, the three kings took to inglorious flight in regal style: the furniture of the cathedral, and the entire fabric of the shrine, were transported, with the bones of Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar, to Arensburg, in Westphalia; where they remained in exile till 1804. How many of the brightest jewels of the three crowns were lost in this captivity, who can tell? It is confessed that the calamities of removal and restoration were alike disastrous: many of the most precious stones (so *said* the priests—whether roguishly or honourably we leave for the judgment of others) were lost or stolen; and the shrine was greatly injured. Bits of coloured crystal and gilded silver have been substituted for diamonds, gold, and precious stones; though the pride of the Colognese tempted many to contribute all the jewels they could spare to decorate the skulls afresh. Yet, such as they are, the people reverence the kings, bow down before their shrine, and, even to this day, bring tributary gifts.

Sergeant Talfourd obtained “a glimpse of the divinest

interior in the world, that of the cathedral, at this (seven o'clock) early hour, generously expanding its doors to devout worshippers. Perhaps its heavenly beauty, thus glimmering on our hurry in the pure light of an unclouded morning, produced a more characteristic impression than it could have done in a leisurely survey of a thing too fair for earth, too ethereal for time." Chambers is more deliberate. "Our attention, however, was immediately absorbed in the religious spectacle around. Pushing our way through the crowd that filled the broad passage outside the screen of the choir, we reached the terminating aisle of the church under the great east window. Here a most extraordinary scene was presented to our eyes. A kind of temple of marble, having pillars in front, and decorated with a profusion of enamel and gilding, stood in the aisle below the window, reaching to the height of eight or ten feet, and measuring five feet square inside. There were two or three steps in front; and above these there was an opening, the sides of which were lighted with lamps." Bulwer's love of poetry prevails in his estimate and description of the scene; yet, withal, his poetry gives a correct appreciation of the influence of the delusion on such minds as witness the pomps and pageantry of symbolic worship, and of traditionary, sentimental, or voluntary humiliation. "But it is yet more worthy of notice from the pilgrim of romance than the searcher after antiquity; for here, behind the grand altar, is the tomb of the three kings of Cologne; the three worshippers, whom tradition humbled to our Saviour. Legend is rife with a thousand tales of the relics of this tomb. The three kings of Cologne are the tutelary names of that *golden* superstition which has often more votaries than the religion itself from which it springs; and to Gertrude, the simple story of Lucille sufficed to make her for the moment credulous of the sanctity of the spot. Behind the tomb three Gothic windows cast their '*dim religious light*' over the tessellated

pavement and along the Ionic pillars. They found some of the more credulous believers in the authenticity of the relics kneeling before the tomb; and they arrested their steps, fearful to disturb the superstition which is never without something to sanctify, when contented with prayer and forgetful of persecution. The bones of the Magi are *still* supposed to consecrate the tomb; and on the higher part of the monument the artist has delineated their adoration to the infant Saviour." I think, were this the moment for the task, it would not be difficult, from this short extract of Bulwer's, to produce the key to the liberalism which not merely tolerates the idolater, but palliates and honours idolatry, if it can but draw delicately and with sensibility on the resources of imagination. The toleration I should repudiate as arrant presumption, and the honour as spurious and affected charity; while the spirit and obligations of enlightened and revealed religion are neither felt nor understood. The *heart* of Mary of Medicis is entombed in front of this shrine.

A controversy was waged by the late monarch of Prussia with the dominant and encroaching spirit of the papacy in civil matters. The subject was of mixed marriages and the claims of the Church of Rome to the issue of such connections; when she ventured to repudiate, and treat as vicious and illegitimate all such unions unless her priests had the celebration of the rites of matrimony and of baptism. The Archbishop of Cologne, Baron Droste, took a prominent and leading part in the controversy; defying the authority and the control of the king's government, and upholding the superiority of the church over the state. Royal manifestos and papal rescripts¹ continued as the weapons of the warfare for several years, and the belligerents seemed reluctant to adopt harsher expedients² but at length royal forbearance was exhausted, and the prelate war, as gently as a king could effect it, expelled from the archiepiscopal see, by military force, and finally sent into

exile, and all his archiepiscopal functions in that diocese suspended. A period was suffered to elapse before the vacant mitre was transferred—time, or space, was given to the arch-prelate to repent or accept conciliation; and the notes addressed to Lambraschini, the cardinal secretary, by Bunsen, the Prussian envoy, seemed for a time to indicate a disposition to retrace the steps of aggression, and fall back so as to leave the position of the two parties in *statu quo*, as far as this could be done without humiliation and disgrace. But the archbishop had acted too openly, as the accredited servant of the church, and as counselled by the Pope and the Cabinet of Rome, to venture a personal retraction. And Gregory XVI., as pontiff, refused to listen to any compromise. “Restore the archbishop,” he exclaimed, “to liberty; replace him in the full exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, and then I will hear you; but not till then.” This pope *was too late*. The church can do no wrong, and papal wisdom is infallible; it followed that the archbishop should be elevated in the Roman hierarchy; and the king of Prussia appointed an ecclesiastic to the vacant see. It was not difficult to find a churchman who would wear the mitre, and receive the revenues of the metropolitan diocese. Honour and emolument were welcome; but no obedient son of the church would venture to sit in the place of the prelate confessor in the chapter of Cologne; and when I visited the cathedral, the chair of the exiled diocesan remained empty; and the bishop who ministered the archiepiscopal affairs accounted himself only as a suffragan; whose chair was placed inferior to the chair of the banished bishop. This conduct was applauded by the clergy, was winked at by the court, and was regarded by strangers as approximating to episcopal rebellion, and ecclesiastical presumption. But there was no popular *émeute* or excitement.

Among the antique, but not ecclesiastical or monkish attractions of Cologne, the museum is set down in guide-

books. A few Roman sculptures, the relics of statuary, which fifteen hundred or two thousand years have handed down; to which, as specimens of ancient handiwork, and proofs of their taste, the Ciceroni of the place direct the traveller's attention, are deposited in the lower story of this building. A work of Grecian sculpture is distinguished as of great beauty and value in the antiquary's esteem—a head of *Medusa*, said to be finer and larger than the famous *Medusa Rondanini*. I suppose my taste was defective in such matters: but I found more amusement in the picture gallery above, which contains many specimens of the early school of Cologne. These are said, from their age and style to prove, that as early as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, simultaneously with the revival of painting in Italy, a race of artists, self-taught, without assistance from ancient works, or communication with the Italians, started up on the banks of the Rhine; and by their study of nature alone, elevated the art of painting here as well as in the Netherlands, from the degradation into which it had fallen in the hands of Byzantine painters. I was most attracted by the *Last Judgment*, from the easel of Master William (1448) of Cologne. While gazing on the flames of perdition, and the angels in their brightest colours of ultra-marine, I observed the forms and visages of many consigned to misery and despair. I observed to my conductor that there were a few priests among the lost, which I thought incompatible with their function and power in clerical services over the fates in purgatory:—he coolly replied, “These were the heretical priests, (meaning protestants,) and *they* are *all* in this limbo.” I admired a piece of a different description in the gallery: “The captive Jews at Babylon,” by Bandeman. The exquisite pathos, as well as the chaste beauty of the figures, the intense and affectionate breathing of soul and earnestness of feeling, while they seemed to think of Zion, and hang their harps upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon, gave

the composition a very high place, not alone in my judgment, but in my remembrance. I see them still; the women's beauty, clothed in inexpressible sorrow, while they lift their eyes towards the south, the land of their birth; and the men's deep anguish, brooding in the repose of a settled melancholy, while they seem to wish their tongue should be silent, and their right hand forget its cunning rather than they should forget Jerusalem.

I apprehend the antiquities of this city must suffer a degree of neglect, if not of injustice, at my hand. Time would fail me to repeat all that is said of Clovis, declared here king of the Franks, A.D. 508; of Duns Scotus, buried in the chapel of the Minorites prematurely, while only in a trance, bursting his coffin, and vainly striving to escape from his vault; of the alchemist and magician, De Groot, buried in the Dominican's church; of the Theban legion of martyrs who suffered under the persecution of Diocletian, and whose bones line St. Geveon's kirche, one of the finest and most ancient churches in the city—its crypt dating from the tenth century; and of the Rathaus, a curious old building erected as the town-hall at different periods. I wandered round, and back, and forward, inspecting and admiring the various parts of this once famous structure, where the Hanseatic League held the meetings as a mercantile confederation, in a splendid chamber. Its Gothic tower, which contains the archives, was built in 1414, but the ground-floor was constructed in the thirteenth century. Its double arcade, a marble portal, finished in the Italian style in 1571, still attracts and deserves admiration; though the whole is surrounded by decayed and desolate houses, which seem the ruins of many generations; and the avenues or passages are fetid and offensive lanes, forbidding access or thoroughfare.

I shall pause now, only to glance at one other famed relic of former superstition, and thence proceed on my way. We stand before the church of St. Ursula, a structure just within the town walls, and no way remarkable for its

architecture, or for its artistic ornaments or paintings. They show, indeed, a *cruche d'albatre oriental*, (a vessel of eastern alabaster,) which they allege was brought from the Holy Land, and was one of the veritable vessels which contained the water turned into wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. One antique painting is intended to represent the story of the legend according to which the building has been dedicated—the landing of Ursula at Cologne, accompanied with eleven thousand virgin companions from Britain. An altar is enclosed in the golden chamber where the remains of the saint are interred; the position of which was indicated by a dove sent to show the spot where her bones should repose and her church be built! The celebrity of the legend and the chapel is perpetuated by *eleven thousand* skulls and the corporate bones of the virgin missionaries, which it is affirmed are not merely buried here, but employed to decorate the sacred fabric. Glass frames, with small panes of glass, enclosing these bones and skulls, are set like windows in the walls of the nave, the choir, and especially the golden chamber. Through each small pane the hideous spectacle of a skull, a leg, an arm, set in close array, looks into the church wherever you turn your eyes. But to render the number into thousands, a reflective multiplying mirror would be required in every separate window-frame. It has indeed been conjectured that even legendary fable could not have attempted so gross an imposition; and that *Undecemilla*, a companion's name, was read as if it had been *undecem millia*, the Latin for eleven thousand; and that the *bony* character of the legend was established in the dark ages, when few could read: but this is as stoutly repudiated by orthodox champions of the saint. They declare that Ursula was a British princess, who embarked in Britain with her virgin train for Armorica, to convert the pagans. The seasons were, however, unpropitious, and a storm drove the company from the German Ocean up the Rhine.

The painting represents them as landing at Cologne, three hundred miles off their course by river. But they were slaughtered by the barbarian Huns, since they refused to break their vows of chastity; while some presiding mysterious power secured that their bones should be thus enshrined. It must have been an equally mysterious storm which regulated their navigation; and a no less wonderful ship in which the thousands sailed hundreds of miles up an unconquered river, whose stream runs, in some places in a downward current, five or six miles per hour. Our astonishment is however greater, at the moral phenomenon connected with this place of resort. It is deemed one of the most sacred stations for popish virtue and devotion; and multitudes visit it as a sanctuary, reckoning on the mediatorial power of Ursula and her associates. Her influence in the higher sanctuary, and her canonization, are of course rewards for her virtues; which, as far as I can learn, consisted chiefly in resisting the project of the Huns that she and her maidens should marry, instead of continuing a life of celibacy, and probably fostering a system which was not only unnatural but hurtful to society, and, by suggestion or by influence, conducive to impurity and debasement. They preferred death to the sacrifice of their voluntary humility and traditionary superstition. This they accounted religion; and for maintaining it unto death they were martyrs, and are now canonized intercessors. I was informed at the Cour de Hollande, that, a few days prior to my visit, a Frenchman entered the hotel in seeming triumph, carrying a something wrapt in his handkerchief, as if he had obtained a treasure. "What is this?" said the head waiter. "Oh, it is one of the bones of the virgins," whispered the rejoicing Frenchman. "A bone of the virgins! the virgin must have been an amazon, if that be a virgin's bone." It was large enough to have been the bone of a calf. The Frenchman started with horror at the presumed impiety

and blasphemous levity of the waiter, who would dare to doubt whether it was a virgin's bone or not.

The waiter himself, on reflection, seemed to shrink from his own suggestions, as if he were not only guilty, but likely to be visited with the penalties of the church for his infidelity, were it known to the clergy: and should his day of confession and responsibility arrive, more likely was he to be marked and watched for having laughed at the superstition, than was the Frenchman to be reprehended for having stolen the precious relic.* The latter might be guilty of sacrilege, but his crime so sanctified by a true reverence for the church would be venial, and classed among the deeds where the end justified the means: but the other—the waiter's delinquency—was a bolder and more daring offence, and likely to bring scandal on ecclesiastical ordinance, and to shake the faith of the devout in the divine efficacy of relics. The one could with impunity confess he had stolen the bone; but he *believed* it was a virgin's; and the other seemed not only to doubt the virginity of the bone and its connexion with St. Ursula; he evidently had little faith in bones or saints, in the church, or her intercessions. It is thus scepticism is promoted among a people ignorant of Scripture truth and spirituality. I did not hear of one resident of Cologne who dared to defy ecclesiastical hostility and censure, in attempts to diffuse Scripture truth, with the exception of one pious and erratic churchman from England, and his wife, an interesting Irishwoman. They appeared to live alone; and yet rejoiced to labour for the diffusion of knowledge. They told me that they circulated many religious books, and were then superintending the preparation of a work to be printed in German; the expense of which was defrayed by an acknowledged atheist, who would not come into personal collision with the church, but would readily give his money to the support of what will bring down superstition. The Protestantism which a State religion

supplies does not care for the souls of the people, and enters into no controversy with the bones of St. Ursula, or any idol shrine among the Colognese.

One word, in taking farewell of Cologne, on its relation to trade and prosperity; its reverses and revivals in commercial adventure; the occasions of its decay, and the facilities for extension and progress as an entrepôt. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century, as one of the chief emporiums of the Hanseatic League, Cologne flourished more than any northern city of Europe; concentrating all the trade of the East, and maintaining a constant and direct communication with the capital of the West. The productions and the arts of the East, the architecture and painting of Italy, were thus associated on the banks of the Rhine. In 1259 a privilege, giving undue advantage, was conferred on Cologne; by which, all vessels were compelled to unload at her quays, and transfer their cargoes to Colognese bottoms;—the monopoly of shipping, which was not likely to be continued or abrogated without retributive reprisals. The merchants of this city, even in the reign of Henry VI., had exclusive privileges in England, including the special use of the Guildhall in London. It moreover enjoyed the advantages of a *free town* under the German empire; and conferred upon those who dwelt within its walls immunities and advantages, which attracted the liberal and enterprising, the thoughtful and the enlightened of all classes. Manufacturing of cloth was carried on here. Protestant refugees from other countries for a time congregated in this city; and the monetary and cosmopolitan traders, the Jewish brokers of exchange, found an asylum and a market for a brief space in Cologne. The natural advantage of its position conspired with these adventurous advantages. The finest river in the universe for navigation, with every opportunity on its banks for docks, warehouses, and stores for merchandise; accessible for land and water carriage; and a central situation, con-

venient for the traffic of the Upper Rhine with the states of Helvetia or Switzerland, the provinces of Prussia, the departments of France, and the minor states of Germany along the Rhine; while the cities which lay below, toward the mouths of the river, the coast of Holland, the ports of Britain, and the Hanse Towns, held forth equal facilities for commerce and intercourse sufficient to render them the carriers for the world. With all these means of prosperity, Cologne decayed; and the occasion may be traced to its mode of government, and the class of men to whom the authority was committed. Clerical and archiepiscopal functionaries assumed or rather usurped jurisdiction, and imposed their veto as a restriction on the natural progress of society. Under their auspices it became the favoured abode of ecclesiastical fraternities, inappropriately designated *religionists*—conventual and monastic establishments multiplied. The uncontrolled sway of a bigoted priesthood, and the ever-intruding domination of ecclesiastical rulers, alike selfish and ignorant of the principles and the philosophy of government, marred the prosperity and peace of Cologne. The Jews were persecuted and expelled in 1425; the weavers were banished; and in 1618 the Protestants were expatriated. The injury done to the city by these arbitrary acts completed its downfall. Commerce took a new route across the continent of Europe; and the navigation of the Rhine was closed by the Dutch in the sixteenth century, so as to prevent even the faintest struggles for trade; and this restriction continued till 1837. The truth and severity of the remarks will not excite surprise, when Chambers says, “The town is altogether a collection of dirty streets, lanes, and ill-arranged open places, jumbled together in a confused mass; and, unlike every other town in the world, it seems to have no main street, nor any thoroughfare better than another. Stagnating pools, sufficient to produce a direful pestilence, lie unheeded beneath the strong glare of the summer sun in

every thoroughfare. The quay, instead of being disposed for wharfs and warehouses, is a strip of road outside the lofty walls, and destitute of any accommodation for traffic. The whole physical constitution of the place is, in short, disgraceful, or, more correctly speaking, is lamentable; for of course all is to be traced to the low intellectual condition of the inhabitants, and the political and ecclesiastical thralldom under which they labour. What a glorious town might Cologne be under a right system of things! What a miserable place is it under a wrong one!"

The French Revolution introduced a better day; it was a retributive visitation upon the ecclesiastical glory, or rather misrule of Cologne; and swept away the whole ancient monastic and conventual institutions. Not only did its agents strip the churches and other ecclesiastical endowments of their wealth, but denuded the electoral archbishop of his secular power, and turned the papal edifices into barracks and stables. The Government of Prussia has only restored the shadow of old prelatical rule; but it maintains in a great degree the reality of repose. There is a change begun in favour of the commerce of the port: it is now again *free*; and if the people had spirit and enterprise, and were not bowed to the earth by their superstition, we should augur favourably of its prospects. Cologne now trades directly with countries beyond seas; sea-going vessels are constructed here; and prosperity promises to increase yearly; while the continuance of peace and the convergence of railroads will co-operate with the increased mercantile navigation of the Rhine, to improve, or at least afford facility for the improvement of Cologne. Let liberty, political as well as commercial, smile upon this people; let religion as well as trade depend on the judgment and affection of its unfettered votaries; let priests and people be equal in the eye of law and government; and Cologne will surpass her early greatness or mediæval prosperity: her huge carcass, revived by

vigorous principles, and supplied by increasing wealth, will swell beyond former proportions, and flourish both in population and industry, in good government and true religion.

I so completely realized the scene and adventures—I can hardly call it a mishap of Sergeant Talfourd, that I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe his description. In consequence of having dropped near Verviers, on the railway, my Taglioni, I was induced to wander without guide or commissionaire to the station, to make inquiries regarding its safety or arrival, and miscalculated distances and time, so that night descended on my path. I was ignorant of the way, of the language, and the people; which, added to the obscurity and darkness of a strange place, perplexed my erratic speculations. It was thus I came into sympathy with the learned sergeant in a small grove of trees, just beyond one of the city gates—a shady oasis, between two ascending roads, where he and his company had “lounged among the roots of fir trees, making their shades a drawing-room till the hour of departure approached. It was dark,” he says, “long before we reached the station at Cologne; where, escaping from the confusion of the omnibuses, we were tempted to try to wend our way to the hotel of the Rhine, and soon repented of our rashness. We first found ourselves in a long dismal avenue of lofty trees, with the uncertain gleam of water below us; then in deeper gloom, beneath the battlements of the city gates, and winding among the silent walls of the fortifications; then emerging into a long, narrow, spectral street, the darkness and stillness of which made us shiver, and quicken our pace as much as our burdens would allow. Long did we wander in the wilderness of Cologne, shelving down, as we thought, almost headlong to the Rhine, near which the hotel of our destination was situate, only to find ourselves on the other side of the city, till at last we met a guide who conducted us to the Rhine Hotel, where we con-

soled ourselves with consolidated tea and supper. We had also the consolation of finding some of our fellow-passengers, who had availed themselves of all the appliances of the station, behind us ; for they had been carried about to various hotels which were full, and came after us poor silly wanderers, to take such accommodations as our previous choice had left them."

Other sights invited, and I sallied forth for new adventures : my confidence increased by extended experience and farther acquaintance. I visited the habitation where Rubens was born, A.D. 1577, in the Sternen Gasse—the house is antique and spacious, but the street is narrow and mean. It has, however, another attraction, which the student of French history will powerfully feel. Here died Mary de Medicis. Bulwer says, " And to these scenes and calm retreats, to the cloisters of the convent once belonging to this church, (of St. Mary,) fled the bruised spirit of the royal sufferer, the victim of Richelieu—the unfortunate and ambitious Mary de Medicis." Poor substitutes were the cell and the convent for the Divine refuge to which distress warns man to flee. Scarcely will the solitude soothe, while the monotony will recall all the bitterness of regret. But how much is embodied in the association of this now historical habitation ! The one word MEDICIS, and its recollections, of Tuscany, of Florence, and of Rome ; of cardinals, popes, dukes, and queens ; of the Huguenots, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; of regal murders ; and of infamous, but relentless bigotry and persecution ! But add the other word MARY to the *de Medicis*, and what ideas of domestic strife, of conjugal collision, and matrimonial disquietude ; of uxorious fondness and fitful relentings ; of pleasant sayings and renewed quarrels between royal parents ! Here have we brought individually to our recollection Henry of Navarre as the French king, Louis XIII., as his son ; the Duke de Sully and the Cardinal Richelieu as their premier-counsellors ; the assassination of Henry, the imbecility

of Louis, the regency of a queen-mother, and the plots and cabals of royal favourites; the fortunate and the miserable d'Ancre; bitter religious controversy and jesuitical pretensions to religious union and forbearance, a miserable mal-administration of government, and the successful statesmanship of a political bishop; the overthrow of a queen-mother's power, and her banishment to a remote province; while she should eagerly wait and ardently hope for the death of her son, and the ruin of his minister. Such are the reminiscences revived by the proximity to the house where died Bulwer's "unfortunate and ambitious Mary de Medicis!! the victim of Richelieu!!!"

The church, of which this house was a convent, was erected on the site of the Roman capitol, by the mother of Charles Martel, who in the eighth century was conqueror of the Saracen, and the arch-hero of Christendom itself, as the hammer whose strokes the infidels could not resist. The illegitimacy of his birth as the son of Pepin, his mother thought to wipe away by this service to the church, and the more venerable and time-honoured the gift which she dedicated, the more acceptable to wily priests and covetous churchmen. Plectrudis, the mother of Charles, founded the church about A.D. 720, on the very site of the capitol of the Roman city of Cologne; her tomb and effigy, the work of an early period, are let into the wall outside of the choir, in the building which now occupies the ancient site. The doors are carved with scriptural subjects in relief-work as old as the twelfth century. Paintings, the oldest that are known to exist, have occupied their place till time has nearly defaced the traces of the brush. The place retains its Roman name; and other memorials of the empire may yet be traced among the people. The ground had been originally elevated on which the edifice stood; it is now levelled, and the ascent to the floor of the church is by a flight of steps, leading from a cloister in a back court. It contains a splendid reliquary of marble

and gold over the high-altar, and the sculpture of some of the monuments is peculiarly interesting. In one of the side chapels there is a carved stone representing a child holding up and offering an apple to the infant Jesus in the arms of the Virgin. I did not go in, but I find Mr. Chambers had entered by a secluded path and found a tolerably large congregation at vespers.

I would bid adieu to Cologne with pleasurable associations, though I have recalled some remembrances not the most fragrant or laudatory. The Rhine and its tributaries are not the only grateful and refreshing waters which give celebrity to the name, though they alone cheer and beautify the scenery and environs of Cologne. Jean Marie Farina, at No. 23, Julich's Platz, has sustained the renown of Eau de Cologne in spite of Coleridge's *Sewer Nymphs*: and twenty other manufacturers of this famous distillation have vied with each other to extend the reputation of their local but volatile production over the world. Where the Roman antiquity of Cologne has not been heard of or suspected, the liqueur has been poured out as a lavement in grateful libations; on the burning plains of India, in the sultry swamps of America, and in the thronged saloons of fashion or frivolity amidst the capitals of Europe. Many counterfeits are palmed on the good-natured or credulous public; but this only proves to the philosophical economist the original excellency of "Eau de Cologne;" though other *eaux* are manufactured which never saw Cologne, and are only sold, in a thousand cases, because they bear its name.

We sailed from Cologne. The distance by the river to Bonn is twenty miles; but the beauty of the banks which become picturesque as the Siebengeberg, or *Seven Hills*, break upon the view, more than compensates for the additional seven miles of the water-course. The river Sieg here joins the Rhine; upon its stream is seated the Castle of Siegburg, and on its banks in ancient times lived the

Sicambri. The shadows of the hills or banks may have given origin to the name of Schwarz Rhiendorf, which is rendered worthy of a passing glance by a *twin* church ; a structure of Romanesque architecture, erected in 1151, by an archbishop—Arnold von Wied, of Cologne. The name of the patron interested me more than the pillared arcade, whose hundred bases and capitals still retain their antique ornaments. The electors of Cologne, though usually churchmen, were frequently members of noble families, and Von Wied was probably in the ancestral line of many such exalted clerical rulers. To Bonn, as their hereditary estate, or an appendage to their electoral title, they removed their palatial residence in 1268 ; and a member of the Von Wied family bore the archiepiscopal crosier towards the close of the fifteenth century : but though swaying the electoral sceptre, Herman, Count de Wied, was not ashamed of the doctrine of the Reformation. In 1543 he began, as an old man, in concert with Martin Bucer and Philip Melancthon, to abolish the superstitious rites which had prevailed, and to introduce the observance of the Protestant forms of worship. The canons of his cathedral did not sympathize with their diocesan, and apprehending that their dignity and wealth would suffer diminution from reform, opposed with all the zeal of bigotry and self-interest the innovations and enterprize of their metropolitan. The energy of the archbishop was, however, rather stimulated than abated, and his resolution became only the more confirmed and excited to demonstrate the necessity and virtue of the Reformation. They appealed to their imperial and ecclesiastical superiors, and the emperor and the pope decreed his deposition. In the year 1546, rather than expose his people to the disasters of civil or religious warfare, he voluntarily resigned his electoral dignity and episcopal power. Choosing to enjoy truth, and the exercise of his own religion, he sought the retirement of private life, and declined to disturb society by any questionable

struggle in efforts to maintain his office. His was a nobler triumph than was the success of his papal and imperial adversaries, or than the fretful collision of some of his successors. His quiescence, however, did not preserve Bonn, the archiepiscopal seat, from the horrors of warfare and siege. It was captured by Ernest, archbishop of Bavaria; sent to depose Gebhard Truchsess in 1584, because he, too, had become a Protestant. Again, in 1703, the Dutch and English army besieged Bonn under the warlike Marlborough, whose aggressive operations were conducted by the celebrated Coehorn, and during their achievements a great part of the city was consumed by conflagration. The palace of the electoral archbishops remained; and on the restoration of peace, the prelates resumed their title to the revenues of the estate, which they retained till the country was visited by the revolutionary army of France, at the close of the eighteenth century. During the various regime of that country, till the final overthrow of Napoleon's power, these revenues were sequestrated for secular or military purposes, when the Holy Alliance completed the redistribution of kingdoms and electorates, and the temporalities of Cologne were transferred to the Prussian Government.

The town of Bonn is stated by some authorities to contain nearly 16,000 of a resident population, including the students of the university. The archiepiscopal palace has been transformed into a university, and where churchmen once rioted or reigned in princely magnificence and authority, now congregate the youth of many lands, and in academic halls receive the instruction which studious research has prepared, and men of the greatest literary renown labour to impart. The Schlegels and the Niebuhrs have been greater princes, and have swayed a more potent empire than the electors of Cologne. Not alone in the eight hundred or the thousand students who yearly assemble, at Bonn, by the pedagogue's authority, or the professor's

readings and lectures, but by the literature which emanates from this university, they have exerted a moral and intellectual influence which extends beyond Germany, which is felt in transatlantic states, and endures when the master-spirits have themselves passed away. At this university the Prince, who is now the husband of the Queen of England, pursued his juvenile studies, and successfully aspired to literary distinction. Here he acquired those principles and that culture, which may hereafter influence not only the character and conduct of British sovereigns and princes, but also the national policy of England among the kingdoms of the world for ages to come.

There is accommodation in this immense pile of building, in the lecture-rooms, library, halls, and other places of concourse, for double the present attendance of students, which ranges from seven hundred to a thousand; of whom some two hundred resort to Bonn from other provinces of Germany and more distant countries. There are also professors in sufficient number to teach and care for 1,500 or 2,000 pupils, who are not domiciled within the walls of the university. The government and tutorships of the institution are so comprehensive and liberal, that Protestant and Roman Catholic professors co-operate in the instruction of the same students in particular branches, and arrange for the delivery of lectures in sectarian and denominational theology, so as neither to infringe one another's liberty, nor encroach on the time of the several departments. There is a Protestant and a Roman Catholic Faculty of theology in the one university, granting certificates, degrees, and honours, without rivalry or collision. There is a professor for every twelve pupils. In Catholic theology the students are as nine to four in evangelical theology; whilst the theological students are as three to five of the students in philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence. The numbers during 1844-45 are not reported so high as were the statements of former years, the whole pupils being under 700.

For the Catholic theological students a *convictorium*, or public board, is provided at the expense of the Government, which costs annually about 1,000*l*. The annual allowance granted by the Prussian Government for all the departments of the university of Bonn is nearly 5,000*l*. But, besides the old palace, a quarter of a mile in length, in whose spacious halls the professors lecture, there are museums and botanical gardens, cabinets of antiquities, medical and hospital establishments, &c.

One of the most enchanting, luxurious, and beautiful walks that I ever saw, is a promenade half a mile long under avenues of chestnut trees, from the college down towards the botanical gardens, where is situated the museum of natural history. In this cabinet are deposited fossil and mineral formations, illustrating the geology of the Rhine and the volcanic origin of the proximate hills; among the curiosities is a set of fossil frogs, from the tadpole to the full-grown specimen. Poppelsdorf was a chateau of a Prussian prince, and has been given up for the purpose of promoting university education. I like to discover this desire to promote learning; and was gratified to see the haunts and habitations of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Their avocation has too often been to peel and spoil the people, whatever have been their pretensions—and every philanthropist will rejoice to witness the dwellings of such men converted into the receptacles of learning, and subserving the promotion of education among the people. But I do not class myself among the indiscriminate admirers of these German universities; nor should I praise the design contemplated in their establishment without qualification. I went and heard a lecture in one of the faculty halls; you know I am no German scholar, and therefore I would not undertake to speak with any pretension to critical accuracy of what I saw and heard; or to judge of the excellences of the lectures. I was pleased, however, to observe the great anxiety evinced that every

student should understand every separate proposition as laid down. Not only did the professor slowly read it (he read his lecture) carefully, but he repeated every proposition a second time ; and uttered it so deliberately as that the students could write each sentence of the proposition in their note-books. From what I perceived in his Latin quotations, (for I understood these parts better than his German,) it was a lecture on predestination. It presented an historical account of the views of the various writers from the " Fathers " immediately subsequent to the apostles down to the present century, on the subject of predestination : quoting St. Chrysostom and Ambrose, and others of that era, and reciting the words of the doctors of the middle ages, and the more elaborate opinions of ecclesiastical authorities among the reformers ; reciting Calvin and Luther, and other divines, whether of the Protestant or Romish church, accounted learned in religious subjects ; he furnished his pupils with data for their own judgment, and took care that every writer as an authority that was quoted should be specified as to the book, the edition, the chapter, the page, to which he was referring. All these were marked down in the transcript which the students took of his lecture. I was pleased with this particularity and attention.

But I was surprised to count so few students. There were not more than fifteen young men listening to this elaborate lecture, out of the hundreds of students that were classed as alumni of this university. This contrasted painfully with the fact of which I was also a witness, that during night and day, whilst I was at Bonn, the noise of debauchery, of revelry, and mirth, proceeding from the beer-houses and wine-shops along the streets, from which those students constantly, in twos, threes, and greater numbers, were passing and re-passing, was enough to prove to me that many youths who resorted thither sought indulgences of a dissipating and degrading kind, rather than learning, or the means of moral improvement. The students

here, as indeed in most other German colleges, seemed to concentrate their energies and talents principally in the cultivation of two acquirements, the one a habit, the other a property. The former is the passion for smoking, which they carry to perfection. In this they appeared not merely adepts—I should have pronounced them enthralled slaves. How they had composure and self-command sufficient to suspend this operation to hear the lecture, appeared to me a physiological phenomenon beyond my apprehension. For at all other times smoking might be represented as their alpha and omega, their being and elysium, their symbol of religion, of intelligence, and felicity. Their second attainment was more hirsute and Esau-like—the culture and growth of their hair, till it should become shaggy like the *lama caprina*; whether upon the head or the chin. Here too they excelled. If they delighted in appearing like bears in the wood, or hirsine and moustached *tobacco-funnels*, they reached the goal of their ambition; none could be more grave and hoary doctors, or more deeply learned in the mysteries of smoke and *nicotiana*.

I pursued my route; when I proceeded from Bonn by water. I will introduce here, as an illustration of the character of the students, what occurred within my own observation; though I shall thus anticipate a little. I had reached the water-side, and waited, more as a student of men and manners than as hurrying on to a more distant scene, till the steamer came alongside. The vessel was not in sight; but the passengers, in expectation, were clustering in groups on the quay or by the river side. All ears were attracted by the noise of music. There was a procession preceded by a band of various instruments: in the distance it had the air of a military detachment, orderly, rank and file, upon the margin of the river; they walked down with the tread of soldiers and the sound of martial instruments. There were six or eight of the company, from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, perhaps

even more, dressed, I should say, like harlequins or merry Andrews: they had belts and swords, and gloves that came half-way up their arms; and caps and flaunting feathers, and such other semi-warlike accoutrements as would distinguish them, and make them peculiar. These were the guardians of their fellow-students. They waited till the vessel came close upon the wharf, and then marched on board, with drums sounding, trumpets blowing; and the guns on board the steamer, as well as from the river banks, bellowed as if the company rejoiced because it had obtained such an accession either by title or by prowess. They had resolved to sail some thirty miles up the river.

The young men paced up and down, from the forecastle to the poop, or the deck; here in the cabin, and there in the saloon. There were four or five gentlemen travelling with their carriages on board the steamer, whose ladies' maids chose to sit on the dickeys or box-seats of the carriages, whilst they were sailing up the river. The young men of Bonn went peering and peeping into the faces of the females, and, after various elementary exercises, seemed to think they had accomplished a great achievement when they could put three words together in English. I stood by, and heard them attempting the conjugation of the verb *to love* in the present tense, indicative mood, and adding the objective pronoun "*you*." The process was—"love;" "*I love*;" "*you*;" "*love you*;" "*I love—love you*;" "*I love you*." Then standing bolt upright, and looking into the countenances of the females seated on the dickeys, they slowly pronounced the words "*I love you*:" and turned again to their companions, who were ready to shout their congratulations, as if they thought this was mighty fine. Again, stepping up on the wheels, and opening the doors of the carriages, they frankly and coolly examined what sort of ornaments and linings and fringes the carriages had. All these were gentlemen's sons; some of them were princes. There was a prince amongst the custodiers,

or guardians, as well as a professor's son. It was, therefore, no clandestine or unsanctioned adventure of the young men. By deputy and delegate the authorities of the university were present, and regulated whatever was acknowledged. They had come on board; for what purpose? For nothing else than revelry. They were, before they left us, some of them in convulsions with drinking. The leaders of them had to take care of such. I saw them repeatedly—as a well-understood remedy for the delirium of inebriation—pour water upon their temples, in order to bring them to their senses, which they had lost by drinking wine and brandy. Many of the travellers had brought well-stocked flasks on board with them; and others had bought the drink on board the vessel. They landed at a place called Linz; attempting the martial array of procession again, but falling into the disorderly rout of bacchanals after the fearful orgies of intoxication. Some of them, not able to walk, but almost insensible, were carried as logs by their companions. They landed at this town on the Saturday afternoon, in order that they might spend the remainder of that day, the entire night, the whole of the next day, and return late on Sunday night to Bonn.

Linz was deemed a favourite haunt, because of its vineyards, and the habits of its inhabitants for the votaries of passion. And it was that they might spend the time—the professor's son acknowledged it, and tried to defend, or at least to palliate, the indulgence, to my friend Dr. D.—in wine and with women. This was the University of Bonn; and this was the recreation of those young men, who gathered together there, in order that they might acquire learning, and qualify to become the professors of universities themselves, medical men, ministers, the preachers of religion amongst the people of Germany. Mr. William Howitt has written, upon Germany, several interesting works; and summed up his views and conclusions of the student's life in German universities. I can most fully

corroborate his judgment pronounced in the following quotation ; and lament the truth when he says, “ Amongst the whole number of German students whom I have known, it would be difficult to select a dozen who were not confirmed deists. Let those who doubt the extent to which this philosophical pestilence is spread, go and judge for themselves ; but let none send out solitary youths to study in German universities, who do not wish to see them return very clever, very learned, and very completely unchristianised.”

No one will wonder, when you have such a system as I have described. This is the progress of knowledge without piety. The young men are sent to these universities, where they can hear and note the lectures that I referred to, without much cost ; where they can associate, smoke and drink together ; where they can attend to the class, indeed, during the hours of lecture ; but where they can neglect the preparation for the class ; and during the twenty hours that intervene, abandon themselves to absolute wickedness. Many men of fine talent—as you will find from the writings of Schiller and his contemporaries, from the Life and Works of Goethe,—many most promising men, destroy themselves at these universities, by such indulgences as I have described. Can the blessing of God rest upon such a system ? or ought the Christian and the patriot to wish the introduction or extension of a scheme so unrestrained by the fervour of religious influences, so paralysed by sceptical torpor ? I have named the Schlegels and the Niebuhrs as professors of this university, Roman Catholic and Protestant *in name* ; but what savour of piety, or what odour of Christian charity, is associated with either name ? I was not, indeed, free from a kind of hero worship in reference to the latter : the romance of travel and adventure had warmed my youthful enthusiasm in connection with the researches and histories of the elder and younger Niebuhr. Over the wilds

of Arabia, over the field of Roman history, and over the pages of classic heroism, I had wandered, by the guidance first of the elder, and then of the younger; and I now made a kind of pilgrimage to the cemetery in which the latter, who died a professor at Bonn, lies buried. Outside the *Sternen Thor*, or the Star-gate, is this receptacle for the dead. I walked thither, and loitered near the spot where the philosophical historian of Rome has been interred. Young trees wave over his dust, and a tablet commemorates the fact of his remains being here laid for repose. His intellect, his researches, his elaborate re-construction of the traditions and shadows of the imperial city, and his new and sagacious version of the annals of Livy, and other original if not fabulous antiquarians of ancient Rome, are all remembered and admired; but where are his own personal and spiritual identity and immortality—where the foundation of his renown among the mighty dead—when false marble will leave nothing but sordid dust to moulder here? In this burying-ground are also deposited, where they were interred with all the honours, the bodies of several students *killed in duels*! Such honour is conferred on the practical suicide, on the deliberate murderer, on the morbid sentimentalist; who reputed it cowardice to suffer an injury, and ignominious to pardon an ignorant traducer and impetuous fool! The graves of such pigmy gallants were thought fit associates for the mausoleum of Niebuhr, the interpreter of history!

Beethoven, too, the composer, was a native of this city, and born, as some assert, in the house 815, Bonngasse, 1772; though others affirm, that, as his father was a poor chorus-singer, *et pas trop bon*, and as he was a lad no way distinguished, no one cared or knew where so obscure a family dwelt. The highest authorities in the musical world have pronounced the most unqualified eulogies on this singular character. As a composer of music, possessing a powerful, original, and inventive mind; though

reckoned inferior, in the details of melody and harmonic combinations, to Haydn or Mozart; yet making every competent judge feel that he was possessed of an enthusiastic spirit of inspiration, a wild and masculine energy, relieved by occasional touches of tender beauty and melancholy; his extemporaneous playing was the most magnificent that J. B. Cramer ever heard; and he was a giant in respect of command of ideas and energy of style, though not a finished or delicate player. All this was said of a man whose total loss of hearing had deprived him of all the pleasure which society could give; and who acknowledged that his deafness had occasioned him such anguish of mind, that he was often tempted to commit suicide. He speaks in the deepest grief of the many privations to which this defect exposed him; his incapacity of enjoying audible music, and his inability to maintain social intercourse by means of speech. He had always a small paper book with him; and what conversation took place was carried on in writing: in it, too, he instantly jotted down any musical ideas which struck him. When himself playing very piano, he often did not bring out a single note; yet he seemed to hear it himself in the mind's ear; while his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, showed that he was following out the strain in his own soul, through all its dying gradations; the instrument itself actually as dumb as the musician was deaf.

Beethoven died in March, 1827, at Vienna; and was followed by many admirers to his grave. But his townsmen were resolved they should retain a memorial of this musical prodigy. They had erected a monument in the market-place—a fountain, always flowing with sweet water. I have listened to its softest murmurs in the silent hour of night, or in the earliest dawn of the morning, by day or by night, and it always spoke of the dead in strains unutterably more enchanting than all the other celebrations of musical genius. What will be the voice of many waters, when

gladdened by the choral symphonies of heaven? and yet, what a contrast to his "features strong and prominent; his eye full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors might have visited for years, overshadowing his brow in quantity and confusion, to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head could offer a parallel!" His countrymen have held, this season, an inauguration of his statue, which was graced by the presence of royalty and genius, by Britain's and Prussia's Sovereigns, and by the *élite* of all nations.

A magnificent musical festival was observed on Tuesday, the 12th August of this year, to celebrate the inauguration of a monumental statue erected to the honour of Beethoven. The scene of this festivity was the native town of the great composer; and the company, convened to do honour to the deceased, contained names of the greatest celebrity from England, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. On the morning of the inauguration, all the principal streets presented a most striking appearance; every house being covered from top to bottom with green foliage, while large streamers of every colour floated in long array from the windows. The market-place was crowded with groups of townsmen, visitors, and students. The company moved toward the market-place in the following order:—The band of the 28th royal infantry, the militia riflemen, the students of the university, divided into different corps, headed by captains wearing their distinguishing scarves and caps of various colours, and carrying large-hilted swords: the appearance of the latter was highly picturesque, and, with the exception of an occasional pair of spectacles, denoting the reading man, carried one back to the middle ages. Then followed the committee, the town-council, and the civil and military authorities; and lastly, such of the burghers as chose to devote themselves, to give a more imposing air to the procession. The minster was crowded in every niche and corner; although a very large proportion of the

visitors were without, and had already taken their places on the scaffolding erected round the statue on the Münster-platz. The King and Queen of Prussia, accompanied by the Queen of England and Prince Albert, arrived, and alighted at the mansion of Count Fürstenberg, situate at the extremity of the Münster-platz, where the balcony, hung with crimson velvet fringed with gold, had been prepared for their reception. After a few minutes their Majesties appeared in their places, and were welcomed with hearty shouts of gratulation. The ceremony of inauguration then commenced. An oration was delivered by Dr. Breidenstein; the concluding words of which were the cue to the unveiling of the statue. In an instant the surrounding canvass fell to the ground, and the statue rose, as it were, into view, amidst the bravoës of the multitude and the booming of artillery. The effect was thrilling—the immediate impression of the statue being most striking. The features are boldly sculptured, and bear an expression of profound and earnest thought, mingled with the wildness of inspiration, which is seized to its full extent at the first glance. The figure is clothed in a costume which is an effective compromise between the modern dress and the classical robe; and the attitude, which represents him with a pencil and note-book in either hand in an interval of reflection, is easy and natural. The only fault to be found with the statue is, that its vigour approaches too much to coarseness, and that its appearance is somewhat squatty. The pedestal, which, as well as the statue, is of bronze, bears four bas-reliefs, representing four allegorical figures of Fancy, Symphony, Sacred Music, and Dramatic Music; the designs of which are chaste, and full of simple elegance. The sculptor of the statue is M. Haehnel; and it was cast by M. Bürgschmiet, whose work was so effectually done, that it is said not to have required re-touching with the chisel. A parchment recording the facts and date of the inaugura-

tion, and attested by the signatures of the King of Prussia and the Queen of England, having been soldered up in a leaden case, was placed under the basement, and the aperture closed and cemented.

Higher up than Bonn lies the group of hills among which is numbered the Drachenfels. They are called the Siebengeberg, or the Seven Mountains: they are ten times seven mountains after you ascend the summit of the loftiest and attempt to calculate the peaks that are round about you. It is one of the most picturesque, one of the most graphic scenes of nature; you can imagine nothing equal to it. You see below you the Rhine winding and meandering, and rolling down as far as Cologne, some thirty miles; it sweeps onward, giving variety, richness, and beauty to the scene through which it passes. These mountains rise from 1050 feet to 1650 feet in height; that is, I presume, above their base at the banks of the river. I ascended one that was about 1500 feet high; stood upon its summit; climbed upon the craggy ruin, which, having been erected there as a monastic or robber fortress, remains a memorial of former times. I saw castles here and there, on this side and that, remnants of monasteries, fragments of churches, and walls or towers of cathedrals, which spread out before you like a map—a complete panorama, a gorgeous picture of antiquity painted by an almighty artist, in order to prove to you what the men of former generations have done that they might people the scenes, and that they might occupy with every variety of architecture every accommodation of princely splendour in the immediate neighbourhood of the Drachenfels. The hill on which I stood, is a place where Martin Bucer and Melancthon passed a period of exile in the society of some others of the companions of the Reformers who had to hide themselves. Herman von Wied, whom I have already named as Archbishop of Cologne, remained here during years: and his successor, Gebhard Truchsess, with his wife, Agnes

von Mansfeldt, celebrated for her beauty, and with her husband persecuted for their Reformed religion; whilst Protestantism was only venturing to acquire its rights, and whilst the Church of Rome hunted the heroes of the Reformation, and sought to entangle in her snares, that they might be made the prey and spoil of the oppressor. In those mountains, and among their precipitous and inaccessible crags, amongst their untracked and almost inextricable labyrinths, amongst their dens as hiding-places, the holy men of God concealed themselves until the time of liberty came, and they were enabled to stand forth bearing the banner of the cross, and proclaiming the truth in all its simplicity, and in its love and power.

In the Drachenfels are monuments to heroism, and fragments of remote antiquity commemorating the residence of men who chose their lofty abode that they might soon espy and easily plunder the merchants' treasure. The name is from Drachen, in German signifying dragon, and fel, signifying a cave or rock. The Dragon Rock in which is a cave, where dwelt men perhaps as monstrous as dragons. The name of it is associated with Siegfried the hero of the Niebelungen Lay; and the other mountains are called by their position—"berg" signifying mountain. The Seven Mountains are considered the beginning of the picturesque scenery of the Rhine; and beautiful they are, indeed. It was there I first saw the vine-ries of the Continent. You see every patch of ground laid out in the most careful culture: you have the vine-plant growing in all its rich luxuriance, hanging out its fringed and elegant leaves, and its promising buds; or when the time of the vintage is near, exhibiting the fruit in all its rich variety of cluster and of colour; you have every patch of ground up to the top of these bergs, just as if they were the board that you call the draught-board, squared, cut and fitted exactly for the place; and the stock, or pole, that is employed to uphold the vine-plants,

giving a sort of monotony for the time to the scene ; but by-and-by they are so richly clad, they are so beautifully coloured and diversified, that you fancy yourself in something like a paradisiacal state. The growth of the vine is one of the richest, one of the most verdant and beautiful exhibitions of vegetation that you can contemplate with your eye, and where the sun's rays come to rest upon this rich soil, upon the banks of the Rhine, you have every sort or hue of vegetation, wheat growing in abundance, all the kinds of grain prized by the husbandman springing almost spontaneously. For the vine-bed nothing is required but just to gather the earth ; they do not need to manure, or separate from it the stones ; so that you would wonder where the plants could derive vegetable moisture. In these places this plant grows with all the richness that you can imagine, and thousands and millions of pounds are made every year from the produce of the grapes that grow on the banks of the Rhine ; every kind of wine, the richest, the lightest, the most sparkling, and that which they call champagne, (though a pernicious and irritating beverage to the sedentary and studious,*) all produced, in order that they may bring the greatest revenue from the land.

* Of Schiller it is said, " Often was the light seen at night streaming from the window, and the curious might even catch a glimpse of his tall shadowy figure, walking to and fro in his chamber ; now halting to write down the verses which he first declaimed aloud, or to support the overstrained physical power with the fatal excitements. . . . It was his custom to have placed on the table not only strong coffee and chocolate, but champagne, and the far more irritating and pernicious wines of the Rhine. Thus would he labour the night through, till sleep, or rather exhaustion, came on in the morning." A German commentator notes that the Rhenish wines would only be " more irritating and pernicious" if the champagne was genuine—but not so if the champagne was manufactured in Germany ;—sparkling poison, which no man since Mithridates could drink habitually and live long.

CHAPTER IV.

The cities on the Rhine—Trade of middle ages—Monastic institutions—Feudal powers—Mercantile democracy.

THERE were a few sketches or allusions which I deferred from my last Lecture in reference to the region over which we cast our rapid survey. Though minute and subordinate, they serve to fill up the back-ground, and give a colouring and impression to the *tout ensemble* of the scene, characteristic of the region. I will recur to these with brevity, so as not to abridge the space required for other localities.

The Bridge of Boats at Cologne was the first of these interesting and convenient structures, which I particularly examined, as the means of transit and communication between the opposite banks of the Rhine. This bridge traverses the stream without any unpleasant motion or feeling of insecurity, and conducts the passengers from one side of the river to the other, in all weathers, as safely as if it were a structure of the most solid stone and the firmest masonry. It is wholly composed of a series of boats, which are moored to anchors or incorrodible fixtures in the bed of the river, and are held in their relative position by chain-cables. Along this bridge of boats, which is 1,400 feet long, carriages, even artillery of the heaviest metal, are conducted with the greatest readiness, whilst the people of the neighbourhood make the bridge a sort of promenade, where they have the advantage of retirement

from the dust and filth of the town, of friendly and neighbourly converse, of seeing and being seen, and also of breathing the salubrious and refreshing air from the river; not merely a recreation or an indulgence for the luxurious, but I should consider it a thing necessary for life or enjoyment, as a respite from the air of the city; which you will remember required more than the waters of the Rhine to wash down its impurities, and seemed to have suggested to the happy discoverer the distillation of Eau de Cologne. Perhaps in no part of the world has any city acquired such a kind of celebrity on account of the filthy atmosphere which pervades its streets: I did not wonder to behold its citizens, male and female, resorting in trooping multitudes to the promenade of the bridge. On the opposite side of the river is a small suburb called Deutz. The pleasure parties of the citizens find this suburb an agreeable change from their own rancid atmosphere. I wonder they do not seek improvement by a permanent residence. I crossed over and traversed its streets; sauntered through the green lanes of its environs; bought some fruit in its marketplace; went round its bulwarks, for it also is fortified as a *tête du pont*; and examined the temporary domiciles of a very strong military force which is kept there: the corps is chiefly a mounted artillery dépôt. It is inviting, and yet revolting to the lover of his species, inasmuch as you see how the men are separated from the world, in order that they may be nurtured for the trade of war.

The magazines are well stored with the ammunition of the soldier, while the mechanical automata are fed, and trained in the most approved arts of destruction, the butchery of human drudges. For other purposes I have no sympathy with it, though Constantine the Great built here a castle, which gave *éclat* to the place. On the river-banks, upward from this point, vineyards of the most regular arrangement begin to open upon the view. The traveller in a first visit thinks of the scriptural associations with the

vineyards of Palestine; looks for the lodges of the keepers; and remembers "Zion when left as a cottage in a vineyard;" inquires for the wine-cellars, which were for the increase of the vineyards; and wishes to ascertain the meaning of "the cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi."

I ought more particularly, perhaps, to give you from my first impressions a more distinct description of the Rhenish vineyards. They are, in many instances, composed of terraces built upon walls, perhaps as deep as eight or ten feet the front of the terrace; while the earth which is gathered inside of these walls, may perhaps not spread over a surface much more than ten feet as a whole, that is ten feet in depth; the length may be much more. Its soil is often forced:—an accumulation by the industry and perseverance of the husbandman, from the lower parts of the adjacent district, carried up in baskets upon the heads or shoulders of males and females, the humble and assiduous labourers being themselves the proprietors or the tenants of the vineyards: and should it happen that there is any severe fall of rain,* it frequently occurs that the soil is washed down, that the plants are rooted up, and that even the walls give way, and the vine-dresser has the work of its reconstruction to do again. These vineyards are not composed of large massive trees; the vine is a plant, it cannot be called a tree. The wood of the vine-tree is unsightly and worthless as is that of the bramble, and its branch is not to be named among the trees of the forest. The pungency of the prophet's rebuke to Israel, who is compared to a vine, is most severe, when he demands, "Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon? Behold it is cast into the fire for fuel; the fire devoureth both the ends of it, and the midst of it is burned. Is it meet for any work? behold, when it was whole it could be made fit for no work." Were the vine left without support, it would creep along upon the ground, being from its tendril and

supple texture a parasite, or creeper, in fact. In order that its fruit be not laid upon the earth, and consequently mixed with the soil, there are poles or stakes put into the ground, at the distance of about two feet one from another, and the depth between pole and pole may be from twenty-four inches to thirty, or two and a half feet; and this gives to the whole aspect the greatest appearance of regularity, just as if it were chequered work, especially till the plant has grown up to the top of the pole, and has been twisted round. It is then like a well-planted, thick-set shrubbery, between the various divisions of which the vine-dresser passes, repairing and pruning, watching, binding-up, training, and taking care of the plant, until the fruit is ready to be gathered. Most of the vineyards are occupied by persons of limited means, who are in moderate circumstances; and the consequence is, that they have to dispose of the produce of their vine almost as soon as it has been gathered. They usually sell it, not to parties who want it for their own consumption, or in the market, where they may have competition, but frequently to large enterprising speculators, who go amongst them and buy from them in their time of need. However, there are in the chief towns, or estates, some extensive vineyards, and some wealthy proprietors of vineyards. The celebrated Prince Metternich, who is the prime minister of Austria, is the proprietor, by gift from the Emperor of Austria, of a vineyard that brings in somewhere about 80,000 florins a-year; a florin being perhaps 2s. 6d. of our money.

I had the pleasure of an introduction, from a friend in this town, to a wine-merchant in one of the cities upon the Rhine; and in consequence of that letter, was hospitably and kindly entertained by my friend's correspondent, who seemed to have a pleasure in developing the treasure of the country of vineyards. He had extensive lands upon the Rhine, perhaps forty or fifty miles further up than his own residence, wholly planted with the choicest

vines. On one occasion that I called, his servants were busy preparing a description of wine which was merely to be a sample speculation in the market. He meant to bottle and keep it for a twelvemonth, before he would bring any portion of it into the market ; and then his object was only to ascertain how it would succeed, or take among his customers ; and this experiment extended to 100,000 bottles. You may hence judge of the wealth of such speculators, who, as proprietors of vineyards, employ their wealth in the wine-trade of the Rhine. I ought to have noticed one circumstance which I witnessed at Bonn.

There is a village in its environs called Popplesdorf, behind which is the Kreutzberg, a mile and a half from the town, and there is a church connected with that village on this hill, which is elevated, and from which you may obtain a commanding and extensive view of the surrounding country. In order that we might have this view, my fellow travellers, Mr. Burd and his sister, and I, walked from Bonn that we might ascend the hill, and from the church look upon the country around. This church, built in 1627, occupies the site of an ancient chapel, and its sacristan professes that they possess the *sacred stairs* which led up to Pilate's judgment-hall, which are built of *Italian marble*, and bear even now stains of the blood which flowed from Christ's head when wounded with the crown of thorns. No one is allowed to ascend or examine them except upon his knees, and I did not see them or their stains, nor ascertain how this boast could be true,—they were only erected in 1725 by the elector, Clement Augustus, in imitation of the *Scala Santa*, a staircase existing at Rome. Perhaps the monks transferred the stains, by a secret process of Daguerreotype, from the apostolic, Roman, Jerusalem, real, *bonâ fide* stairs of Pilate. But the church contains other memorable and mysterious demonstrations of the virtue and prodigies of monkery. These are deposited in vaults, and are even more sacred to the priests than the

usual treasures of conventual cellars. The passage is by a trap-door to cellars or caves under the floor; *trap-doors* are too often the entrances to such mysterious symbols. Here monks, or cowed abbots, are buried in open coffins. A series of venerable abbots, who presided for some 200 years; I think there are as many as twenty-five buried in these cells, or vaults, and their bodies exposed. The peculiarity, it is said, in the soil and air preserves the bodies, so that, although they have lain for so many years, they are rather shrivelled than corrupted mummies, preserved without the embalming of the learned Egyptians or the art of the apothecary. The scene reminded me of the language of the poet Burns concerning Alloway Kirk, where, he said,—

“ The coffins stood round like open presses,
And shaw’d the dead in their last dresses.”

The dead were exhibited in their last monkish uniforms; and no very pleasant or comely sight did these relics of mortal superstition present; nor are they calculated to inspire associations of loveliness or beauty. I should rather expect to hear the exclamation;

— “ No nearer, pray!

I never could abide a dead man cheek by jowl.”

These monks may never have looked well in their life; but, if they did,—

“ Death has much improved them the wrong way.”

Their “ canonized bones, hearsed in death, have burst their cerements,” and “ the sepulchre hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws to cast *them* up again.” It is not always the grisly monster hides him

“ — “ In fresh cups, soft beds, sweet words;”

yet the master of papal ceremonies has sometimes succeeded in his delusions, and, borrowing the dramatist’s representations for purposes congenial more to the actor

than the teacher, and conducive more to the revenue of the church than the credit of religion, has trafficked in the anatomy of corruption, in death's heads and cross bones. The apostrophe of the poet might appropriately be put in the mouth of Rome :

“ O amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms.”

I cannot resist the association recalled by a visit to these sepulchral dormitories with

“ The winnock-bunker in the east,
Where sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gi'e them music was his charge.”

In perfect harmony with such objects of venerated devotion and means of exciting homage and liberality was the concourse of worshippers whom I met on my descent from the Kreutzberg. It must have been a church-festival or holiday, for we encountered numerous and lengthened groups in procession wending their course from surrounding villages, as well as from the town, towards a station or sanctuary, as a centre of attraction. At the head of every group, as they proceeded, a functionary presided, who seemed to bear a religious character, and exercise paramount authority—a kind of Romish class-leader. We passed as many as eight or more of such processions, men, and women, boys and girls, mingled together in mutual and devout sympathy, and hurrying on to witness or participate in some sacred scenes. They carried in every instance an image of some saint, or representation of Christ upon the cross ; they walked forward singing songs of praise to ‘ Maria ’ or to ‘ the Lady,’ and chanting their

anthems and choruses with considerable melody, and in rather an attractive air. The ear of one of my young friends discriminated more promptly than I did the several tunes which they sung, and remarked, "it was too bad that they should have our best tunes employed for such purposes." The tunes, though I did not recognise them, brought to her mind associations of a purer devotion and a nobler worship. With these devotees it was the creature, but in our appropriation of them it was "God over all" who was praised as blessed for ever, and worthy of all honour and glory. When they happened to approach the little chapelries on the way, (and they were numerous and conspicuous,) or when they passed crucifixes by the roadside, they stopped and crossed themselves; they went through certain forms indicative of devotion, counting their beads, repeating 'Ave Marias,' 'paternosters,' symbols of prayer, and, taking fresh courage, proceeded on their way.

I particularise these observances to contrast the open and avowed manner in which the people of that region frankly observed and professed their religion, with the shrinking timidity and hesitation, or, rather, the reluctance and apprehension of many among ourselves, who boast of a purer religion and a more scriptural and spiritual faith. They do not fear to confess their images; they are not ashamed to proclaim to the world their adoration; there is no seeming need of argument to urge them publicly to avow their attachment to the cause of their religion.

Other scenes invited the examination of the curious, and would, no doubt, have rewarded my attention had my time permitted. Friends, whom I afterward met higher up the Rhine, referred especially to the Laacher See, a circular lake, which evidently occupies the crater of an exhausted volcano. Perhaps I should not say *exhausted*, since at the period of my tour some convulsive pheno-

mena agitated the bosom of this deep blue lake. It is hemmed in on all sides by a ridge of hills, though its margin be nearly seven hundred feet above the Rhine. Its banks, which are two miles in the length of the lake, and one and a half in its breadth, are completely covered with luxuriant wood down to the water's edge, and scattered over with masses of scoriæ, pumice, ashes, cinders, and other volcanic remains. A scarcely perceptible opening is mentioned as being on the north-east of the lake, from which issues a jet of carbonic acid gas; near to which the lifeless bodies of birds, bats, toads, squirrels, &c., have been found, the victims of noxious vapours. In the neighbourhood the rocks are perforated as passages for the same vaporous combination, and from which the owner of a chemical manufactory collects a supply of gas for his manufacturing purposes.

Six miles hence is Brohl, situated in a picturesque valley, in the vicinity of which, in the magnificence of royalty and the hospitality of a prince, the King of Prussia has since welcomed the Sovereign of Britain. The Abbey of Laach, the Castle of Schweppenburg, (once the mansion of the Metternichs,) the Castle of Olbrück, and other remnants of former time, variegate the scenery in and around the Bröhlthal. In another route, the Hochkreutz, a cross erected in 1331, the alum-works of Friesdorf, and the petrified and buried forest woods of Pützburg, would furnish an excursion for the geologist not surpassed in the richest *stratas*. Here trunks of gigantic trees intermixed with clays and sands exhibit all the stages of fossil formation from the discernible fibre and texture of the vegetable to the bituminous coal fit for burning. Fossil fishes and fresh water shells intermingle in these beds of bitumen. Plittersdorf serves as a landing-place for Götesberg, whose shaded walks lead to the ancient castle-keep which Cologne's warlike prelates constructed on the site of an older Roman fort, in the year 1212, and which

Bavarian soldiers, in the religious war of 1583, blew up, because it was a fastness for Protestant zeal. Here is the mineral spring called Draitscher Brunnen. These would be pleasant and fruitful excursions to the pleasure-seeking tourist, as would be also the scenes which so enrich and beautify the valley of the Ahr, the verge of which I afterwards skirted; but more time would be required than I had now to appropriate. I had proceeded from Bonn by the steamer to Königs-winter; a mode of travelling in which I could enjoy much without excessive fatigue. Königs-winter signifies King's Place, and was, doubtless, first designated as a royal haunt.

I returned from Königs-winter to Bonn again in an open boat; the distance was perhaps about five or six miles, and it took us nearly an hour to sail up, though we proceeded by the steamer; but we came down in an open boat in something less than fifty minutes. I mention this, to show you the rapidity of the current upon which we were most placidly carried along. The river was spread out like a glassy stream, no violent or dangerous ripple upon its wide bosom; while the vineyards I have described lay upon our right hand, crowning the banks, reaching the summit, spreading their luxuriant foliage at every point, on every hill, and in every valley lying open to our survey; whilst on the other side were the various castles and antique remains which have given to the river the appellation, and that a just one, "the castellated Rhine." My friend, Mr. Burd, was pleased to use the oar, whilst I gave rein to luxurious and dreamy imagination, and wantonly or capriciously followed the flitting shadows of clouds or cliffs on the varied landscape or the buoyant stream, and indulged the memory of other days and the traditionary recollections of the historic Rhine. I recalled the notes and verses of a few favourite airs, with their retrospective associations, illustrative of my own feeling. Whilst my fellow-traveller

was rowing, I was modulating tones which, though not sad or melancholy, had awakened, as they were excited by, sympathies of tenderness. One of the pieces with which the depths of the heart were stirred was one of the songs of Zion in harmony with a tune which some would reckon secular, though I always feel it sweetly pathetic. In the strains of an old English melody I sung:—

“ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

It was suggested by the scene which lay around me as I glided down the peaceful stream. The other was one of my own native Scotch melodies :

“ Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon ;”

contrasting the scenes of home,—things that were sacred and sweetly endeared to memory,—with the scenes that were presented before me in grander, in richer beauty, no doubt,*but yet not claiming so much of the affection of the heart as those which recalled home and its pleasures. It is thus that the mind untravelled, wherever the wanderer finds himself, rests in its own rest, and seeks enjoyment in its own early sympathies and endearments.

Passing up from the Drachenfels, the Seven Hills are called, as I have already intimated, Siebengeberg, and they have all particular names, which I need not repeat, for it would be merely using words that would pass away again from your memory. From Drachenfels you look down and up the river: you look down upon a wide expanse and extended course of the river. Drachenfels stands some 1,100 feet above the river’s level. From this summit I saw the region of Westerwald and Westphalia, as well as the city of Cologne and the intermediate windings of the majestic river and its border scenery; and, turning your view up the river, you see a place that

is celebrated as "the pride and beauty of the Rhine." Bulwer well describes the eloquent and wild grandeur of the whole scene, and, from the Drachenfels, points to the shattered crown of a lofty and perpendicular mountain on the opposite shore, which is consecrated to the memory of the brave Roland, while he directs the eye of his companion to the trees which arise thick and verdant from the smooth tide and skirt an island below to which the lady of Roland retired. To the island the name Nonnenwerth is given; but though thus commemorated as the Isle of Nuns, it is not now appropriated as the residence of such ladies. The convent which stood here was doomed to the secularisation which at the close of the eighteenth century the revolutionary French brought upon all the monkish establishments that fell into their hands. The wife of Napoleon interceded on its behalf, and the Consul of France conceded for the nuns the continued possession of their cells and shrines.

The ladies pined in the region of solitude; and where there were no monasteries and reverend fathers the appetite for nunneries subsided. The fashion of this world passeth away. Unnatural associations are effervescent among mankind. Several years ago the lady abbess and her sisterhood departed from this asylum of lingering superstition and devotion. Another and more profitable occupation of the premises has been discovered: they have more recently been converted into a hospitable caravan-serai, an hotel for travellers of all classes. Every man as well as woman passing this way may have the comforts and accommodation of a nun if they will consent to pay for them, and have the pleasures of a nun's cell for a bed-room by night, and a participation by day of all that can be provided as entertainment for travellers—fish dinners of carp, eel, and tench, amid well-cultured gardens and beautiful scenery. The place derived its original celebrity in connection with the love sorrows of Roland,

called by some the Knight of Toggenberg, a nephew of Charlemagne. The tale is told among the romancists of Germany. He had gone to the wars in quest of chivalrous feats, and, as a valiant knight, with the zeal of Don Quixote, to fight in famous battles, and acquire renown as the champion of his Dulcinea. A false report of his death had reached his betrothed; and when he returned from war's alarms, he found the lady of his heart had taken the irrevocable veil in the convent isle of Nonnenwerth. Despair, or love's jealousy, had prompted her retreat to the nunnery; and her religion was as enlightened and disinterested as was his patriotism and virtue. Flushed with glory and hope, he had returned for his reward, but found that the very fidelity of his affianced had placed an insuperable barrier between him and her. She had taken her virgin vows, and he had vowed to her in his heart as a faithful lover, or, rather, gallant knight. There was no other lady whose pure love he would seek, or with whom he could henceforth sympathise. The vows of the church were inviolable, or, rather, the superstition was inexorable, and therefore he built the castle which bears his name and overlooked the monastery. In this military cloister he fixed his dreamy residence; where, till his death, he waited and watched, happy even to gaze upon the walls of her cell, and fancying, as he sauntered forth from the towers of Roland-seck, or moved his solitary skiff upon the waters, he could, in the music of the cloister, in the festive solemnities of the nunnery, or the occasional intercourse of its inmates, trace the fair form, hear the sweet voice, or receive the love-token of her upon whom his heart was fixed. Thus the legend employs him, and here he haunts till death, many years sacrificing himself to what was, in fact, an idle and useless passion; as if the walls held the only treasure which a man could win or cherish, could value or lose, in the fondest and most generous aspirations of his soul.

The tower chosen for his residence still bears his memorial, Roland-seck. Here he mourned vainly for himself and for his espoused one, now the prisoner of superstition, as the hand-maid of the church in Nonnenwerth. "The willows droop still in mournful luxuriance along the island, and harmonise with the memory, that, through the desert of a thousand years, love still keeps green and fresh. Nor hath it permitted even those additions of fiction which, like mosses, gather by time over the truth that they adorn, yet adorning conceal, to mar the simple tenderness of the legend." I will not mar the moss-like beauty of Bulwer's comment by the austerity of a severer criticism than fiction, but leave "all still in the Island of Nonnenwerth."

Proceeding up the river still farther, you pass, on every cliff, or every succeeding ridge of the mountains, some memorial of ancient warfare, or some token of early superstition—tower or church, castle or cathedral. Those banks were in early times the special haunt of the bold robbers of the Rhine; and from amidst the entangled brakes that then covered the rugged cliffs, they rushed upon their prey. The author of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" assumes more of the license of the poet than the discrimination of the philosopher, when he exclaims, "In the gloomy canvass of these feudal days, what vigorous and mighty images were crowded! A robber's life amidst these mountains, and beside this mountain stream, must have been the very poetry of the spot carried into action!!" The men on whom the *action* of this poetry was perpetrated did not so admire the reality as the rhapsodist does his dream. About the middle of the eleventh century, there was a resolution adopted by certain plebeian inhabitants of the commercial towns along the river, which we shall yet visit in our route, that they should put a stop to depredations which occurred almost daily. This augured a near and summary reckoning and retribution for the originators of those

"vigorous and mighty images" who had rendered this measure necessary. These were feudal and titled chiefs, who ruled with a lordly sway over the banks of the river, and usurped an injurious domination over the commerce of which it was the great highway. They had built their castles in chosen and commanding positions, in secure places, with accessible and well-defended points of communication for their freebooting auxiliaries. They levied a capricious taxation, a 'feudatory mail—black mail, as we are used to call it in Scotland—upon those that trafficked up the river; and if this black mail, this arbitrary revenue, was not submissively yielded to them, they not only extorted it, but took all. The oppressed people obtained the privilege of making one city a sort of free port; and they wisely and unitedly resolved that they should establish free trade. This may be designated the wonder of the thirteenth century. They were thorough and enlightened free-traders; taught, no doubt, by the necessity of their condition and mutual dependence, they had a sort of Anti-Corn-law League; or at least an anti-chieftain, or mountain-robber league. They proceeded to despoil the nests of these feudal lords; taking the roofs off their homesteads, and leaving them to seek for themselves shelter in other places. In this way they secured much of the prosperity of the city of Mayence, and expansion to the growth of popular power. But I must remind you, they had permission from the emperor to effect these changes.

This great and paramount lord found that the monopoly of his subordinate chieftains was maintained for their own exclusive gain, and served in no way to increase his territorial or fiscal revenue; and while it plundered the many to enrich a few who gloried in *protection*, it injured the general and common interests of the people, from whom his wealth and strength were derived. In consequence of these proceedings, the ruins, which now are really ornaments, and which may be looked upon placidly as assurances

of peace, as monuments and memorials of by-gone times, on the banks of the Rhine, which give variety and picturesque effect to the river, as you sail along its banks. These fragments are interesting, as showing the improvements which ever accompany the extension and freedom of commerce. Not in all the time that those barons, or feudal lords, or robbers, held possession of their castles, was any attempt made to clear or improve the navigation of the Rhine; though there was one part of it so difficult of navigation, and comparatively so inaccessible, that loss as well as danger frequently befel the traders.

When the rafts, usually the merchandise of chiefs, came down the river through this gorge, or narrow part, the water rushed in violent waves over the whole flotilla; sometimes submerging the wood, which composed the raft, five or six feet under the water; and sweeping the men, who wrought the raft, off their firm footing, leaving them to swim for their lives. Now I sailed through it: this gorge has been so altered; the rocks in the river have been blasted, blown up, cleared away. The whole channel has been improved, and vessels of considerable burden may go up and come down the river in that place with perfect safety. So closely pent in and wedged together are the rocks on either side of the river, naturally, so curiously grouped, they are objects of great interest, and attract attention from the travelling novice. Their echoes are both distinct and numerous. There is an amateur echoist who takes his station—whether for pleasure or for pay, may be a question—in a sort of cave; and his occupation is to load and fire a gun, or blow a bugle, when a steamer sails up or sails down, in order to prove to the passengers what an echo there is. It is said there is an echo fifteen times from rock to rock, on either side of the river. I did not count the echos. He fired as I passed; and it certainly sounded magnificently. He blew a horn, too; and the horn vibrated along amongst the valleys, and amongst the dales and glens of the mountain scenery, with great

effect. The experiments of this seemingly disinterested demonstrator of nature, and her secrets in philosophy, proved how the varied positions of the hills, the rocks, the gaps in these hills, produce diversity of sound, or the repetition of it.

We are, as voyagers, not now dependent on the fair breeze for our progress up the stream of this spacious and powerful river. The tourists of the Rhine enjoy the facilities which steam affords; and are constantly reminded of the superiority over their ancestors of the present age. They skim along upon the freshly-curled waters, though the downward tide roll strongly, and the winds blow fresh and adverse to their course; and no vision can be more enchanting than the opening and widening bosom of this river, expanding into the appearance of a broad and majestic lake between Nonnenwerth and Unkel. Above the latter it sweeps and bends more narrowly toward the Espeler Lei and Remagen. Below Unkel scattered villages give life to the plain, which extends on the left; while the habitations of Oberwinter and the isle of Werth, give contrast to the right bank; the lowly-tapering hills are clothed with vines; and universal verdure never wearies the eye. Where the banks curve or jut-out into the stream; or where some sheltering bay spreads its bosom, as a haven, spires or ruins mark the resting-place for social man. Where the spires of Unkel rise, you are directed to the opposite shore, and behold the basaltic columns of the Unkelstein, which spread like the ruins of an engulphed city under the river, extending to the middle of the channel, and becoming visible when the Rhine runs low. The ruins of Okkenfels stand above the bed, where rolls the pastoral Gasbach, as with sweet murmurs its gentle waters mingle with the river. Those black basaltic precipices, the Espeler Lei, though almost inaccessible from their height, 700 feet, abrupt and craggy, have been, by human ingenuity and perseverance, rendered a productive vineyard. From amidst the clefts

of the rocks the vines peep forth luxuriantly, and give richness and colouring to what would naturally have been unproductive. Baskets filled with mould have been made the beds of plants, and inserted in the crevices; and thus, where it would otherwise have been impossible to retain the earth about their roots, which every shower would have washed bare, a fruitful vineyard is maintained. Between Remagen and Sinzig, on the opposing banks, the winding Ahr issues from its fruitful and picturesque valley within view of the ancient fortified Linz. Remagen derives its name from Roman antiquity; and presents to the chronologist a gateway, with the signs of the zodiac, as old as the eleventh century. Sinzig, the Senticum of ancient Rome, is near the spot where, traditionally, Constantine, on his way from Britain, received *from heaven* the cross, as the sign by which he was to conquer, and substitute Christianity for paganism, *as the religion of the empire!* Fatal and superstitious delusion!

At Linz, the tower still stands, which a Cologne archbishop erected near the Rhine, to enforce the payment of tolls upon the river, and to withstand the burghers of Andernach, who probably disputed such exaction. Above Sinzig a few miles, is the small town of Brohl, situated between two mountains. The grey remains of Rheineck occupy the summit of one of them. Bulwer says, truly, "There is something weird and preternatural about the aspect of this place: its soil betrays signs that, in former ages, some volcano here exhausted its fires. The stratum of the earth is black and pitchy; and the springs beneath it are of a dark and graveolent water." Here quarries of tuffstone are worked, whose resemblance to the matter of volcanic eruption from Vesuvius and Ætna warrants this conjecture. Others, however, suppose that it is the residuum of a volcano from the Eifel; which, being thrown into what was then a lake, has consolidated the pumice, ashes, &c., into a soft stone, and fitted it as a composition

for the very tenacious Roman cement. "Here the stream of the Bröhlbach falls into the Rhine, and in a valley rich with oak and pine, and full of caverns, which are not without their traditionary inmates, stands the castle Schweppenbourg." I do not feel I shall have completed my sketch without the outline of this varied and cultured valley of the Ahr. It is reckoned, by tourists, not inferior to the choicest of Rhenish scenes. The stream itself is only full in the rainy or wintry seasons; but its sheltered and secluded vales, and gently sloping or favourably situated mountainous districts, invite the husbandman and the vine-dresser. Ahrweiler is ten miles from the mouth of the stream, and is the centre of the wine trade of the valley; whence is derived annually an average produce of 12,000 ohms. The Burgundy grape is cultivated here, and produces a pale red wine, highly valued among connoisseurs. From the village of Walporzheim begins the wild and beautiful scenery, which has given fame to the region. Amid jagged precipices and undulating hills, shelving rocks and sloping vales, ruined convents and castles, and picturesque villages, the vine-plant spreads its luxuriant foliage, and produces its generous fruit. The patient toil exerted in cultivating the grape on every accessible shelf of rock up the declivities of the hills around, has not been surpassed in the most valuable vineyards of the Rhine. "The rocks at Lockmühle (a fishery for minnows) are low and narrow; and a passage has been cut through them, by which the road passes, without following the river in its windings round the projecting hill; and rejoins it at the other side of the cutting. Before reaching Altenahr, precipices of slate-rock rise 350 feet in height, which round about are partly wooded, partly covered with vines; and on their highest peak are perched the ruins of the castle of Altenahr. This precipitous rock seems to deny all passage up the valley: the river sweeps round its base, and forms so complete a curve, that, after

a course of a mile and a half, it returns to almost the same point. A tunnel, of 192 feet long, has been cut through the rock, to allow the passage of the road."

Broad and straight flows the Rhine from the mouth of the Ahr to Andernach, on the opposite bank to which we pass the castle of Hammerstein, with its mighty rock, which Bulwer describes, with its green and livid ruins, as sleeping in the melancholy moonlight. "Two towers rise haughtily above the more dismantled wrecks. The changes which have passed since the alternate banners of the Spaniard and the Swede waved from these ramparts, in the great war, in which the gorgeous Wallenstein won his laurels" over Gustavus, in 1631, will interest the student in history. But the constant and mighty Rhine pours down its majestic flood, and spreads out its smooth expanse, as it did then; while the twin spires of Andernach, and the rocks covered with verdure, continue to cast their shadow upon its beauteous mirror in tranquil and ceaseless repose. The wooded village of Nemedy, the hamlet of Fornech, and the blue rock of Kruzborner Ley, form the foreground for the mountains that shield the mysterious Brühl, as much as if Wallenstein and Gustavus had never occupied the battle-field.

Andernach is one of the oldest towns of Roman origin on the Rhine: the camp of Drusus having been pitched on the spot, and the Romans having called it *Antoniacum*. Its massive ramparts, watch-towers, and vaulted portals, date as far back as 1520. One watch-tower still stands at the lower end of the town, by the water-side—round below, and octagonal above. What is called the *crane* does not date so far back by thirty-four years; but both give it an air of sombre antiquity. A Jew's bath remains beneath the Rathaus, much more ancient in years. The Israelites were expelled from the town in 1596; and have never since been allowed to settle within its walls. The castellated *palace* of the archbishops of Cologne, built

about 1500, shows its ruins near to the elegant gothic gate which leads out to Coblenz. The palace of the Austrasian kings occupied the same site previously. There remains an old gateway near the river, which antiquaries ascribe to Roman architecture; while at the water's edge, on the opposite bank, stands the ruined castle of Friedrichstein; called by some the *devil's house*, because erected by the forced labour of the peasants. How many buildings have deserved, on the same grounds, the same appellation! I admired much more the regular and lengthened avenue of poplar-trees, which shades the whole way from Irlich to Neuwied. This I frequently found a feature of *inter-urban* scenery in the interior of Germany. I shall not now stay to recall my associations with Neuwied, which I shall attempt to describe hereafter.

We ascended the Rhine till we came to the town of Coblenz. A more particular description of the intermediate scenery might afford gratification and amusement for us, had we time to describe Weissenthurm; the white watch-tower bordering the electoral domains of Treves; the valley of the Sayn, its cannon-foundry and iron works; the chateau of Schonbornlust, an electoral palace, for a time the refugee residence of emigrant Bourbons; and the monument of the young General Marceau, killed at Altenkirchen. We came to this city, which is situated on the mouth of the Moselle, under the most favourable auspices, for our comfort, and the impressions it was likely to produce on the minds of strangers. The Moselle flows into the Rhine at Coblenz. The town and fortress also occupies the banks of the Rhine. • It is considered to be the strongest position, in this part of Germany, for defending the Rhenish countries; and yet the most inviting for French invasion. It has, consequently, been frequently the scene of great conflict, of many severe and celebrated battles, and displays of soldier-like heroism. On the one side of the Moselle is a fortress, called Petersberg; on the

other side is Coblenz, which itself is fortified. On the side of Coblenz farthest from the Moselle, are two fortresses—one called Constantine, and the other called Alexander. The site of this Constantine fortress was the Karthauserberg, a large but decayed monastery, which has been strongly fortified; and presents, from some of its points, the finest views of the surrounding scenery on both rivers.

Opposite to Coblenz, on the other side of the Rhine, rises Ehrenbreitstein, which signifies the Stone of Glory. Its summit, I should think, is about 400 feet above the level of the Rhine, and is precipitous; rising abruptly from the Rhine as the front of a rock, and inaccessible as a fortress of nature. You wind up by steep roads, terraces, and stairs, until you have reached the loftiest terrace; but cannot then enter the gate till a permission in writing has been obtained from the general in command of the Coblenz division. The German potentates have spent, I think, somewhere about a million of money upon this fortress, to render it what they call impregnable: and yet there is one part of it that is kept under special guardianship; and the authorities are afraid to exhibit its aspect to strangers, because it is conjectured that that is its weak point. The military subaltern, who showed me through the fortress, was exceedingly anxious to introduce me to the culinary rooms, where the food of the soldiers is prepared; and he showed me one kitchen, where the military cooks could make as much soup at one time as would suffice 1200 soldiers. He evinced more than an inclination to supply me with a specimen of the military dainty: he was even urgent, and had manifestly come to the conclusion that there would be great propriety in my compliance, if I would just taste the soup; anticipating that I should, with epicurean relish, exclaim, in a gust of admiration, *sapit jucundissime!* I yielded to his solicitations, that I might gratify him; and farther, that, experimentally, I might know upon what food the slaves of despotism are fed. The

inmates of this magnificent citadel exhibited all the skill of machines, and all the ductility of the most pliant instruments, in order that they might follow with success the trade of war; and it was proper that they should be fed in character, and fed without a will, or the power of choice. There is no particular domestic comfort in the idea of 1200 men having their soup made in one vessel, with a common mixture of whatever ingredients would fatten or satiate, at one time; no tender feelings are associated with the engine-boiler and the soup-vat, so as to engender or cherish domestic sympathy; nothing to signify that the regard, the watchfulness, the provision of a beloved one, who has taken care of the domestic hearth, has furnished the beverage or the luxury. To such housewifery I should be ready to address the words of the dramatist:—

“Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with”

I do not wonder that they feed the trained-bands of war in twelve hundred at a time; for men are only fit to fulfil the obligations, and act in the capacity of soldiers, when they know not the joys or hearth-bred sympathies of home; when they have neither wife, nor mother, nor daughter. What man, supplied from the years of boyhood with a daily provision which has been concocted by the steam-pressure of a four or six horse-power engine, and has been agitated with more fury, and, perhaps, less of kindness, than the witches' cauldron, when they sung

“Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble:”

what man, fed from the “hell-broth,” and the ingredients of such a cauldron, could ever sympathise with the poet, when he chimes of *love*, as woman's power; and adopt his truth-telling apostrophe?—

"What I most prize in woman
 Is her affection—not her intellect.
 Compare me with the great men of earth—
 What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
 But if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not.
 The world of affection is **THY** world—
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
 Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy;
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
 Feeding its flame.² The element of fire
 Is pure. It cannot change its nature:
 But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp
 As in a palace hall."

I refused, at first, to visit Ehrenbreitstein. When I was requested to join a company, who wished to explore it, I said, "Go and see the memorials of blood and carnage! why, it is like paying a penance, or doing homage to the cruel Moloch of war." I refused to become an accomplice, or bow my knee to the sanguinary idol. However, I was told that the view from the top of the fortress was beautiful. "Well, I will go, and see the view."

I venture to borrow, . . . kindred spirit with my own moralising and conclusions, Sergeant Talfourd's *pacific reflections* on this Rhenish Gibraltar:—"We crossed the Bridge of Boats to Ehrenbreitstein, passed through a long outer court of the fortress unchallenged, and took refuge from a shower in the mouth of one of its caverns, whence subterraneous but ascending passages lead to its higher galleries. Below us lay, in iron, unmitigated by moss or rust, horribly bright for ¹carnage, thousands of cannon-balls; while around and above us the rocks and rock-like fortifications morticed into them were gradually yielding, their stiff, cold, formal, warlike fronts to the weather stains, the lichens, the bird-sown shrubs—all the soft approaches of the green. There² lay the most destructive implements of war, ready, for immediate service; here

breathed the gentlest teachings of peace, not in lessons of prim Quaker formality, but expressed by 'nature's own sweet and cunning hand,' stealing away the aspects of hostility from Europe's strongest fortress; as, if it were shattered or decayed, she would beautify its ruins. Best of peace-makers! Her wisdom is penetrating the mailed breast of Prussia, and may find even there an echo to my wish, that those balls may lie and rust till they shall harmonise in dull colour with the grass green heights above them!" I might demur to the learned Sergeant's claim for *his* "best of peace-makers," were this the place to show that the *Gospel* is the best HERALD of "peace on earth."

From the top of this fortress the spectacle is magnificent and enchanting. Certainly the scene down the Rhine and up the Möselle, along the banks of the Rhine, and all across the valley through which the Rhine flows, is the richest of all the scenes your eye can rest upon or survey. The well-wooded plains here and there; the vineyards in all their beauty; the corn-fields (it was one of the most productive seasons I fancy that Germany had witnessed)—the ripened crop of corn-fields waving in their golden beauty, inviting the scythe of the mower: whilst the sun rested with its chastest and yet richest rays upon the radiant scenery, and threw back those rays reflected from the glassy streams that flowed along. The Moselle was seen taking its course quietly, unostentatiously, but very determinedly, with a kind of independence, as a parallel and concurrent river, by the side of the Rhine, and they flowed down the channel together, as twin streams, proving for miles and miles that they were able to maintain their individuality, though ultimately they were to be wedded and rendered indivisible for their future course. I crossed the bridge which passes from Coblenz to the Petersberg fortress: just below this point the contemplative tourist will often linger, to mark

the superb view which may there be obtained of Ehrenbreitstein. The weather was bright and yet calm, presenting a mid-day scene of voluptuous indulgence and tranquillity. I could realize all that the "Pilgrim of the Rhine" has given as his impression. "There stood the old herdsman leaning on his staff, and the quiet cattle knee-deep in the gliding waters. Never did stream more smooth and sheen, than was at that hour the surface of the Moselle mirror the images of pastoral life. Beyond, the darker shadows of the bridge and of the walls of Coblenz fell deep over the waves, chequered by the tall sails of the craft that were moored around the harbour. But clear against the sun rose the spires and roofs of Coblenz, backed by many a hill sloping away to the horizon. High, dark, and massive, on the opposite bank swelled the towers and rock of Ehrenbreitstein, a type of that great and chivalric spirit—the HONOUR that the rock arrogates for its name, which demands so many sacrifices of blood and tears, but which ever creates in the restless (unsanctified) heart of man a far deeper interest than the more peaceful scenes of life by which it is contrasted. There still, from the calm waters, and the abodes of common toil and ordinary pleasure, turns the aspiring mind! Still, as we gaze on that lofty and immemorial rock, we recall the famine and the siege, and own that the more daring crimes of men have a strange privilege in hallowing the very spot which they devastate!"

Below, in green curves and mimic bays covered with herbage, the gradual banks mingled with the water; and, just where the bridge closed, a solitary group of trees, standing dark in the thickest shadow, gave that melancholy feature to the scene which resembles the one dark thought that often forces itself into our sunniest hours. Their boughs stirred not; no voice of birds broke the stillness of their gloomy verdure; the eye turned from them as from the sad moral that belongs to existence.

Here, at the confluence of the rivers, the Roman *Castrum* was entrenched—hence the name Coblentz ; and, in the middle ages, the Electors of Treves found a stronghold and a refuge ; here Marshal Boufflers and a French army in vain carried on the siege and assault, conducted by Vauban under the personal auspices of Louis the Fourteenth ; and here, again, the soldiers of the Revolution reduced the Prussian garrison, in 1799, to the most humiliating extremities, when, during the straitness of the siege wherewith they were besieged, a *cat's* head was sold for five shillings, and a pound of *horse-flesh* was bought for tenpence, or thirty kreutzers. It then fell into the hands of the French, who, before they evacuated its garrison, blew up its shattered walls and tower of victory “on which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.”

The town of Coblentz is remarkable, as I have said, as a fortress. They have about 8,000 troops there constantly, and the town itself does not contain more than 16,000 people ; so that the whole population is about 24,000 in the town of Coblentz and its citadels. From the bridge on the Moselle down that stream towards its embouchure with the Rhine the prospect is beautiful. Looking up towards its origin or fountain, the scenery is grand and picturesque indeed. Coblentz had a convent belonging to the Jesuits, which is rather remarkable for its age than for its beauty ; and in this building there are capacious cellars, which are still shown, lofty and wide enough for a loaded stage-coach to be easily driven round them, and capable of containing about 70,000 gallons of wine in vats. The monks, and abbots, and princely prelates of former times used to keep thousands and thousands of gallons of the richest wine. They used to think that it was congenial to the character of a priest to have a good full goblet, that he might be ‘a merry old soul.’ There was not much of piety amongst them—there was

rather more of indulgence, and the memorials of this indulgence continue to this day.

The French crossed over^d at Coblenz, but they had to retreat again from Leipsic. They had built a monument to commemorate their visit to Coblenz, and it was just about being finished, when they found it convenient, or, perhaps, necessary, to withdraw. They had carved an inscription upon it, signifying that they, as conquerors, had passed along this great highway in their progress toward Russia; had broken through the fortress which had heretofore been reckoned impregnable, and valued as the key of the Rhine; and that they were triumphant. The Russian general, St. Priest, followed them as they retreated and crossed the Rhine on their route again to France, and with roguish humour—not often does it seem natural to a Russian to exercise much wit, but the commandant of the pursuing force had wit, and knew how to embody the very soul of it at the expense of the French, for he briefly added to their inscription—“Vu et approuvé par nous,” &c.,—“We have seen this and approve of it;” as much as to say, it is a monument for us, and such a monument for the French as proves their glorying to have been premature. “Let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off.”

A church is pointed out in the guide-books, and by local antiquaries, as worthy of note, because within it (St. Castor) in the year 843, nine years after its erection, the grandsons of Charlemagne met to make a partition of their grandfather's empire into the three divisions, France, Italy, and Germany. Here is a tomb of the fourteenth century, commemorating Cuno, the Archbishop of Treves. The Emperor Louis of Bavaria here installed Edward III. of England, whom he had invited thither to dignify, as vicar of the empire. The building itself shows no beauty or peculiarity of architecture; it is, however, distinguished by its four towers and its position in the corner

of land, on either side of which the two rivers flow, and at the angle of which they join in one. I examined it, and looked for the *Stamm Haus*, the family mansion in which Metternich was born. I also went in quest of the Town-hall and the original *castle* of the Electors of Treves, now converted into a manufactory of Japan ware, but erected in 1558. The modern palace of these electors I explored without much interest, though built by the uncle of Louis XVIII., the last elector of Treves, in 1786. It now contains the Palace of Justice, the almost only open court in all Germany, and was occupied as a barrack by the French. I attended at the Palace Chapel, where the service of the English Episcopal Church was performed by two clergymen, and where a sermon was preached, without awakening much sympathy in my bosom. There was more shipping craft moored at Coblentz than I had seen on any other part of the Rhine. The mouths of the Moselle and of the Lahn, combined with its central relation to the great river itself, have rendered this port a greater entrepôt of trade than other less favoured places: wines, Seltzer waters, corn, iron, potter's clay, stone ware, volcanic lava, and timber, constitute the material of exportation for Holland, Britain, and France. Here I enjoyed the pleasure of being introduced to several mercantile friends, from whom I obtained much information and seasonable advice, which served to direct my further movements, and to render permanent and agreeable my associations with German society. I was pleased with the general aspect of this city, both in the antique old town and in the more showy and fortified part called the New Town.

From Coblentz I took the Eil-wagon, as it is called, and went up towards Treves. Treves is by reputation the oldest city in Northern Europe. There is an inscription which I read upon the Rathaus, as it is called, or the Town-house, which states, "before Rome was, Treves

stood." I dare say it is rather a chronological adventure, a dream of Gaseony, a boast on the part of some modern retailer of tradition. However, it was a populous and prosperous city fifty-eight years before the Christian era, and was considered as the second capital of the western world, the second Roman capital of Europe, for many ages. Treves may be reached in about fifteen hours' travelling; the road passes through some of the most romantic scenery, interspersed and varied with other districts which are uninviting, where few comforts and none of the luxuries of life could be procured by a traveller. A drink of milk was the most refreshing beverage I could obtain on the journey. In one place, looking down from the verge of a mountain on which we stood, we saw a river winding its course and losing itself, as it were, at each bend of its current, so that it seemed to the traveller to be six parallel rivers; and if he was unaware of the nature of the country or the locality, he might imagine, from his mountain position, that this meandering stream flowed in the channel of six different rivers. So completely did the hills shut in the course of the stream on every side of this valley, through which the mysterious rivulet found its doubtful channel, that you would have conjectured it was utterly impossible for the water to find an outlet; and that it must have perforated a passage for itself under the hills, in order to make its exit. This stream is called the Issbach, or Ues, and wends a meandering course down by the village of Alf, and empties itself in the Moselle, contiguous to the Marienburg. Here is combined the richest, the most beautiful of the Moselle scenery; an undulating amphitheatre of forest-covered hills, verging and darkening the horizon, and inclosing vine-clad slopes, water-side villages, and old ruined castles, with the once-famed Arras fortress; and giving to the whole the *beau coup d'œil*, called Prinzenkopfchen. If, from the ferry at Schweich, where the Eil-wagon crosses the Moselle again, prior to

entering Treves, I were to cast a retrospect upon the route from Coblentz, I should but imperfectly convey the impressions of my own mind.

In my brief and pleasant tour between Coblentz and Treves, I had the gratification of forming one of a party, in which were a Prussian medical officer and a Bavarian civilian; the latter evincing all the courtesy and affable familiarity on common topics of the cultivated gentleman; much of the learning and versatility of the refined scholar; and a large measure of the reserve and mystery on politics of a diplomatist serving under an arbitrary government. I enjoyed his kindness and converse; and not less the bluff, frank, soldier-like familiarity, and readiness to inform, and accommodate, or assist, which my medical companion discovered. Their education gave them advantages; and their knowledge of the country through which we were passing enabled them to instruct me. Their vernacular tongue would have served me as a most defective medium; but we were, happily, all three partially conversant with the language of ancient Rome; and made our inquiries, at first, with some hesitation, but ultimately with more fluency, in the Latin tongue. The valley of the Ahr, the Upper and Lower Eifel, and the Schneifel, or snowy Eifel country, lay to our right, and invited to many curious and antique researches. The geological formations, the volcanic eruptions; the bleak, sterile spots; the verdant and picturesque nooks and vales; the monkish, electoral, and castellated remains, which are yet traceable between the points of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne on the one side, and Coblentz and Treves on the other, would give occupation and reward for many days to the geologist and the historian, whether along the left banks of the Rhine and Moselle, or on either bank of the Issbach and the Ahr, the Kyll and the Nette. The Metternichs and the Spanheims, and others, famed in war or diplomacy, traced in this region the birth-place of their families, and the retreats

of their ancestral renown. At Prüm, on the verge of the Snowy Eifel, the Benedictine monks chose in early times the site of a monastery, in a valley sheltered by hills, and shrouded by woods. Superstition or chicanery soon enriched the establishment. Charlemagne bestowed large grants of land; his son Pepin became a monk among its brotherhood; and within its walls the Emperor Lothaire took the cowl, converted his crown into a crucifix, and transferred hither much of his imperial treasure. Hence the possessions of the convent extended to Picardy and St. Goar, Zutphen, Gueldres, and Arnheim; and its abbots acquired the rank of princes. Between Prüm and Lutzerath, the ancestral castle of Marshal Daun is situate; whence that soldier issued to take command of the Austrian armies in the Seven Years' war, and defeat the *great* Frederick at Collin. On an eminent acclivity near to this, will the geologist trace three crater lakes, separated from one another by slender partitions of rocky slate; and not far distant from them, another crater lake, the Merfelder Maar, a perfectly circular basin, a hundred fathoms deep.

Lutzerath is the centre of a series of towns; but I must not stop to describe them. Two miles farther I traversed the road where the Ues meanders, and seems to multiply its channels; giving, by the windings of the road and the turning of the stream, name to the Lutzerather Kehr, and presenting an unparalleled succession of diversified scenes, varying every few rods with umbrageous foliage and volcanic *strata*. The Falconei seems to divide its cone-shaped summit, crested with basalt, and supplying crannies in which the wild falcons may nestle. A cave has been described here as a *cheese-cellar*, from the cheese-like forms of its jointed basaltic columns; the sides, roof, and floor of which have been worn or laid bare by the falling cascade of a mountain rill. Not distant from this are the baths of Bertrich, in a romantic and secluded spot, sequestered by hills, and almost canopied by woods;

through which retired and picturesque walks have been cut in an agreeable manner. In ascending some of the steeper declivities, which our Diligence had to climb, I repeatedly preferred the pedestrian's mode of progress; and thus had a closer view of the habitations and manners of the people. The progress of civilization, whether by Roman conquest or monkish convents, has been miserably slow. From the Roman Itinerary, and other sources, we are assured that Agrippa superintended a great *Roman highway* from Cologne to Treves; to which, either then or afterward, were added aqueducts to supply the imperial stations with water. The country was then wild, and almost uninhabited; but the Romans erected places, called *mutationes*, for changing horses employed by the couriers; and posts, designated *mansiones*, for the accommodation of troops as in a garrison, and the entertainment of the emperors when they journeyed through the country.

But the region, which is a track of high land, and bleak in climate as well as barren in soil, though abounding in woods, with here and there an opening and beautiful view, is even yet inhabited by a rude and unpolished people; their houses and persons alike slovenly, and corresponding with their wild and secluded condition. They are just the population among whom the sacred tunic of Treves^a would perform wonders. They are ignorant and superstitious. Not contented with the holidays and festivals appointed by papal authority or monastic tradition, each village has a patron *saint* of its own; to honour whom, feasts are celebrated. The province of such tutelary idol is peculiar; assigning some particular class of diseases to its care. "Thus, St. Apollonia is invoked in cases of tooth-ach; St. Blaize to avert sore throats; St. Lambert to cure epilepsy; St. Odeliz^b, for sore eyes; St. Lucia, for other complaints; St. Gertrude is employed to drive away rats; and St. Wendelin is looked upon as the protector of cattle! On their anniversaries, the people flock in

crowds to the places dedicated to these tutelary quacks, so rich in remedies; bringing offerings, not only in money, but also of butter, eggs, pigs' heads, &c., which give their shrines the appearance of a market-place rather than a place of worship. Upon those days no work is done; and the evening concludes usually in drinking and gambling."

Treves is remarkable for various antiquities, that still remain. It is a town containing about 14,000 inhabitants; and is as much characterised for what we would call superstition, as Cologne.

The chief cathedral, of St. Helen and St. Peter, into which I entered—at least, parts of it—has stood for more than 1500 years. Supposed to have been the imperial residence of Helena, mother of Constantine, it is described as having consisted originally of nine arches; the central arch being the strength of the others, and upheld by four colossal pillars. The capitals of these pillars, in Corinthian architecture, are still visible in the interior. Three of the pillars were, it is affirmed, built into the walls of the cathedral, by bishop Poppo, in the eleventh century, lest they should go to decay. These principal pillars supported the dome. While in its greatest magnificence and splendour, one of the pillars broke down, leaving its Corinthian capital; and remains a mighty fragment of antiquity at the door of the cathedral. The building inside is beautiful and spacious, notwithstanding its tawdry and warlike monuments of ambitious electors and contentious archbishops, who aspired to be lords over God's heritage. The style is denominated Byzantine, or Romanesque, with round arches; and the east choir, later in its erection than the other parts, is peculiarly light and graceful. Under the guidance of my Bavarian fellow-traveller, I inspected its diversified ornaments, and especially its carved pulpit; though I saw nothing of the inlaid ivory and wooden Mosaic, spoken of in guide-books. The sacred tunic,

which for safety had been, in past days, built into the wall, was now removed to the archiepiscopal palace, preparatory to its approaching exhibition. I was assured that a letter of a friend would have prevailed for me with his *Grace's* chaplain to show me this vesture woven without seam, which it is alleged Jesus wore on the day of his crucifixion: but I did not then anticipate that the garment was so speedily to exercise a reforming influence; and my curiosity or credulity was not strong enough to move me.

I looked on this building far more as a secular link of connection with the early history of Western Europe, than as a fragment of Italian superstition. I thought of Julius Cæsar and his allies, the Treviri. I recalled the Emperor Augustus and his colony, the Augustus Trevirorum, on whom he bestowed the privileges of a senate and magistrates of their own—this was the capital of Belgic Gaul, whose provinces spread out over the whole of Spain and Britain. Julian, Valentinian, Valens, Gratian, and Theodosius, had, after Constantius and Constantine, resided here as emperors, and had governed not only the western part of the empire, but Rome itself; and under such auspices it had prospered in manufactures, in commerce and wealth, in learning and the arts: and its advancement had been so rapid and extensive, that Ausonius, preceptor of Gratian, Valentinian's son, lauds it as the second metropolis of the empire. All the morbid superstitions of papal times, all the perversions and vicious taste of electoral archbishops and princely arch-chancellors, who laboured to deface and transform Roman magnificence, or render it subservient to clerical delusions, have not been able to obliterate the remains of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, when the wealth of the empire poured its streams within the porta nigra of Treves. Marlborough, in the War of the Succession, made this city the victim of war and English aggression; and revolutionary France sent

her legions, and commissioned her hero Napoleon to lay it under tribute; and yet it eloquently speaks of Roman grandeur and imperial power.

I passed on from the cathedral, in front of the Liebfrauenkirche, or Church of our Lady, reputed a building of the most elegant, graceful structure, in the pointed style, and bearing date from the early part of the thirteenth century; contiguous to which I saw the residence of the present archbishop; and was shown the building, now used as a barrack, which was once the palace of the electors, and is conjectured by some to have originally been the Roman *Basilica*: the local guides denominate it Constantine's Palace; but its common name is Heidenthurm, or Heathen's Tower. It was a hall of entertainment, or for costly and splendid exhibitions, or spectacles given by the emperors of Rome. The walls stand, in some places, ten feet thick; and the bricks are as close, as compact, as regular and smooth in their surface to-day, as they probably were when they were building, 1500 years ago. They stand at a height of ninety feet, in some places, from the ground. I inspected and scrutinized the construction of the wall of this ancient edifice with great interest, and felt as if the place associated me with events and men 1500 years ago. The bricks altogether differ from the shape and subsistence of modern composition. They are about 2 inches, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in thickness; and then about the same space is filled with a species of lime, or mixture, or rubble; so that the brick and the mortar lie alternately in equal layers. The mixture has become as tenacious and adamantine as the brick itself; and constitutes a building, which it would require cannon of the heaviest metal to overthrow, or mines of tremendous power to blow up and destroy. The walls, after the lapse of a hundred ages, are a consolidated mass, without a crack or decaying rent throughout. I entered this immense pile, and strayed from one quarter to another; explored the winding stair-

case, which does display much rich and elaborate carving, and is most capacious: its breadth and landings, as if designed, not for occasional passage, but for thronging troops and crowding myriads hastening to pass from one scene to another. These majestic tenements are now the transitory dwelling-place of a lounging soldiery; the mercenaries of despotic power, little able and less inclined to appreciate the skill of the architect, or the wealth of the founder, and the character of the times of which these fragments speak.

I thence directed my course in front of the palace, toward the Bader Pallast, the thermæ of Roman luxury. These thermæ were baths that the Romans reckoned necessary appendages for every populous town, and expended on their construction much contrivance and wealth, so as to provide every temperature required for sickness or enjoyed in health. They were provided at the cost of the community; and certainly were large enough, if they were not also intended, for the citizens generally. The walls and apartments of the baths at Treves remain to this day, displaying imperial power and resources of the supreme government, which ruled here when Rome was in her meridian strength. The Huns, Goths, and Vandals of the middle ages, had not yet made their ruinous incursions when these structures were designed and executed. Here are pipes and conduits for conveying cold and hot water; places for heating the water; places in which to reserve immense quantities of water, when collected, for replenishing the baths, and supplying the multitudes who might require its renewal. A provision was made here for numbers of them, who could swim at one time; other places, again, were allotted and prepared in the same building, where only one could take his quiet and refreshing bath in every variety of accommodation. You can trace in the ruins and fragments the remains of this ancient and luxurious comfort. You have no such thing at Manchester, nor in our other large and populous places. But, since I am

confident it would be conducive not only to cleanliness and comfort, but also to health, I wish you had. Treves is as destitute of any adventitious stimulus to the spirit of enjoyment, of indulgence in the bath, as is Manchester: yet the Romans, nearly two thousand years ago, erected baths for their common people, as well as for their enfranchised or titled and wealthy citizens. When you have secured your Manchester parks, I hope you will provide for Manchester baths, to be accessible for the poor as well as the rich.

Another vestige of Roman antiquity, though not so attractive to my mind, was the spacious amphitheatre, or circus, for games and combats. The amphitheatre at Treves, is a wide enclosed space, oval in shape, and longer than circular, built for the purposes of sports with wild beasts, or for athletic games; for gladiatorial combats; not only for conflicts of wild beasts with one another, the lion with the tiger, or the buffalo with the elephant: but for the more savage amusements which cast men to the lions, or compelled them to contend with such beasts defended only by the least aggressive weapons; occasionally too, the gladiators were doomed to mortal combat with one another. Constantine, that is called the Great, it has been affirmed, had repeated displays (A. D. 306 and 313) of such games, such amusements, in order that he might entertain and gratify the people at Treves. He was disposed to exhibit, and he usually had the games exhibited at the expense of the Germans who were his captives. But the chroniclers of those times, in fawning and subservient adulation, magnify his liberality as having on one occasion provided "*magnificum spectaculum et famosa supplicia*," when he brought so great a number of captives for the Frankish sports into this place, the very place where I now stood, that the savage beasts, which had been trained and employed for the purpose of combat with human antagonists, or whose appetite for blood had been whetted by

abstinence, desisted of their own accord, having sufficiently glutted themselves ; and, gorged with their prey, lay down refusing to kill or contend with their wretched victims. But more sport was required to satiate the appetite of the assembled multitude ; and to please them, the emperor and his friends commanded that the poor Germans should be compelled to fight among themselves, till one of each two was mortally wounded. Whether it be only a legendary tradition, or an authenticated fact, I know not ; but it is recorded that rather than contend in such sanguinary brutality, the savages, as they were reckoned, preferred to fall upon their own weapons, dying voluntarily, rather than be the instruments of mutual destruction. Yet Constantine the Great could sit and witness this scene !

This was a mode of theatrical entertainment common to Grecian and Roman cities, and to it my young friends will remember the apostle's allusion, " If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not ? " The provincial cities, or imperial colonies of Rome, imitated their metropolis, and indulged in this cruel exhibition with great avidity. Bulwer describes such games in his legend of Pompeii ; and as his description enabled me to form, as I believe, a more correct conception of the scene than otherwise I possessed, I shall here present an abridgment of his truly graphic representation of the amphitheatre in the midst of the games. But first we may glance at what was called the *rivaria*, the cell in which the wild beasts were confined prior to the sports : their dens were usually separate, but on the day which preceded the combats the animals were congregated under one covering. The fell and grim wanderers of the desert ; the lion incited to ferocity by hunger, stalking restlessly and fiercely to and fro his narrow confines, his eyes livid with rage and famine ; every now and then the savage beast would pause and glare around. But the tiger, not so famished, extended quiet, and at full

length in his cage; only by an occasional play of his tail, or a long impatient yawn, testifying any emotion at his confinement or his spectators. In the same company the gladiators, Lydon and Niger, looking on and measuring their own limbs by contrast, and their chances by omens or the casual expressions of the hustling mob; while the sight-seeking and excitement-loving multitude were chanting,—

“Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show,
With a forest of faces in every row;
Tramp, tramp, how gaily they go,
Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show!”

On the upper tier (but apart from the male spectators) were seated on the day of sport, the women, their gay dresses resembling some gaudy flower-bed. On the lower seats round the arena, sat the more high-born and wealthy visitors, the magistrates and those of senatorial dignity; passages by corridors at the right and left at either end of the oval arena, gave access to those seats, and were entrances for the combatants. Palings at such passages confined the beasts to their appointed prey, and protected the audience from their movements. Gladiatorial inscriptions, and fresco paintings emblematic of the entertainments, occupied the parapet raised above the arena. Throughout the whole building pipes, not perceptible, were laid, from which as the day advanced, cooling and fragrant showers were sprinkled over the spectators: a vast awning was stretched over the whole circumference; and, variegated with broad crimson stripes, sheltered the spectators from the noon-day sun. With a loud and warlike flourish of trumpets, the gladiators marshalled in ceremonious procession, entered the arena, and moved round the space slowly and deliberately, that the spectators might have full leisure to admire and estimate their brawny limbs and various weapons. Here was the *retiarius*, or netter, carry-

ing his three-pronged spear, and his net; his antagonist, a gladiator, stood bearing a round shield and drawn sword without body-armour. Other combatants prepared in Greek fashion to fight almost naked, first with the *cestus*, (a leather thong loaded with lead for the pugilist,) and then with sword and shield. Yet others again appeared mounted on prancing steeds, armed *cap-à-pié*, bearing lances and round shields, armour intricately woven with bands of iron, covering only the thighs and right arms; their legs naked, except for sandals; and short cloaks, gracing rather than clothing their bodies, down to the seat. Sham fights preceded the more serious tumults of passion and revenge.

The usual preliminary indulgence was the combat between a *convict* or a religious martyr, and wild beasts, and which was almost certain to terminate in the death of the human victim: the lion and some criminal heathen; the tiger and some persecuted Nazarene. We have no modern symbol, not even Spanish bull-fights, with which to compare this scene. A vast theatre, rising row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number; intent upon no fictitious representation—no tragedy of the stage—but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death of each and all who entered the arena! How I felt when I trod the very soil on which the sand and saw-dust were sprinkled to receive the life's blood, flowing from the death wounds of a virtuous man brought here to afford sport to myriads; and where the shouts of the populace maddened by the scene, mingled with the groans of the pierced, reeling, and falling murdered gladiator, it would be impossible for me to describe; and hardly would it be conceivable, that immediately after, the cheer of welcome would greet the appearance of six new mortal combatants; the *retiarius*, and his net, matched by an antagonist bearing his shield and short broad sword; the matched pugilists, naked, and

each only armed with the death-dealing Greek *cestus*; and the two Roman gladiators clad in complete steel, equally armed with immense bucklers and pointed swords.

I could not here form any conception of the excitement which prevailed in the midst of ghastly wounds and streaming gore for sport: but I could lift my heart to God in grateful praise that the benign religion of Christ has conquered the sanguinary Molochs of polished Greece and civilized Rome.* On this spot where I now moralized, some such event occurred as may be thus described:—they stood for some moments, each eyeing each, until the swordsman, slowly, and with great caution, began to advance his sword's point toward the breast of his net-bearing foe. The *retiarius* retreating, gathered up his net with his right hand, and holding his three-pronged spear in his left hand, never withdrew his eye from the movements of the swordsman. As the latter approached till nearly within arm's length, the *retiarius* suddenly threw himself forward and cast his *net*. The gladiator now saved himself from the deadly snare by a quick jerk of the body, and rushed upon his almost defenceless and not now dangerous antagonist. But the *retiarius* had already drawn in his net, thrown it over his shoulder, and now fled round the lists with a swiftness which the ponderous gladiator could not equal, amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators. A second time the net was cast, and unsuccessfully, whilst the flight of the *retiarius* this time was not with sufficient agility, and he had in this encounter received a wound in the right leg from the swordsman, which incapacitated him for flight, and compelled to closer combat. He could yet, however, boast of advantages in his height and length of arm, and keeping his trident at the front of his foe, he successfully repelled him for several minutes; now the enthusiasm of the populace was excited and fixed. The swordsman sought his advantage by rapidity of evolution, striving to circumvent the *retiarius*, who moved round

in his own defence with pain and slowly. The gladiator lost his caution ; in his confidence advanced too near his adversary, and, raising his arm to strike, received the three points of the fatal spear full in his breast. He sank on his knee. In a moment more the deadly net was cast over him—he struggled against its meshes in vain—again, again, again, he writhed mutely beneath the fresh strokes of the trident, his blood flowed fast through the net, and redly over the sand. He was defeated. The conquering *retiarius* withdrew his net, and leaning on his spear, waited the judgment of the audience. They had no mercy. The gladiator felt that his doom was sealed : he uttered no prayer, no groan. The people gave the signal of death. In dogged but agonized submission he bent his neck to receive the fatal stroke. The headsmen stalked into the arena, a grim and fatal form, brandishing a short sharp sword, under a vizor. With slow and measured steps this minister of popular brutality approached the gladiator, still in bending submission, laid his left hand on his humbled crest—drew the edge of his blade across the neck of the victim—turned round to the assembly—the dread signal continued the same. The sword glittered brightly in the air, fell, and the gladiator rolled upon the sand, his limbs quivered, were still, and his headless trunk was dragged at once from the arena, through the gate of death, and thrown into the gloomy den termed the *spoliarium*. Such, and marked by even greater cruelty, were the spectacles witnessed by the congregated thousands for whom this amphitheatre was built, and with whom it was often thronged. Such were the delights which the deities of Greece and Rome, and the priests who ministered at their shrines, and the rulers who upheld their claims to worship, sanctioned and provided for the favoured millions of the Roman empire in its most chivalrous times.

The arena of this amphitheatre was excavated from the solid rock, and carefully levelled, and is said to have been

234 feet long, and 155 broad. I measured the number of paces, and found the open space as now exposed about eighty paces in length, and about seventy in depth. But from this rose up, in retreating and ascending tiers of benches, the seats for the spectators. Deep channels for water were dug round and through the centre, supplied by an aqueduct from the stream of the river. I climbed up and strolled round, and sought to trace all the characteristic mementos of the people and the times. The walls are about five or six feet thick; beyond the walls rose the benches, built of brick, and supported by the earth dug to excavate the arena. Under these tiers of benches were passages, the *vomitoria*, through which they could bring the wild beasts, or through which they might conduct the human victims with which they were to contend. These passages were bored through the hill, and communicated with Treves. One of them, supposed to have led to the emperor's private box, is now converted into a wine-cellar to receive the juice of the generous grape which now grows on the soil above. Some have estimated the dimensions of this amphitheatre as not more than sufficient to contain 6,000 spectators. I think they under-estimate its size; and this measurement does not correspond with the statement that here Constantine exposed *many* thousand Frankish prisoners to be torn by the wild beasts. The memorial is, however, sufficient as the remains of Roman brutality.

There is another antique remain, whether of Frankish or of Roman architecture, at Treves, which is supposed to have been built in the middle of the old city. It is now called the Porta Nigra, or "The Black Gate." The Schwartzes Thor, its German name, is a most beautiful, I cannot call it ungraceful, though fantastic structure. In style it has been characterised by massive Roman simplicity. It stands now at the gate of Treves; was probably built about A. D. 320, as the capitol or forum. About the 11th century, a man called Simcon, of Syracuse,

came from the Holy Land, after travelling as a palmer monk, and dwelling as an anchorite in the convent of Mount Sinai, and took his position on the top of the highest pinnacle of this lofty structure. He was but an imitator of the Stylite. I should suppose it was higher than any building in Manchester. Here he sat day and night, till his eccentricity rather than his holiness, acquired for him a reputation as a saint:—

The people wonder'd, and still the wonder grew.

This very wonderful man being a monk, must in his *exalted* and ascetic austerities be devout, and his devotions would give him great prevalence with heaven: and with such pretensions and popular suffrage Archbishop Poppo, in the same century, naturally concluded the monk ought to be canonized. They made a saint of him, enrolling him in the calendar of the church, and consecrating the scene of his idleness as the church of St. Simeon. Because he spent his days and nights upon the top of this pinnacle, they canonized him, not only at Treves, but also in the holy Catholic Church of Rome; and they modified this gorgeous and interesting monument of antiquity as a temple to his fame. It became an episcopal building; three churches were constructed out of the colossal edifice, one above another, and were occupied till the close of the eighteenth century for the rites of the papacy. I mention it not merely for this historical fact, but merely to illustrate the origin and virtues of papal canonization. I went through the various chambers from the base to the loftiest summit, from what had recently become subterranean and, dungeon-like to the semicircular apsis which Poppo added, and left to be set apart as a kind of episcopal mausoleum. Stones of six feet in length, and three feet in thickness, were reared one upon another, through the whole edifice, so as to rise to perhaps 150 feet in height; stones of that massiveness were morticed one into another without a

handful of lime between them, closely joined so that you could not put a penknife between them, without any appearance of cement, or any means of securing adhesion.

Bonaparte visited Treves, and he was more ambitious of conquest than of canonized renown; rather than the relics of the superstitious, he was in quest of necessities, the material of a military chest to discharge his warlike engagements. He discovered that these immense piles of building were clenched with bars of iron, and he directed his soldiery to break away the corners of the stones in order that they might extract the iron and cast it into ball, that he might complete his conquests and extend his empire. To this day the Porta Nigra bears the memorials of Bonaparte's visit, and the proof of Bonaparte's unscrupulous purpose to appropriate whatever came in his way that would serve the business of war. The Prussian government had undertaken the removal of the ecclesiastical *addenda*, and of the earth which ages had accumulated. They have not renovated the capitol, but they have restored the ruin to its secular associations.

There is just another of the antiquities of this city which I must mention; it is the bridge over the Moselle. This bridge was built before the Christian era, and built of immense piles of volcanic stone, which must have been brought in all probability some eighty or a hundred miles, from near Lake Laacher. This granite stone, clenched with iron, remains undecayed and uncorroding. Its huge blocks having encountered the current of the Moselle river for the last 2,000 years, are just as permanent as when they were first *laid down* in the bed of the ceaseless stream. That bridge, as they built it, would in all its completeness have stood to this day, but for the French; who, in their warlike achievements during the times of Louis XIV., took possession of Treves, and when it appeared subservient to their vanity or their power, blew up the arches of the bridge. Thus it was necessary to rebuild

the upper part of the bridge, and to give the structure a more modern character and appearance. But I felt in standing upon it, and looking down to its everlasting piers and iron bound blocks, where the murmuring and rolling river had flowed for thousands of years with a force and majesty which the accumulation of ages could not decrease, that I was holding sympathy, through it, with the master spirits of the Augustan era, with the historians of Rome; that I was communing with the projects and achievements undertaken 2,000 years ago; gazing upon the same things as the thoughtful men of imperial Rome, Tacitus and his contemporaries, had contemplated, and admiring works that their enterprise and skill had wrought.

I sought out and visited whatever was curious in Treves; wandered into the country, and cast my eyes on Luxemburg, whose territory almost touches upon Treves. On the banks of the Moselle I found sweet and sequestered scenes, inviting and fertile: Pallien, its rocky dell, its cliff-enclosed water mills, and its tall, bold, single arched bridge, thrown over the ravine by Napoleon; Igel, on the ancient Roman highway, and its saule; a Roman structure, a tetragon obelisk of sandstone seventy feet high, with carvings, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions; referred by some to the time of the Antonines, by others to Constantine's era: great excellence is ascribed to it as a work of art, as a successful combination of monumental architecture and sculptural decorations, and as a record of bygone times.

I have already alluded to the "sacred tunic," the coat of Treves. Events which occurred almost simultaneously with my visit, which were, indeed, then in embryo, and have since attracted the attention of Europe, require that I should not so slightly dismiss the claims and connections of the *seamless vesture* which has been the glory of Treves, and may be reckoned its disgrace, but which I hope will be the confusion of Rome, and a star of morning light to reformed Germany. I was gravely

told by one who thought it no folly or delusion, that the Empress Helena made a present of it to the church, which she had devoted and enriched at Treves. These pretensions were propounded, I thought, unambiguously and directly. But I was ignorant of what was then in progress with the highest sanction. In the month of July, two days prior to my sojourn on the Moselle, Arnoldi, the archbishop, and his coadjutors, by the powers vested in them, or by a mandate from the Vatican, had issued an authoritative proclamation, though it was not yet published, reiterating this assumption, but admitting that from the fourth to the ninth century it had lain in concealment.

The first public representation took place in 1196. To Frederick I. is attributed the honour of reviving the attention of the inhabitants to the great treasure held within their city. Three hundred years again elapsed, during which it had fallen into obscurity; but, in 1514, Maximilian I., to give pomp and distinction to a *diet* held in Treves, under the auspices of a bull of Leo X., proclaiming complete absolution to all who, in the proper spirit, made a pilgrimage to Treves, and contributed to the expenses of the spectacle, caused it to be exposed to the adoration of the inhabitants. In the three centuries which followed, it was again exhibited; when the German diet was convened here, and the city filled with princes, princesses, and crowds of devout pilgrims. The French Revolution threatened its sanctity as well as security, and it was carried to Ehrenbreitstein, or to Patmos. When the Rhine provinces received their new political organization, the *coat* was made the subject of diplomatic discussion between France, Nassau, and Bavaria; the last Elector of Treves, and the bishop, Carl Maunay. Its last display occurred in 1810; when, according to the boast of the *local* ecclesiastics, order prevailed, universal devotion and edification were manifested, though, nightly, between twenty and thirty thousand persons were quartered in the

city. "Thirty-four years have now elapsed (this authorized document affirms) since our city found within its walls 200,000 strangers, all actuated by a pious longing after this holy relic, before which they might present their adoration, and, in lively feelings of devotion, strengthen themselves in the faith and love of the Lord." . . .

"The youth of our city have (since) grown to ripe manhood; and, accordingly, they have expressed the wish that the venerable relic should be once more exhibited. These pious wishes *could not remain unknown* to our worthy bishop; who, indeed, had *previously* resolved to meet them. Before his consecration in 1842, when he met Prince Metternich in Coblenz, who is, from reasons known only to few, in possession of one of the *holy nails*:" (most wonderful prince! and more wonderful treasure!) "and who then promised to restore that which was the rightful property of the cathedral of Treves—the bishop had determined to signalise the *event of the restoration of the holy nail* by exhibiting both the *nail* and the *coat* to the religious worship of the people. But the promised return of the *nail* has not yet taken place: notwithstanding, in the present year, the bishop resolved to satisfy the general desire expressed for the exhibition of the holy coat." I must give the close of this wonderful address. "The believing sight of this pre-eminently sacred relic, with which had been connected, in a manner so immediate and impressive, the associations with the whole life and sufferings of the Saviour, must at once cause many overpowering thoughts and feelings to be awakened in the soul: so that one must feel himself involuntarily torn asunder by them, and believe that he is placed in the immediate presence of the body of our Lord. In all these lively associations, the Christian believes that he hears the voice of Him who wore this raiment, proclaiming the words of eternal truth, and exhorting sinners to repentance: he believes the holy garment encompassed with that brilliancy of light which,

on Mount Tabor, made Peter exclaim, 'It is good to be here : ' he believes that it is covered with that sweat which bedewed his face on the Mount of Olives. Hence the phenomenon, that often hard-hearted men were led, by the sight of the holy coat, and the feelings of devotion thereby awakened, to turn into themselves : their heart has melted like ice before the heat of the sun ; and thus have they been brought back to God, and his means of grace in the church. O ! may many such miracles take place in these days which are now approaching ! May God bless the resolutions of the faithful, who come on a pilgrimage to our venerable cathedral, guide their steps on the road to the august sanctuary, and infuse devotion and love into their souls." After these preliminaries, it was announced, " This holy relic will accordingly be exhibited for a period of six weeks, beginning with the 18th of August, in order to satisfy those who may have the pious intention of proceeding to Treves, to worship the holy garment of our Divine Saviour by immediate view ; each of whom will, according to the Bull of Pope Leo the Tenth, dated 26th January, 1511, receive *complete absolution*. Accordingly, we intimate to all within the bishopric, what we believe to be called for, that there should not be a too numerous streaming together of the faithful on the same day, causing disorder and confusion ; and also, that no neighbourhood may be deprived, to too great an extent, of its inhabitants. Accordingly, it is required that two separate days be allocated for each part of the bishopric, so as to divide the number of those who intend to come to Treves ; and also that the localities for particular days be so arranged as to prevent the crowding together of too many pilgrims on the same line of road."

On the morning of the 18th of August, all the bells in the churches were made to announce that the ceremony had actually begun. The steamers on the Moselle were crowded with passengers, who disembarked amid the dis-

charge of cannon. All kinds of vehicles, in addition to the regular post conveyances, were called into requisition; and the romantic appearance and interest of the whole was enlivened and enhanced by the motley groups of pilgrims, in all varieties of costume, who had made the journey on foot. Pontifical high mass was performed by Dr. Win. Arnoldi. An oration of Dr. Braun followed, bearing upon the great event of the day. Then came the exhibition and elevation of the relic, and at ten o'clock the procession of pilgrims commenced. 'Gens-d'armes' were stationed without; the clergy of the cathedral within; whilst, in the immediate neighbourhood of the relic, was a guard of honour, composed of the most respectable of the citizens, and recognised by their silk sashes over the shoulder, in the yellow and red colours of the city. Benches were placed from the portal, on the right side of the cathedral, to the choir; and between these the procession moved.

Each of the pilgrims was allowed to stand a short time before the relic; yet so vast was the concourse, that between one and two thousand are reported to have passed in the short space of an hour. The relic itself was placed near the altar, in a golden frame with a glass front, at a considerable distance from it; its shape resembling a French blouse, the colour somewhat brown; though the poor peasantry were taught to believe that, to every eye, it presented a combination of colours entirely distinct. An opening was made on each side of the frame, to allow the hand to come in contact with the relic; and whatever did touch it was believed to acquire a peculiar sanctity. A deep basin was placed in front, to receive the offerings of the pilgrims, which were to be given to the cathedrals of Cologne and Treves, and to a Catholic seminary in the latter city. For twelve hours did the service last each day; opening and closing by the chimes of the cathedral bells. Band after band advanced. The clergy marched with their parishioners. Between the 18th and 27th of August,

1844, 112,224 persons were reported in the police-lists as having come into the city; but the multitudes who came in and left the same day were not reported. Afterward the influx increased, and the hourly resort of pilgrims, day and night, averaged ultimately from 1500 to 1700 passing through the city. The number who had visited the relic as holy, and were, therefore, classed as devout pilgrims, up to the last day of the exhibition, on the 7th of October, was estimated as not far short of 1,600,000 persons. Fifty days the exhibition lasted; and, take the lowest number specified at 1,200,000, the daily average will be 24,000 pilgrims; while the recipients of the revenue boast of a daily aggregate at 32,000 devotees. Cures, it was alleged, were wrought, and sins were pardoned; while indulgence to the transgressor was sold; and the German newspapers shouted triumph, or contested the authenticity of the holy coat. The hundreds of thousands who resorted thither went from all parts of the surrounding provinces; some of them travelling, on foot, twenty, fifty, and a hundred miles. Like the crusaders of old, all the sufferings and hardships of the journey were forgotten as they approached the holy city; while sacred music ever and anon filled the air, and soothed the fatigues of long travelling. Places three hundred miles distant poured in their tributary streams. Thousands of these pilgrims proceeded as devotees to this shrine, at an expense of many pounds; doubtless some would expend their hundreds. The total cost of the exhibition cannot be measured by what was collected into the archbishop's coffer.

Can it be wondered that, during this excitement, the cry should come from the east, which, "like the roar of the lion in the desert," would silence all the voices of inferior note, and electrify Germany? Rude and pithy, Luther-like in its style and meaning, "the judgment of a Catholic priest, M. Johannes Ronge, on the holy coat of Treves," instantly roused attention: and from its date, October 1st,

till now, its echoes reverberate, and sound like thunder in the mountains of Silesia, in the *walds* of Saxony, along the banks of the Elbe, the Oder, the Main, the Rhine, and the Moselle. In my simplicity I had inquired, "What is this rag, which is kept by the Archbishop of Treves?—why was it intrusted to him for security and safety?—and whence arose the necessity that it should be built into the wall of the cathedral?—and what virtue was in it, that it should be taken from its strong tower only on great occasions, to be shown to travellers of distinction, or to crowding myriads convened by archiepiscopal invitation, that they might come in their devotion to worship?" And the reply was, "It is the robe without seam, woven from the top throughout that Christ wore when he was crucified." The declaration was positive, that *that is the robe*. I had answered, "It must have been remarkably preserved, of course. But how did the soldier, to whom it fell when the lot was cast, preserve it for posterity?—Was its virtue so efficacious as to accomplish his conversion?—Was he inspired with holy Catholic zeal, though a Roman heathen soldier, to keep it?—How, having treasured it while he lived, did he contrive, without any apostolic declaration or revelation, to place it into safe keeping for three hundred years, till the empress Helena obtained possession of it? And how, through the chequered scenes of changing time, should this frail garment be guarded and perpetuated, so that it is now safe, and a sacred relic, and worshipped with all the solemnity of a pilgrimage?" Such were questions to which I could elicit no satisfactory reply or explanation.

But Johannes Ronge has evoked a spirit of restless inquisitiveness among the miners and thinkers of Germany, which Government censorships or priestly craft will not so easily lull or subdue; set aside or contravene. As vast bodies of the clergy had convened, from distant parts, at Treves, took part in the ceremonial with the lay votaries, and shared in the duties of the mass and the confessional,

they are not only cognizant but responsible, and will be required to answer his demands, or sustain his rebukes and expostulations. They know that to complete the arrangements on the evening of the 23rd, an immense banner, with a red cross on a white ground, was elevated to the top of the cathedral, to direct the weary steps of the pilgrims, and to cheer their hearts as they approached the honoured city: and they will be reminded that, though official authority urgently requested that "*all citizens and strangers should avoid all criticism on religious matters or opinions*," that restriction is not perpetual or satisfactory to those who must give account to God for the deeds done in the body. There is a rebound in all moral agitations and mental impulses: and though the voice of politics was for a time hushed; the busy commerce of the city, and even the harvest labours of the field were silent, and everything like this world's occupations and concerns were all alike neglected, to give pomp and emphasis to the imposing spectacle wherein men's faith was deceived and led astray by a piece of an old garment; it is the character of the times to look for causes, and to trace their connection with effects. The villagers in the vicinity were not the only pilgrims or devotees: the enlightened towns on the Rhine, —Coblentz, Bonn, and Cologne,—sent forth their myriads; and when they returned, the question was mooted and boldly discussed, not only by Protestant professors, but also by Catholic sceptics—how many places pretend to have this very vestment? How many reverend bishops contend for the superior claims of other, perhaps TWENTY tunics? and what virtue has gone out of this coat?—are the pretended cures real or spurious? and the effects, do they come from enthusiasm, virtue, or knowledge? Take one specimen:

On the evening of the 22nd of September, a numerous procession, which had left Cologne nine days before for Treves, returned. This procession was composed chiefly

of the lowest classes, with a vast proportion of women of every age. A body of white-dressed girls had advanced a long way to meet the procession, bearing all kinds of papal emblems in their hands—crucifixes, flowers, anchors, hearts, &c. The pilgrims were all supplied with medals and engravings of the holy coat, as well as with small books containing an account of its history and miracles. These were people who looked poor and miserable, and who evidently had not the means of undertaking such a journey: and yet so great was the passion for visiting Treves, that the pawnbrokers reaped a rich harvest from the desperate madness to collect money enough to supply their bare wants during their absence from home, and to give their votive offerings to be applied as before-mentioned. Cases the most heart-rending have been published, of poor people parting with their last possession to obtain means for the journey, from which they looked for such marvellous results. The sick were even carried thither, with the firm belief that they would be healed; and the debased devotion of the pilgrims broke out in such expressions—“Holy coat, we pray to thee!” “Holy coat, pray for us!” and the like. The higher classes, of course, consulted their own convenience in the modes of travelling—employing the Moselle, and Rhine steamers, or their private conveyances. But it is melancholy to think that such vast bodies of the respectable classes did lend their influence to these unholy expeditions.

On the 7th of October, at 2 p.m., the doors of the cathedral were closed; and the ceremony of removing the holy relic from public view proceeded with, in presence of the whole body of the clergy. At 4 p.m. the doors were re-opened, and Bishop Arnoldi delivered a discourse to a vast audience, on the “Unity of the Church.” At its close began the procession of the civil officials, of teachers of all grades, of merchants and artisans, and of the guard

of honour, dressed in black, with wax torches, through the transept into the choir, to join in the *Te Deum*. After the hymn of St. Ambrose had been sung, accompanied by the thunder of the cannon, and the pealing of all the bells in the city and neighbourhood, the general procession advanced through the chief streets of the city. The committee were in front, followed by the guard of honour. They were succeeded by the different fraternities, all with wax candles. A strong choir of singers; then vast crowds of the people; with the various trades, each with their peculiar flags and emblems. They proceeded through the chief parts of the city to the palace of the bishop, which was brilliantly illuminated. He, accompanied by the prince bishop of Verdun, and the dignitaries of the cathedral, dispensed the benediction. Then advanced from the archdiocese of Cologne a torch procession, accompanied by instrumental music. The whole proceedings closed by the chorus, "Lord God, we praise thee!" in the cathedral. The chief streets of the city were illuminated in the evening, and the grand organ continued pealing. In the middle window of the cathedral, where, in former times, the exhibition of the relic had taken place, was a transparency of the cross, with emblematic devices. During the whole festival, menageries, panoramas, plays, &c., all solicited the attention and money of those assembled, equally with the music and services of the cathedral.

The bishops who had officiated during the ceremonial from first to last, were those of Metz, Nancy, Verdun, Luxemburg, Spire, Limburg, Osnabruck, Munster, Cologne, with several from Holland. Each bishop entered the city amid the ringing of the church-bells. The pilgrims from France did not enter the city in processional order; but their clergy were numerously represented. During the whole period, processions to the city were not uncommon.

Of the miracles said to have been effected, I will select one case, as having created great interest; that of the Coun-

tess Droste-Vischering, a relation of the Archbishop of Cologne, who has been for many years unable to walk without the use of crutches; but who, after beholding the holy coat, was enabled, to the astonishment of all, to walk home unassisted. Her medical adviser has been examined; and from his testimony, it appears that she had been long suffering from a diseased knee-joint; that she resolved, at all hazards, to go to Treves; and that, while in a fit of ecstasy before the relic, she had exerted a degree of energy, in stretching or bending the diseased limb, which had given the temporary relief, by relaxing the long-rigid muscles. Since this period she has had relapses; and is, we believe, now using the crutches, which had been too hastily hung up in the cathedral, as a thank-offering for her marvellous restoration.

It was natural that such a commotion should awaken a prevalent interest, and that the German mind should sympathise in the moral effect and impulse of such a phenomenon. The pride of Fatherland and the mental dignity and reputation of the Teutonic tribes were involved in this humiliating spectacle. The professors, Gildermeister and Sybel.—the latter a Catholic, and both ornaments of the University of Bonn,—were stimulated to grave and learned historical inquiry to ascertain whether the relic was genuine, and expose its claims to the bitterest sarcasm. The competitors for maintaining the reputation of the coat of Argenteuil, and many other coats, entered the lists. Prose as well as poetry, satirical ballads and lyrics, as well as historical disquisitions, have been called into requisition. All Germany, the *men* as well as many teachers, have looked upon it as more allied to fiction than truth that such an exhibition should be made. In impassioned and indignant irony they appeal to the enlightened of their people, whether it could have been reasonably expected that hundreds of thousands of their peasantry should be so infatuated as to abandon

their fields, their workshops, their domestic duties, their children's education, to take part in a *heathen* festival—to adore a piece of dress at Treves! Can it be possible, they have exclaimed, that thousands should, as pilgrims, deprive themselves of the necessities of life to raise the money requisite for their journey and the offering made to the tunic—that is, to the clergy? But especially they have denounced the man who publicly has displayed this piece of dress for reverent regard, and led astray the religious feelings of his credulous, ignorant, or suffering countrymen; has given an impulse to vice and superstition; wrung their substance from the poor and starving multitude; has entailed on Germany the ridicule of other lands, and drawn more closely the heavy clouds which float already, darkly and dismally, above the heads of the community.

It is thus John Ronge pours out his indignant rebuke from Laurahutte:—"Arnoldi, bishop of Treves, I, therefore, turn to you, and demand, by the authority of my office and calling as a priest and teacher of the German people, in the name of Christendom, in the name of the German nation, and in the names of its instructor, that you put an end to the unchristian spectacle of the exhibition of the holy tunic, and withdraw this garment, that the offence which it has given may not be increased! For, do you not know—as bishop you ought to know—that the Founder of the Christian religion left to his disciples and his followers, not his coat, but his Spirit? His coat, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, belongs to his *executioners*! Do you not know—as bishop you ought to know—that Jesus taught, 'God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth?' and he may be worshipped everywhere, not only in the Temple at Jerusalem, on the mount Gerizim, or at Treves, in presence of the holy tunic. Do you not know—as bishop you ought to know—that the gospel expressly forbids the adoration of every image and of every relic; that Christians in the

apostolic age, and in the three first centuries, suffered neither images nor relics in their churches, (and *they* might have had plenty of them;) that the worship of images and relics is a heathen custom, and that the Fathers in the three first centuries abused the heathens on account of it? We read, for instance, (Div. Inst. ii. c. 2,) ‘Neither do these besotted men understand, that, if the images possessed life and motion, they would rather worship the man by whom they had been formed.’ Lastly, do you not know—as bishop you ought to know this also—that the vigorous and healthy mind of the German people was first degraded to the worship of relics by the Crusades in the 13th and 14th centuries, when the exalted conception of the Godhead which Christianity inculcates had been obscured by all the lying marvels brought from eastern lands? Hark ye, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, you know all this, and better, probably, than I can tell it to you. You also know the effects which superstition and the idolatrous worship of relics have worked among us,—namely, the religious and political bondage of Germany; and yet you can display your relics to the admiration of the multitude. And were it even possible you should be ignorant of all I have told you, that the salvation of souls was your aim in the exhibition at Treves of this holy tunic, you would, notwithstanding, have two sins upon your conscience.

“In the first place, it is unpardonable, if the garment in question actually possesses saving power, that you have withheld its benefits from suffering men until the present time; and, secondly, it is unpardonable that you accept the offerings of these countless multitudes. And, is it not unpardonable that you, as bishop, should accept of money from our poor starving people, especially when you have seen, not many weeks ago, that hundreds have been driven by necessity to mutiny, despair, and death? Do not allow yourself to be deceived by the influx of thousands upon thousands; but believe me, that, while hundreds of thousands of the German people hasten with holy

fervour to Treves, *millions* like myself are filled with horror and the deepest indignation by the disgraceful spectacle. And this indignation prevails, not in individual ranks and parties, but among all classes, even in the Catholic priesthood.

“ Judgment will overtake you, therefore, sooner than you think. Arnoldi, the historian is already seizing his pen, to submit your name to the contempt of your contemporaries and of posterity, and stigmatizes you as the Tetzels of the nineteenth century! And you, fellow-citizens of Germany, whether near or at a distance from Treves, unite your efforts to prevent the continuance of such an insult to the German name. You have various means of working, take courage and employ them; endeavour, each and all, with resolute determination, to encounter and restrain the tyrannous despotism of the Romish Church. For it is not in Treves alone that the modern traffic in indulgences is carried on: you are aware that in the east and west, the north and south, rosary, mass, indulgence, burial-moneys, and the like, are still increasing, and, with them, spiritual darkness. Forward, then! Catholics and Protestants, together to the work, our happiness, our honour, our freedom is at stake. Do not the manes of your fathers who stormed the Capitol frown to see you suffer patiently the Castle of St. Angelo to lord it over Germany? Dishonour not the laurels of a Huss, a Hutten, and a Luther. Give words to their ideas, and convert their will into deed. Finally, my colleagues, whose sole endeavours and desires are centred in the welfare of your congregations, the honour, the freedom, the happiness of your German countrymen, keep no longer silence! You sin against your reputation, your religion, and your fatherland, if you longer hesitate to follow out your improved convictions. I have already elsewhere briefly addressed you, and shall, therefore, now conclude. Prove yourselves the true disciples of him

who gave up all for truth, and light, and liberty. Show that you have inherited not his garment, but his spirit.”
 —JOHANNES RONGE, Catholic Priest.

There is a difference between the character of the present times and that of the times in which the first Reformation was produced, which may account for the diversity manifestly subsisting between Luther and Ronge. Perhaps the tone of mind in the latter more accords with the liberty and general knowledge of the present times than would Luther's strain have been, had he spoken to them as he first attacked indulgences. Contrasted with Ronge's letter to Arnoldi, I may place the first reformer's remonstrance addressed to the Archbishop of Mayence. Luther acquired more courage as the work advanced; Ronge may learn more discretion as he has opportunity to appreciate the critical, responsible, and eventful relations of his destiny and position. Luther had propounded in his Theses—"To hope to be saved by indulgences is a hope of lies and nothingness, though the commissioner of indulgences, and (shall I say so?) the pope himself were to pledge their souls in warranty of that hope. They are enemies to the pope and to Jesus Christ; who, because of the preaching of indulgences, forbid the preaching of the word of God. The pope can have no other thought than this,—if men celebrate the indulgence, which is the lesser thing, with a bell, pomp, and ceremony, much more must they honour and celebrate the gospel, which is the greater, with a hundred bells, pomps, and ceremonies. The true and precious treasure of the church is the holy gospel of the glory and grace of God. The treasures of the gospel are nets, in which, in other days, men have been caught—men of wealth and easy condition; but the treasures of indulgence are nets with which people's wealth is fished for now a-days." To the archbishop he appealed: "Pardon me, most reverend father in Christ, and most illustrious prince, if I, who am but the dregs of men, have the

boldness to write to your sublime grandeur. The Lord Jesus is my witness, that, feeling how little and contemptible I am, I have long put off doing this. Let your highness deign, however, to let fall a look on a grain of dust, and, in your highness's episcopal goodness, graciously receive my memorial. They are hawking the papal indulgences about the country in your grace's name. Great God! the souls committed to your care, most excellent father, are instructed not for life, but for death! The exact and severe account which will be demanded of you for this is swelling every day. I have found it impossible to keep silence any longer. No! man is not saved by the work or by the office of his bishop. The just even are saved with difficulty; and the way that leads to life is narrow. Why do the indulgence-preachers, by means of baseless fables, fill the people with a carnal security? What, then, can I, what must I do, most worthy bishop, most serene prince? I entreat your highness, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to turn a look of paternal vigilance on this affair, and to command the preachers to speak in a different manner to the people. Unless you do so, dread that you will one day hear some voice lifted up to confute these preachers, to the great shame of your most serene highness."

So did the lion of Germany *begin* to utter his voice: not so Ronge. I shall hereafter meet again with him, and those who have identified themselves with his cause, when I may be better able to estimate his character and the consequences of his fearless struggle and generous undertaking. Leipzig and Halberstadt will recall his adherents to the new German catholic church. A few weeks may produce a mighty change in the religious aspect of the German nation and the present century.

An occasion occurred, in the early history of Christianity, when the people of a whole country were excited and went out from their homes and occupations; the

whole multitude gathering on the banks of a stream, consecrated by many a tradition, around a person of no great attraction, whose garb has oftener been simulated than his spirit has been imitated and cultivated. The question was asked of these multitudes,—What went ye out into the wilderness to see? Was it a man dressed in soft raiment? He had, indeed, been covered with camel's hair, and braced for his work by a leathern girdle. But again the question reverted,—What went ye out to see? and full of meaning was the reply suggested,—“A Reed shaken with the wind.” I have not extended these statements and remarks upon the soft raiment, the delusive, the fictitious garment called the *coat of Treves*, whose custodiers and traders dwell in electoral, in episcopal, if not in king's palaces, as if its traditions or its virtues were worth consideration though it had belonged to a prophet, and one much more than a prophet; but I contemplate it as “*a reed shaken with the wind*,” and which will, I have no doubt, prove much more ominous to the papacy than a *local weather-flaw*, which, in an atmosphere saturated with electricity, may become the nucleus of a temporary storm.

The Roman Catholics of Germany have, I believe, suffered much from the enervating influence and security afforded by the patronage of secular association and state-governments, as enjoyed by the Protestant communities whom the Reformation created. Protestantism itself now requires to be reformed. Yet events have been in progress among the nominal Catholic myriads arising from within, and originating as the Lutheran controversy was primarily and opportunely excited, and as the elements were prepared for its reception and expansion. The French revolution did not expend, perhaps it misdirected, the vivid and electrifying stream; but its tremendous convulsions and simultaneous reverberations in continental lands showed how fully charged the public mind was with the resistless element whose mighty energy would yet, in proper season, discover its presence and its destiny.

I am indebted for the following extract to a journal whose religious opinions and political bias differ much from my own : yet I think the "Spectator" is correct when he states :—"About 1798, the priest Becker, of Paderborn, (Westphalia) was imprisoned by order of his ecclesiastical superiors, the prebends of the cathedral. He never was brought to trial : the prime bishop and his councillors felt that a rash step had been taken, and connived at the old man's escape into a secular and Protestant territory. The rest of his life was wasted in litigation with those who incarcerated but dared not bring a definite charge against him. Extracts (MS.) from his journal, written in confinement, are in our possession ; and it indicates his offence with sufficient clearness. He had been in the habit of instituting Sunday-schools ; he had expressed a conviction that the religious processions of both sexes from village to village with the images of saints, in the course of which liquor was offered to the 'pilgrims' at every farm-house and accepted by them, were productive of indecorums and graver offences against morality ; he was involved in a controversy with other priests on the relative importance of such formal observances and the observance of moral duties ; discouraged by his superiors, in the heat of argument he did not scruple to glance at the gallantry and general laxity of the prebends who owed their stalls to their 'quarterings ;' and, finally, he spoke of Luther as a great man, whose rebellion against the church was extenuated by the abuses against which he had struggled in vain. At that time and since there have been not a few Beckers among the inferior Roman Catholic clergy, scattered through Germany, uninfluential because they had no communication with each other, and because their superiors judiciously refrained from persecuting them. There was another powerful element at work to modify the creed of the German adherents of the Italian church. Under the empire, ecclesiastical electors and other prelates

possessing secular jurisdiction necessarily had each his staff of secular councillors. Like almost all the literary class of their country, the ablest and most energetic of these men were, about the beginning of the present century, disciples of the French revolutionary school of politics; and more than one of the dignified clergy themselves had leanings that way. At the disruption of the empire, an elector of Mayence did not scruple to take upon him the office of *first prince* of the Confederation of the Rhine. Under the protection of these free-thinking dignitaries and their councils, latent dissent within the church continued to gain ground. The personal impunity with which Hermes, Van Eck, and others have disseminated their neological opinions, and the persevering clamorous urgency of the Silesian priesthood to be allowed to take unto themselves wives, with many other local phenomena of a kindred character, have long convinced the observant that reform (or innovation) from within was at hand in the German province of the Romish church. Ronge and Czersky, like most other ecclesiastical and political reformers, are little more than accidents."

And yet Johannes Ronge has been formed of sterner stuff than to warrant the application of the term *accidental* to his appearance on the arena. It is neither as a gladiator or a *retarius* that he enters the lists in the *Sächsischer* (Saxon) *Vaterlands-blätter*. His manly love of truth, which has disdained equivocation or subterfuge, has entitled him to the rank of a confessor, and the honours of a martyr. His justification is already circulating in thousands, and passing into every quarter where his own German, or our English tongue is spoken. Near the Giant Mountains in the circle of Neisse, is the village of Bischofswald, and here Ronge's parents lived, happy in eight children, and honoured by the birth of their third child, Johannes, on the 16th October, 1813. The little flock of sheep of the farmer father was committed to his son's charge, between

the age of six and twelve, during spring, summer, and autumn. In his pastoral occupations Ronge had leisure, as he seemed inclined, for thought on religion, a future life, and eternity, whilst none debarred him from his catechism and Bible history. In the village school of Bischofswald the highest class of teaching was reading, writing, and arithmetic, and these only was he taught till he was fourteen years old. From 1827 to 1836, he attended the high school at Neisse, where he formed a greater friendship for history and German literature, than for Horace or other Roman classics, and entered the university of Breslau with inexpressible joy. Here he paid the penalty of a Prussian denizen, and fulfilled his period of military service in the corp of sharpshooters, under Major Von Fink, at Breslau.

At the close of 1839, another probation awaited him. He had determined to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood, both to relieve his father of his support, and because he felt a predilection towards teaching, though already he perceived its formalism, and almost discovered the hypocritical system of the Romish hierarchy. He gives a gloomy picture of the first evening spent by six acquaintances and friends consigned to the same cell—none uttered a single word—all were so amazed and humiliated at their discoveries, that they strove to forget their speechless misery in sleep. Forty young men in the bloom and strength of manhood glided silently about like locomotive mummies. Here the veil of hypocrisy was lifted by which deceitful Rome surrounds the people from their cradle to their graves; while among the noviciates ghastly stagnation was seen from one side exhibiting depression, and from the other side levity, discontent, or cowardice. The young man here had closed accounts with himself at twenty-four, and with all the natural sympathies of mankind; the dearest ties were broken which bound him to his fellow-men. Egotism poured the poison of suspicion,

envy, and self-interest, with frigid torpor. Enveloped as for eternity, in one impenetrable shroud, they felt as if doleful spirits were singing to them burial-songs throughout the gloomy night. The despotism of the Roman hierarchy scowled like a monster callously digging graves for the burial of living youth—graves in which would be entombed the freedom and happiness of nations; the intelligent pupil of such a system was summoned to witness the ruin of a frank and upright manhood, in a blind obedience and submission to the most degrading oppression. Five hours daily spent in lip formalities, as if they were prayer.

Rome appeared truly to him using devotion as a means of enslaving men; thus she endows her priests. Ronge says, “my case was, therefore, desperate, and many a time in fever heat have I outwatched the night in the spirit of the prayer, ‘let this cup pass from me.’” The gates of the institution they were allowed only twice a week to pass to visit their fellow-men—gates which he regarded as of a grave for independence, but which he was happy ultimately to pass forth from as an emancipated convict: “and I beheld once more before me the free and lovely world: I inhaled long draughts of the fresh air as I gazed on the free blue sky, in all the brightness of the glorious sun. But the sun and the heavens were changed to me—the world itself seemed narrow and contracted, for my soul and spirit were in bonds, disgraceful bonds! I hastened to my native place—there I fondly hoped to lose my burden—there, where I dreamed the dreams of youth—there in my mountain home! the kindly eyes of my brethren, said I, will revive and warm this heart, which has been frozen by the hypocritical and piety-feigning glances of the domineering creatures of Rome. . . . An aged man approached, well known and dear to me from boyish years, I extended my hand to him, he fain would kiss it, the aged man! Is it not sufficient, I muttered, that I should be myself a slave? must I also be a tool to work the

degradation of my fellow-men?" He went amidst such struggles to Grottkau, to which he was called to act as a priest, in 1841.* Here he found pleasure in the children of his school—all reformers love childhood. Here he was free.

In other circles,—in his offices, in his colleagues, in his superiors,—he had no freedom. Every morning he awoke as under the pressure of a night-mare, thinking he was a slave,—that his life was not only useless, but fraught with degradation to his fellow-men. He saw before him the abyss of falsehood, or an early grave. He could not faithfully perform his office as a teacher of the people; he was convinced the Romish hierarchy does not teach and act in accordance with the doctrines of the religion of which Christ was the author, and that the statutes inculcated by them tended directly to the sundering and oppression of his native land. The government of the diocese and chapter of which he was a member, was administered in a mode to exasperate a man so constituted and affected; capriciously oppressive to the clergy, with usurpation and violence. Fostering bigotry and fanaticism, and instituting or countenancing rosary meetings, the grossest materialism and sensuous worship, did Dr. Ritter, as vicar of the bishopric, dispose and manage all things in the diocese of Breslau. Jesuitism was secretly cherished, and weekly contributions, or the sale of books, purchased the good-will of the influential members of "the Society." At length came a struggle between Rome and the people in the election of a bishop for the diocese: the object of the popular choice was treated with contumely; he was a moderate and humane man, perhaps even a liberal-minded man. The chapter had chosen him, but Rome for a season disregarded the rights of the diocese. This drew forth Johannes Ronge as "a chaplain" in the *Vaterlandsblätter*.

I give merely the last paragraph in his letter, written November, 1842:—"Are those days to return," he ex-

claims, with generous fervour, "in which it was necessary to send gold-laden cavalcades to Rome, in order to become a bishop? If so, the canons of Breslau would have but faint chance of a mitre. It is very remarkable what the Italians have of late demanded of us Germans. We are commanded to pray that the Spaniards may return to their old ecclesiastical bondage. Who have been the leaders of this bloody drama? Perhaps the disobedient people, Espartero and such like? We know in Germany, and almost every school-boy knows it, that next to the tyranny of royalty, the bloody slaughtering of this fine people has been for the most part occasioned by the licentious, lazy, Rome-subjected priesthood! We also know that the French revolution was not occasioned by Danton, Camille, Desmoulins, and others of their stamp; but by the tyranny of Louis Fourteenth—the profligacy of Louis Fifteenth, aided by the shameless excesses of the court nobility, lay and clerical. No less are we aware that the "thirty years' war" was not caused by Luther and Melancthon, but had been hatching for centuries by Rome, and the lay and clerical nobility of Germany. It is, indeed most necessary that we pray for ourselves, and for the Spaniards, but it shall be for the freedom and independence of ourselves and them—in union with which alone can true religion and morality exist—and not for slavery and dependence, which can at best engender dissimulation and hypocrisy."

For such frank and forcible denunciation the writer was called to a reckoning; he proclaimed it, and told the world "the vicar of the bishopric, a priest nearly sixty years of age, with grey hair, dared to call me to account;" and required him on his *word of honour* AS A PRIEST, distinctly to declare whether he had any share in its production or appearance. It was intimated to him that he might escape by denying the authorship; by apologising for his precipitation, by retractation or confession and submission; whilst by persisting in his opinions he should expose him-

self to other charges and reproaches; that he would be presented as guilty of wearing too short a coat and hair too long, and a performance of ordinances in an indecorous and undignified manner, while no one would distinguish him among men as a Catholic priest. He was immovable; his accusers would say contumacious. He was therefore denounced, suspended by the chapter of Breslau, and ordered to submit to the restraints and *exercitia spiritualia* of the church. The authorities of the town of Grottkau testified in vain to his character; they spoke of his inoffensive and becoming conduct as a pastor, of his modest and highly decorous conduct, his exemplary morality, his zealous energy for the welfare of youth, and his friendly and winning carriage by which he had deserved universal love and rebuked the foulest calumny. But they bore witness to prejudiced and hostile judges, to priestly dignitaries who had no confidence in popular affection, or the testimony of a servile laity. He was condemned to degrading imprisonment subsequent to his suspension, unheard; without the consideration of proof, or an opportunity of defence. He forwarded a defence.

His answer to the charges about appearance, &c., illustrates the contemptible falsehoods of his accusers and their unprincipled and reckless hostility. "My hair is not an inch longer than that of (his accuser's) Hoffman; that it curls naturally, while his is smooth, is no fault of mine; my dress is of a dark colour like that of other respectable citizens, and the reason that my coat is some inches shorter than that of Hoffman, is, that it is of newer fashion. I am young, healthy, vigorous, and, it is said, spirited; hypocritical bigotry is foreign to my nature, and hateful to me; I assume no other manner in the performance of my priestly functions than that of ordinary life. It may be that Mr. Hoffman makes lower bows, beats his breast with deeper groans; it may be that this imposes upon uneducated

people, but to my thinking, it bears no proof of piety, nor does it elevate the feelings of educated men." He refused to be incarcerated; abstained from priestly functions; sought to the bishop, who kindly received him, but failed to effect his restoration: and, finally, having retired to Laurahütte, as a tutor, he continued labouring for his pupils' welfare, whose absence even for half a day, made him feel as if his friends had deserted him. His sphere of labour lay near Büthen, in Upper Silesia, half a mile from the Russian frontier, and was connected with an extensive foundry, erected in 1839. The brightest hours of his life were spent in the school-room, cheered by the vivacious and affectionate hearts of his pupils, where he thought to find a resting-place by building on their love.

On the first of October, 1844, he received from the press his letter to Arnoldi, bishop of Treves; and the exultation of the emancipated slave is thus strongly expressed:—"From the moment when I saw my article in print, (I trembled lest it should be interdicted,) I felt as if the month of May were come, and spring were budding in my fatherland." In the beginning of November he received the decree of his excommunication, which was first conditionally conveyed in this sentence,—“If the required explanation be not furnished within the time specified, and should you not show yourself ready to satisfy the questions put, I am reluctantly compelled, in addition to the decree of suspension, which has already been put in force, hereby to suspend over you the ecclesiastical punishment of degradation and excommunication.” I shall only be doing justice and nothing more in transcribing his reply to this threatened persecution, worthy of a reformer and creditable to a Christian, deserving imitation by all the teachers of truth in dangerous times, and indicating the absurdity of papal claims and ecclesiastical oppression.

“As to the article in regard to the exhibition of the so called holy tunic, at Treves, my name was plainly and dis-

tinently affixed to it, and there has been no misuse in the matter. I only spoke the truth, and shall continue to do so without fear of men. I shall not hesitate to denounce abuses, even when they seek to hide themselves behind the altars of a thousand years. I have but done my duty in lending words to the almost universal indignation of my countrymen at the adoration of a piece of dress. It is truly marvellous that a high ecclesiastical authority should endeavour to defend so shameless an abuse. Is the abuse less blameable, because consecrated by a bishop? What would have been said, had an inferior member of the priesthood, or other Christians, sought to win fifty thousand dollars by the exhibition of that holy tunic? Did Christ or his apostles do such things? Christ fed those who came to him, but did not rob them of their money: and he indignantly exclaimed in the Temple, 'My Father's house is a house of prayer; ye have made it a den of thieves.' I have spoken the truth; and shall never retract it, as is required of me. If, on this account, your lordship should consider it your duty to degrade and excommunicate me, let it be so. I, for my part, am firmly convinced that the exalted Head of our religion numbers me among his disciples, notwithstanding: and I feel assured that my fellow-believers and my fellow-citizens will not exclude me from communion with them; for millions of men have heard my simple word; and they have gladly received it, because convinced that it proceeded from an honest heart. Millions have loved me on account of it; and their love has not allowed itself to be deceived by the disgusting calumnies of embittered opponents. Their love will still support me. I can give no other reply.

• "I am, my Lord Bishop,

• "JOHANNES RONGE, Catholic Priest.

• "Breslau, Nov. 30. 1844."

“ Breslau, Dec. 4, 1844.

“ In consequence of your reply, dated Nov. 30th, and received on the first day of the month, wherein you admit that you subscribed the article on the ‘ Holy Tunic at Treves;’ acknowledge it as your own composition; and refuse to recall it; I find myself reduced to the highly painful necessity, in pursuance of my decree of the 29th of October, and on account of the gross offence against the church, contained in the said article, to issue the sentence of your degradation and excommunication, in accordance with, and by authority of, the canonical statutes and decrees. I therefore charge you to return to me, without delay, your letters of holy ordination. As you have not complied with my injunction to appear before me in person, and have therefore deprived me of the wished-for opportunity of convincing you, by fatherly admonition and friendly conference, of your false and heterodox views generally, and, in particular, regarding the worship of relics—as the adoration of the holy tunic—I can only add to the sentence, which I most reluctantly pronounce, my fervent prayer, that, by God’s grace, you may be led to a right understanding of the Catholic faith, and to a discrimination of that worship of relics which is permitted and approved by the church, from the abuse of it, of which alone you seem to think.

“ D. LATUSSEK, Suffragan Bishop
and Vicar-general of the diocese.

“ To the late Curate,
Rev. JOHANNES RONGE.”

The trip down the Moselle, from Treves to Coblenz, was indeed beautiful. I was able to remain on deck from five o’clock A.M. till nearly six o’clock in the evening. The length of the voyage was 150 miles, in consequence of the windings of the river. The scenery was exquisite; and the frequent ruins did not mar the effect; which is

enlivened by more than one hundred picturesque towns and villages between Coblantz and Treves. It is the most romantic and beautiful sail ever enjoyed by me. There is not a turn of the vessel—there is hardly a length of the steamer—there is not a peak or bay of the whole passage down, but is characterised by some new beauty, and exhibits some rich manifestation of the goodness and power of Him who made all things; whose invisible things are discovered by the things which are made; and whose glory in all is divine; whilst human culture is carried to the greatest extent of perfection, for the purposes of the vine-dresser, and the growth of the vineyards on the Moselle. I was happy to perceive there was much less of the spirit of blood in the memorials of the Gothic church steeples, the watch-towers and castles of bygone times on this river than on the Rhine; whilst the ruins themselves rather betoken the advancement of society, the progress of mind and of liberty, since the classical associations of Ausonius, than the contests between feudal chiefs, or the aggressions of stronger nations. There is here little to excite the regrets of the tourist or the patriot. The ruins were generally the memorials of a system which is decaying, and passions which, no longer cherished, were often the fruit of superstition and caprice. Feudalism has been engulfed in the vortex of a wider dominion; and popular sympathies no longer respond to its assumptions. The larger sovereignties govern more diversified classes, and must minister to more various interests; and therefore must cultivate a more generic character. Nunneries, and institutions fostering celibacy, and ministering to morbid devotion and consecration, do not now people these banks as they once did, secluding amiable and accomplished womanhood from society, and inflicting a suicidal martyrdom upon the fairest portion of our race; destroying themselves, or absorbing their generous sympathies in

dreams, vigils, and plaintive sighings, and depriving mankind of the active discharge of their most virtuous obligations. Many of these sepulchral cells, which had entombed the living victim, and robbed the age or generation of nature's best offerings, have been blown to atoms.

It is also a remarkable fact—I wonder it does not excite the attention of the observant Catholic—the glory of papal architecture is *antique*; its most gorgeous fabrics are of *former* times: and while many of them are absolutely mouldering into dust, and others cannot be kept in habitable repair, the prodigal liberality of the devotee is insufficient to rear structures which shall supply the place of those which wax old. The nests and hot-beds, the nurseries and cradles of its most precocious progeny, the nunneries and convents, leave their fragments as mausoleums for the shades of superstition; while abbeys and episcopal principalities, and the territorial power and dominions of electoral and palatine prelates, have been secularised, and transferred to the possession of other bodies. What wise man will mourn, when he looks on the ruins of a conventual establishment? What patriot will grieve to see the cotton-mill, the forge, or the implements of husbandry, occupying the palace of the warlike archbishop, or the plundering chieftain? The reflections thus expressed are but the suggestions of the scenes and recollections of the banks and sloping vineyards, the rich harvest-homes, and the manufactories on the Moselle. Here and there the remains of monastic life are traceable, only as discovering how the passion for it has subsided, and how much more active and diffusive are the habits of modern society, than were the practices of ecclesiastical and papal institutions. Some of the scenes on the Moselle deserve at least a passing notice; and I think, without extravagance I should not hesitate to say, that, had my pilgrimage only embraced this river and the old city of Treves, I should have re-

turned not only more than compensated, but gratified to have formed associations which I shall cherish, so long as memory reigns, with fervent pleasure.

Berncastel, though a dirty town, shows its castellated ruin perched on the ledge of the Hunsdruck mountains, and points to the *hospital*, on the opposite bank, of Cardinal Cusanus, the son, but, not, the successor, of a poor fisherman : below which is the gothic monument of John of Neuburg, and the cave of Michaelsley, once a harbour for robber knights, and a shelter for a hermit. Descending the stream on its right bank, tradition points to the throne of Bacchus, as the town of Trarbach. Bulwer's impression of this dirty town presents before us "the little hostelry, a poor pretender to the *Thronus Bacchi*, with the rude sign of the Holy Mother over the door. The peaked roof, the sunk window, the grey walls chequered with the rude beams of wood, so common to the meaner houses on the Continent, bore something of a melancholy and unprepossessing aspect. Right above, with its gothic windows and venerable spire, rose the church of the town ; and, crowning the summit of a green and almost perpendicular mountain, scowled the remains of one of those mighty castles which make the never-failing frown on a German landscape. 'This dreary grandeur overhung the capital of the perished—of the bold counts of Spanheim, of the Gräfinnburg.'" There is a pleasant story told of the widowed countess of one, named Henry of Spanheim,—how she for a season withstood, and captured Baldwin, the plundering archbishop of Trèves, between whom and her husband a fierce and relentless feud had long subsisted. In her unprotected position, the unmanly, and we should say unmannerly bishop, violated her dominions. She first expelled, with disgrace and loss, the unprincipled intruders, to the surprise of Baldwin, and so as to excite his vindictive indignation. She took her revenge yet again. In the same year, he quietly and unsuspectingly

was sailing down the Moselle to Coblenz, with only a small retinue : when abreast of the castle of Starkenburg, his barge was suddenly arrested in its progress by a chain stretched under the surface, across the river. Armed boats put off from the shore before he had time to recover from his surprise, and he was led a prisoner into the castle of the countess. Though she treated her persecutor with courtesy, she held him an involuntary guest till he agreed to abandon his aggressions, and a fort which he was building, and paid down a large ransom for his own lordly person. Opposite to this place is the site of Fort Mont royal, on the summit of a hill almost encircled as a peninsula by the Moselle. Louis XIV. employed 8,000 men, and expended millions, in the erection of this fort, which the treaty of Ryswick, sixteen years afterwards, required him to raze to the ground.

Marienburg reminds the tourist of the nunnery once standing here, Fort Arras, and the Issbach. Below Alf again, but on the other side, a nunnery (of Stuben) shows its massive walls, its ruined chapel pierced with pointed windows, and tells of French revolution, and their war against monastic endowments. We have hardly finished the reflections here suggested, till the sight of Beilstein recalls the names of Metternich and Winneburg as the vassals of the electors of Treves.

Cochem, with its twin castles, leads us to the hereditary birth-place, the most ancient seat, of the family which has so long given Austria her prime minister. Nor should we forget that, in 1689, the upper castle, an imperial fortress, witnessed the atrocious and inhuman butchery of 1,600 Brandenburgers, and of others being citizens, who were put to the sword to gratify Louis XIV., against whose troops it had maintained a protracted siege. Four separate assaults preceded its capture by storm, when the houses and castle were burned. The criminals of this foul and brutal transaction were, Marshal Boufflers, who

commanded, and M. De Grignan, who executed the sanguinary carnage.

On the same side of the river we sail down to the sweetly-cultured and beautifully-adorned Carden, with its church *in honour* of St. Castor, buried here. Two miles below, the valley of the Elz comes in view, with the peaked turrets of its castle peering over the green meadows. The stream winds and convolves, as if it would, by encircling contortions, embrace the bold rock on which the castle stands. The banks of the Elz are adorned with trees, and clothed with brushwood; and its romantic valley boasts of yet another, the rival castle of Trutz-Elz. The former castle is considered to have been a group of buildings, all dissimilar, and of different periods. The walls, of solid masonry, are loop-holed, and surmounted by pointed gables and wooden frame-work housed. Oriel windows alternate with projecting turrets; the roofs, like extinguishers, capping the whole. The rock on which it stands does not seem larger than to suffice for its site, and it rises abruptly, as from a precipice. In the solid rock is the pathway cut which leads to the main entrance; and its gateway is so low, that a tall man must stoop to pass under. It is an almost solitary example of a feudal residence, the cradle of an ancient family, being spared from the visitations of fire, war, and time. It is almost as it was three centuries ago; though on the verge of decay, the floors loose and creaking, and the slates falling from the roof. The chambers, galleries, ascents and descents as cork-screw stairs, form a complete labyrinth. The forms of the rooms are most diversified, and have been adorned as picture-galleries for the hereditary possessors. A few pieces of rusty armour remain, sufficient to equip a modern Don Quixote. From the projecting turrets the view is unique: the winding Elz, in the depths of the wood, is seen stealing its snake-like course, till it rushes through the gorge 100 feet below the spectator; while on

the opposite rock stands the other castle; a memorial of electoral or priestly hostility, when Baldwin besieged the lords of Elz for many months; and having cut off their access to their stronghold, compelled them to submission and vassalage. A little farther up the same valley is another castle, belonging to Count Bassenheim, and burnt by the Swedes in 1641.

On the Moselle, as we descend, we are again reminded of the spiritual lords of Treves, by the castle of Bischoffstein, its ruined chapel, and donjon tower, built in 1270. The castle of Ehrenburg towers above the tree-tops, two miles from the mouth of the Ehrenbach; within the valley of which are inclosed the most fertile green meadows, fruitful vineyards, and useful water-mills.

Alken, Gondorf, Cobern, Dietelich, Güls, and Moselweiss, would all invite a visit and a page. But one word alone will suffice for Diebelich; a famed haunt for witches, where, on a neighbouring mountain, they met for midnight revelry, till about the end of the fifteenth century, when a bishop, who had written a book against witchcraft, carried into effect his denunciations, causing twenty-five of them to be burned for the crime.

The events which I have rehearsed are characteristic of the superstition of the people and church of Rome. The truth is, that those who, as priests, have led the devotions, have taught the people to err from the way; have managed them as if they thought that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and have themselves acted as if superstition were the spirit of religion. As a consequence, the relics of bones, of blood, of teeth, of hair, of garments, of nails, of wood, and of many other things reputed or feigned as sacred, connected with the person or passion of Christ, are as numerous as there are skins for their exhibition, or fraternities willing to trade upon the delusion of the multitude. The bones of apostles, martyrs, saints, and apocryphal characters, are as varied and

plentiful as would furnish an army of men, were they brought together; and it has been affirmed there is as much wood of the *true* cross in the Roman Catholic world as would build a ship of war. It must, indeed, have been a miraculous cross, according to their traditions, which no human being could have carried; and its preservation is as great a wonder as would be the power to carry it to Calvary. Such are the numerous, the extravagant, the exorbitant pretensions, in the exhibitions which the authorities of the indivisible and infallible church of Rome make of relics, that, were they brought together, it would appear the apostle Paul had more than two heads, and others of the apostles had twenty legs. The bones are scattered over the remotest parts of the world, disjointed and separate. In one of the places that I saw, the blood which dropped from the head of Jesus when he wore the thorny crown, is shown upon the steps of marble; and no man is allowed to proceed up these steps but upon his knees; while it is considered an act of the most sacred worship to render this homage to the *Santa Scala*, the holy stairs, and to pay for the privilege—the most important part of the ceremony, and that for which the system is upheld.

The holy tunic of Treves, and Ronge, will henceforth unite Treves with Catholic Germany and the German Catholic church; and the associations of Treves, in the minds of multitudes, will hereafter be more mingled with religious excitement and progressive reform, with the overthrow of relic worship and sacerdotal usurpation and delusion, than with the monuments of antiquity. Ronge has done more for Treves than did Helena or Constantine; and the coat of Treves *reversed d'or*, may be interwoven with his quarterings by the heraldist of some future age; though a greater honour awaits him than the renown of earthly titles.

Notwithstanding its superstitions, and the relic follies

and mummeries of its priesthood, there is a charm about the venerable habitations of that aged city. Every separate building standing as if they were the residences of a native nobility, entitle it, in the view of the stranger, to the dignity of a city of palaces; though of antique fashion and a former era. The streets are wider and cleaner, the buildings more spacious, and invested with the repose and dignity of wealth and title, than any other of the cities around. It had a luxury unparalleled in the cities of the Rhine, which literally *tempted* to ambulatory enjoyment. I delighted to *walk* on the streets of Treves. Besides their breadth and cleanliness, they were *flagged*; the foot-path is fitted for pedestrians; and the tourist, wishing to complete his survey as a peripatetic philosopher, is happily exempted from the miseries or penances inflicted most unmercifully in his travels through other cities of the Continent. In my progress here I had not to go along limping at every step, coming into vexatious collision with some uneven stone, and reminded of the corns and bunions, I will not say *gout*, which Rhenish indulgences, or the *cordonnier a-la-mode*, and rural excursions, may have formed and matured. In every part of Germany, except in Treves, you must walk *sur la pointe du pied*, or with broad-soled *sabots*, and forget your foot's gentility.

I hope that the superstition which prevails will be made to yield to the spread of truth, of pure and undefiled religion. I am sorry to have such a fact to state; but I would be no propagator of delusion; and I must acknowledge it, that, in all the places which I visited in this district, I did not hear of or find an enlightened, or, as I should deem him, a qualified minister of the gospel. I went to hear the service of the Church of England—(two ordained clergymen took part in the duties of the morning, and one of them^c preached)—I was devoutly solicitous that I might profit from the observances. The sermon was from a text which I thought would surely

suggest evangelical doctrine, and develope the attractions of the cross. I did hope, during the first five or six sentences, the preacher was about to tell his auditory (nearly a hundred and fifty people) the way of salvation : but it proved nothing better than a mere moral essay. It was not such a sermon as would teach the inquiring sinner the path of life, or give him the knowledge of the only living and true God. The principles on which Christian obligation can be alone effectually and consistently enforced, were not recognised, and, I fear, were not known. All over that country the Protestants are as one to nine Catholics : the people are perishing in ignorance : the formal Protestant, and the nominal Catholic, without a foreign or a native ministry to show unto them the truth as it is in Jesus, or cause them to hear the joyful sound : they have no one caring for their souls.

CHAPTER V.

The cities on the Rhine—Antique remains—Historical associations—Free trade—Invention of printing—Free thought—Free religion—Reformation.

IN the descriptions already given, we have selected the principal towns and scenes till we reach Coblenz, visiting Treves, and returning by the Moselle. Before we proceed farther up the Rhine, you will pardon a momentary delay, for the sake of one or two allusions to incidental matters not unworthy of passing notice, and likely to interest.

A few miles below Coblenz, but on the other side of the river, is a town called NEUWIED, founded and governed on a principle of almost universal religious toleration or equality. Persons of every persuasion in religion may become denizens, and enjoy the privilege of citizenship, without invidious disparagement. The prince, whose enlightened policy invited settlers to reside within his infant capital, on terms so liberal, lived one hundred years since; and his principality has continued to prosper. Jews, Moravians, Mennonites, Catholics, and Protestants, to the number of 5,000, live in harmony, inhabiting about 800 houses, and pursuing with industry and success commerce and manufactures. The situation upon the river is attractive, convenient, and picturesque. The edifices of most dignified aspect, with sharp sloping roofs, and white tall buildings, once the residence of the founder's family, belong now to the royal house of Prussia. A beautiful avenue of poplars, from the village of Irlich, extends, about

two miles, to the skirts of Neuwied. The Moravians, by the celebrity of their educational institutions for youth of both sexes, draw children from England, and many parts of the Continent. Their establishment contains, of brethren and sisters, nearly 500 persons, pursuing divers trades and occupations. The HERNBUTTERS are not only scrupulous about the religious education of their pupils—they are practical in their instruction; and, with the knowledge of letters, train to handicrafts, and every branch of business. Many varieties of trade, therefore, are practised in their colony at Neuwied. Not far, about two miles from this town, and nearer the village of Niederbiber, is the buried Roman city of VICTORIA; whence many antiquities of the empire have been excavated, and collected in Prince Maximilian's museum. The site of the ancient town is now covered with fields of waving corn or verdant vineyards, where, fifteen hundred years ago, the citizens and soldiers of Rome set up their bronze statues, and wore their martial helmets, furbished their armoury, offered their sacrifices, indulged in costly luxuries from distant climes, and produced, in pottery and other materials, the conveniences of domestic life.

On the Rhine, at several places, a means of passage has been secured, which probably was first suggested by military tactics. As early as the times of the ancient Romans, large armies were transported across the river by temporary bridges, constructed on the principle of the warlike pontoon. One of these, denominated in guide-books a *flying-bridge*, is maintained at Neuwied. The epithet implies more than is intended, since it does not pass through the air as a projectile, or traverse the stream from bank to bank by any power of suspension. The flying-bridges are formed of a series of boats: the first being moored in the *centre* of the river, and the second attached to it by a chain ten or fifteen fathoms long; the third, fourth, and others of the series, being held by the same means in con-

tinuation; till the last, a square platform, also floating, and capable of receiving carriages, horses, and passengers, forms the termination of the chain. The parties working the passage move it from pier to pier by the power of the current more than by oars or helm, but with the greatest steadiness and ease. This convenient mode of transit is rendered expedient by the width of the river, which bridges of stone or timber could not span; and which, if erected upon buttresses and confined arches, would interrupt the traffic from distant places along the Higher and Lower Rhine.

Another arrangement which I observed appears worthy of notice, and might be imitated with beneficial results to the community in Britain and other countries. I allude to the floating-baths, which abound on the Rhine, and serve for more extensive purposes than individual comfort or profit—cleanliness and health. They seemed to be regarded as a part of the national economy. The youth of the localities resorted to them as a sort of gymnasium; and especially the young men, who anticipated employment in the army, assembled at them for daily discipline, and were taught to swim, under the direction of men appointed by the authorities for such a purpose. There are inclosures with awnings and shades, platforms, floating beams, buckets, and ropes, to afford every facility and inducement for the healthful exercise. The rope was held by the hand, or girt around the waist, and the floating beams were moved to and fro, so that the novice might try his attainments, or be sustained in courageously venturing beyond his depth, and become ultimately independent, and capable of casting aside all aids; and, plunging headlong into the stream, might dash forward with the freedom and indulgence of a pastime. Swimming is practised, not as a momentary recreation, but as part of a regular training, in which hours are spent. I think that, were there more bathing among ourselves, there would be

more health ; and were our youth more extensively taught to swim, there would be less fatality attending accidents, whether in rivers or at sea.

My attention was attracted to the operation of the river flour-mills, which are numerous on this majestic stream, and might be advantageously employed in other regions. Immediately contiguous to the bridges of boats, and in other parts, I suppose the more equable channels of the river, these floating mills are moored, and kept in daily occupation. Their tacklings were fastened to anchors and powerful chains, or attached to the floating bridges. They were worked by external paddle-wheels, not dissimilar to the paddles of a steam-boat. The constant downward current of the river acted from without with the same effect as steam from within does, in the propulsion of the sailing vessel. Thus the corn is ground by the operation of a generally equal force ; which, I believe, is always preferred by the miller. I counted as many as ten, and, in some places, as many as seventeen mills of this description at one station. A smaller number, however, repeatedly occurred ; and all the grain was brought in boats to a platform in front of the mill, and was returned to the storehouse on the banks of the river with the greatest facility. I do not know why such a mechanism should not be adopted, not alone on rivers, but also where the tide flows and recedes. The rise of the tide, flowing one way, might revolve the wheel ; and the tide falling, sending the current out, might work it in such a manner as almost to secure a constant power ; the engine being capable of reverse action, on the same principle with the engine of a steam-boat. Even in firths, or at the embouchures of rivers, independent of wind or steam, the miller's work might continue with but short intermission. I have adverted to these mills, not because I know much of the mechanical arts, or can profess to teach practical men ; but as it is possible some intelligent mechanics, from the

suggestion, may develop what will profit or improve with far more readiness and sagacity than I can display.

I do not propose here to introduce any description of the Lahn, or its miniature scenery; the Spas, or bubbling brunnens, or their society; or the minor objects of picturesque beauty on the proximate banks of the Rhine; which all greatly interested me. On another occasion, however, I shall delight to recall their impressions. Reserving the country of the Duke of Nassau for another reference, we shall now prepare to proceed from Coblentz up the river, and pass the inviting scenes which diversify its banks on the route to Mayence, with only a brief allusion. The feudal ruin of Stolzenfels no longer appears a dilapidated fortress, but a picturesque Gothic castle, placed on a most commanding position. It had been destroyed by French aggression in 1688, but has been restored, or rather reconstructed, by the present King of Prussia, to whom the citizens of Coblentz made a present of the '*proud rock*.' I walked thither, escorted by a kind, informed, and communicative resident; and under his guidance climbed the steep ascent, wended its circuitous and umbrageous walks, to its loftiest pinnacle. The craggy eminence is now crowned by a solid and enduring structure, more congenial with the arts of peace and the occupations of religion, than the muniments of war. The grounds are intersected, planted, and gravelled for pedestrian recreation, with most enchanting views upon the Rhine; and a neat Gothic chapel, of granite masonry, was almost completed. I did not then expect that so soon after this castle should be commemorative of the royal tour of the British Sovereign; when the Monarch of Prussia should so heartily welcome Queen Victoria. But no prince could command a more magnificent and enchanting view for his most honoured guest. The appearance from the river is striking; and it forms a lovely and attractive feature in the landscape; but the view from

the tower is diversified and extensive. It more than compensates for a five miles' walk from Coblenz, and all the fatigue incident to it. The expanse along the Rhine, up and down, and on the opposite bank, where stand the church of St. John, (one thousand years old,) and Lahneck, with castellated walls and ruins, supplies the most varied and charming scenes for the traveller's eye.

Some objects of sombre and antique structure, the memorials of baronial grandeur and oppression, help to fill the prospect, and give character to the scene. Marksburg Castle, the only entire specimen of martial architecture which remains uninjured and unaltered from the middle ages, on the Rhine, is conspicuous on a conical rock which overhangs the town of Braubach, on the opposite bank. Its dungeons, and deep-sunk well-like cells; its *hundloch* and *folterkammer*; its dog-hole and torture-chamber; its gibbets and racks for inflicting human misery; remained till the present century, as proof of what cruelty barons could perpetrate. Even now, Marksburg is used as a prison for political offenders, and is kept in security by a garrison of invalids. It seemed to me to cast a dismal shade on the waters of the Rhine as they rolled by, and gave a dreary aspect to surrounding associations.

The ruins which intersperse with the natural beauties of the river, invite not only the admiring gaze of the traveller, but the fond reminiscences and attempts at vivid delineation of the narrator. The legendary and traditional literature of the Rhine exceeds the pretensions of other countries; and contains more fabled heroism, gallantry, and imagination, than I am familiar with in the circle of knowledge. Every spot seems haunted or consecrated either by poetry and fiction, or by enthusiasm and superstition. A fortress, strong enough almost to battle the elements, stands perched on this rugged rock; and massive and sombre edifices lie crumbling in that sheltered and

widening valley: and when you inquire, you are reminded of the site on which Drusus raised his Roman tower, and the kings of the Franks their palaces; or the utter solitude, the desert and solitary rock, in which hermit enthusiasts fixed their abode, indulged their dreams of God, and the commune with their own hearts, or planted the standard of the sepulchre, and preached its crusade against infidels. At the once imperial Boppard, you are told that trade now dribbles in tobacco-pipes, and transforms into an excellent cotton-factory the antique nunnery of Marienberg. You stand on the cliffy bank of the Rheinfels; and from the ruins of a town you are reminded of the hermit St. Goar; and you cast your eyes to the middle of the stream, where stands the lonely castle of Pfalzgrafenstein, sadly memorable as a prison to the more distinguished criminals. And, as you think of the many pining eyes which may have turned from those casements to the vine-clad hills of the free shore, while their indignant hearts nursed in their adamantine dungeons deep revenge, longing for the wave that dashed against the grey walls to force its way within, and set them free to visit their oppressors; you are reminded of the spirits of the deep, who lured the poor navigators of the Rhine to destruction. You gaze upon the river as utterly bounded by rising and cultured hills, and are for a moment deluded into the fancy that it has shrunk into a mountain-lake; and your very progress seems to mark the waters as they silently overflow their channel, and force their way into the clefts of the mountain shore; but you look again, and observe the Seven Sisters, the daughters of the lord of Schomberg, a castle adjacent to Oberwesel, who, for some haughtiness of demeanour towards a disguised prince of the fairies, were, while bathing, transformed into the seven rocks, showing their heads above its surface; which they do, when, at certain seasons, the water is low. You enter amongst the perpendicular cliffs of the Lurle, and mark

the impetuous turbulence which rendered, in former times, this torrent a dangerous pass for timid mariners; and you wonder, is there ever now a storm upon the Rhine? I will not venture to affirm that the *genius loci*, or the *genii fabularum*, shall, in response to your secret wish, raise for you a Lurly-burly, and awake the raging spirits of the floods; but I can undertake to assure you, that it is only necessary you should look over the pages of your "Pilgrims," and the classic pen of a Bulwer will present you with as vivid a representation as you could desire in reality, of the war of elements and the crash of clouds.

"At this time the clouds gathered rapidly along the heavens; and they were startled by the first peal of the thunder. Sudden and swift came on the storm; and Trevelyan trembled as he covered Gertrude's form with the rude boat-cloaks they had brought with them. The small vessel began to rock wildly to and fro upon the waters. High above them rose the vast dismantled ruins of Rheinfels; the lightning darted through its shattered casements and broken arches; and brightening the gloomy trees that here and there clothed the rocks, and tossed to the angry wind. Swift wheeled the water-birds over the river, dipping their plumage in the white foam, and uttering their discordant screams. A storm upon the Rhine has a grandeur it is vain to paint. Its rocks, its foliage, the feudal ruins that everywhere rise from the lofty heights, speaking in characters of sad decay, of many a former battle against time and tempests, the broad and rapid course of the legendary river, all harmonize with the elementary strife; and you feel that, to see the Rhine only in the sunshine, is to be unconscious of its most majestic aspects. What baronial war had those ruins witnessed! From the rapine of the lordly tyrant of those battlements, rose the first Confederation of the Rhine—the great strife between the new time and the old—the town and the castle—the citizen and the chief. Grey and stern, those

ruins breasted the storm—a type of the antique opinion which once manned them with armed serfs; and yet, in ruins and decay, appeals from the victorious freedom it may no longer resist.”

Stolid and imperturbable indeed must he be who casts back the thoughts of the wanderer without the strongest temptation to dwell with minute and impassioned description on the various excursions to which we are invited in the tourist’s whole route between Coblenz and Bingen, whether guided to the memorials of the Roman Drusus; to the fortress of Rheinfels, its origin dating backward to the thirteenth century; to Lurleiberg and its famed echo; Oberwesel and Schonberg; to Bacharach, the *Ari Bacchi* of the Romans; or Assmanshausen and the Rheingau with their rich and celebrated vineyards. More space, however, would be required adequately to describe them than can now be allotted. I shall long remember the unmixed pleasure with which, Guide in hand, I sought to single out and identify the objects of greatest research and curiosity. With peculiar relish did I stand almost under the few and mouldering remains of the *Mause Thurm*, and trace every legendary allusion of Southey in commemoration of Bishop Hatto’s achievements and visitation, when to the pale and trembling messenger who warned him of his impending fate,—

“ ‘I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,’ replied he,
 ‘ ’Tis the safest place in Germany;
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
 And the stream is strong, and the water deep.’ ”

This ruin is near the confluence of the Nahe with the Rhine, and stood on a peninsula formed on the narrowest part of a small island in the river; the lord of the castle was a *princely* bishop, who had other possessions, but the *denouement* of his fate belongs to this spot. The tradition deserves a notice and a record; and it would not be difficult to deduce a moral and a warning from the tale. I

read the story, as the poet has put it into rhyme, as we skimmed along the shores of the island. The bishop is represented as resenting the assembling and mendicancy of his agricultural neighbours, who

“ Every day as the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door.”

His lordly and churlish disposition not relishing the frequent visits from “women and children, and young and old,” regarded them as “rats that only consumed the corn.” They had suffered the loss of their year's crop; the summer and autumn had been so wet that their grain had rotted upon the ground; they were destitute of food; but this bishop, like many others, had a plentiful last year's store with which “his granaries were furnished well.” He announced that if they would come on a day which was named he would distribute among them a large supply. The tidings, as good news, passed from village to hamlet, and from dale to dale, and “the poor folk flocked from far and near.” He had them gathered into his barn, that, according to his representation, they might be fed. The barn-doors were then shut, while he set fire to the barn, and all within it were consumed, according to the story, amidst cries for mercy. The bishop congratulated himself, and expected the thanks of the country, that he had rid the land of *vermin*, and that they would not be any further trouble to lords and bishops for the supply of their wants. The tradition represents him as hearing of some desperate assault about to be made, and it was by *vermin*, by rats. He was assured they were rushing forward, over the stream and through the dell, over the mountain and through the glen; they were coming in thousands and ten thousands, that they might inflict retributive vengeance. He fearfully hastened and crossed the Rhine without delay; he hurried to his castle,

“ reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.”

His thoughts of security, even in its loftiest turrets, were vain. Scared with dreams after the fatigues of his journey,

“ He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.”

Though when he listened and looked and saw it was *only* the *cat*, his fears increased, since her screams fully proved that the army of rats were drawing near—down the banks and over the stream, up the steep shores and precipitous walls they climb and crawl, and enter by thousands by the holes and windows into the stronghold—

“ Down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.”

I shall not now stop to moralize on the dream or the dreamer, or to dispute the orthodoxy or matter of fact in the history. Some have eagerly sought to throw discredit on the chronology and truth of the tradition. I was much pleased, however, to read the tale in its own region, to gaze upon the Mause Thurm, or Rat's Castle, where the bishop was said to have received his reward. I only wished it might be a lesson to bishops and ministers too, that their best and holiest sympathies are required and should be consecrated on behalf of the poor—not to shut them up and fire the barn for their destruction, but to provide for them, to promote their welfare, whether it be by trade, free and honourable, or by liberal principle and instruction, as they have opportunity.

We leave the bishop and proceed to Mayence. As we approach Johannisberg and leave Bingen behind us we pass through the broadest channel of the Rhine. The river here is 2,000 feet in breadth, and is only 1,300 feet broad at Cologne. Johannisberg was erected as a convent in 1106, and was, through the culture of the monks, early

celebrated as the richest vineyard on the Rhine. It has often changed owners since it was secularized. In the beginning of the present century it was the property of the Prince of Orange : it was subsequently bestowed, as a gift, by Napoleon on Marshal Kellerman ; but in the year 1816 it was granted by the Emperor of Austria to its present proprietor, Prince Metternich. The convent has been converted to a castle, and occupies the summit of a very fruitful hill. The extent of the vineyard is about sixty-two acres, and its yearly revenue has been estimated at eight thousand pounds. Biebrich attracts notice as once the residence of the Duke of Nassau, and now the station of the eisenbahn, or railway, leading from Wiesbaden to Frankfort. The château of the duke is considered one of the most complete and beautiful. I borrow from Murray's "Hand-Book" the following sentences, expressive as a memorial of bygone scenes and characters, and which my future story will further illustrate :—

"Most of these residences of ~~mighty~~ highwaymen fell before the strong arm of the law in 1282, having been condemned as robber strongholds. The forces of the League of the Rhine carried into execution the sentence of the Diet of the empire by storming and demolishing them, and thus put an end to the arbitrary exactions and predatory warfare of their owners. The system of pillage which prevailed throughout Germany among the rulers of these almost inaccessible fortresses, *until the vigorous opposition of the towns on the borders of the Rhine put an end to it*, is well illustrated by the following anecdote :—' An archbishop of Cologne, having built a castle, appointed a seneschal to the command of it. The governor, previous to entering upon his office, applied to the bishop to know how and whence he was to maintain himself, no revenue having been assigned to him. The prelate, by way of answer, merely desired him to observe that his castle stood close to the junction of four roads.'"

The sky spreads blue and clear over the Gothic towers of Ellfeld. Here have been scenes of royal guilt as well as sacerdotal usurpation. Gunther, of Schwarzburg, besieged by his rival, Charles the Fourth, resigned, in 1349, his title to the crown here, and died, some say of poison. A castle was built in this the only town of the Rheingau about the same time: its watch-towers, surmounted by four turrets, remain to display its architecture. The river sweetly dances beside its grey walls with as sunny a wave now as in former times, and the sloping banks on the opposite side present the same natural scenery unchanged and peaceful as then, shading away into the far horizon. Otho the First made a donation of the town and its der esnes to the church; and her priests soon after—perhaps they already had, discovered the crystal spring that gives its name to the delicious grape of Markbrunner; at least it was a shrewd guess that the vinous bishops of Mayence made the best of the vicinity. Not far hence are the ruins of Scharfstein and Schienstein; also included, with its luxuriant garden, in the royal gift, or church's perquisites. Here is the Neiderwalluf, known as the gate of the Rheingau, the Bacchanalian Paradise.

The red towers of Mayence invite the eye of the tourist, otherwise tempted to linger in the contemplation of the sun's setting rays as they glide upon the waters and leave the gathering mists to diversify the vine-clad rocks and chequered scenes of Nassau. The apostrophe of Bulwer is apt, and expresses my own admiration before I had the pleasure of perusing his work:—"Ever-memorable Mayence!—memorable alike for freedom and for song—within those walls how often woke the gallant music of the troubadour; and how often beside that river did the heart of the maiden tremble to the lay! Within those walls the stout Walpolden first broached the great scheme of the Hanseatic league; and, more than all, O memorable Mayence, thou canst claim the first invention of the mightiest engine

of human intellect—the great leveller of power—the Demi-urgus of the moral world—the Press! Here, too, lived the maligned hero of the greatest drama of modern genius, the traditionary Faust, illustrating in himself the fate of his successors in dispensing knowledge—held a monster for his wisdom, and consigned to the penalties of hell as a recompense for the benefits he had conferred on earth!”

Mentz, or Mainz, are modes of spelling which you will occasionally see in books as the name for the archbishoprick of Mayence. The city is immediately opposite to the confluence of the river *Maine* with the Rhine, and hence the origin of the name: its Roman appellation was Moguntia. The resident population is reckoned about 36,000; and the position of its citadel is considered so important to rulers, as central in the midst of surrounding governments, that, in the year 1831, a garrison of 16,000 troops was stationed here: not because it was the season at which kings go out to fight, or that war was a game at which neighbouring potentates were disposed to play, did they place this strong army within the walls of one city. The force has been reduced, yet at the present time 8,000 military guardians watch the interests of those who pay them. You will ask what was the occasion which required so extravagant a force, and which still renders it expedient thus to employ a soldier for every four inhabitants. The people in neighbouring towns, and, perhaps, in Mayence too, had begun to think; imagined they ought to be at liberty to express their thoughts, to have something like the privilege of freemen, and, as citizens, have some influence in the regulation of their own affairs and the conduct of their governors. The nobles and the rulers, however, thought otherwise, and the 16,000 men were the instrument and the power of the noble and dominant rulers—man lending himself to be man's oppressor, the poor selling themselves as slaves to become the tools of

holding their brethren in slavery, of riveting the chains upon their own fathers and sons. Where the masses, the multitude are willing to be soldiers, I do not wonder that there are thousands of poor men compelled to be slaves. It is thus the princes of Germany are enabled to violate their own pledges, and tread on the necks of their fellow-men.

There be many remarkable objects in Mayence, but they are chiefly churches, palaces, arsenals, and tombs. The chief of them is the cathedral, begun in the tenth century and finished in the next, but the subject of many reverses—six times burned down, bombarded by the Prussians in 1793, and converted afterwards by the French into a barrack and magazine. One part only has outlived all these changes—the portion behind the altar at the east end. Some side chapels exhibit the beauty of antiquity. But its finest memorials of former days are the tombs or monuments erected to the memory of kings and episcopal electors, & bishops—the relative position of these clerical mausoleums illustrate the progress and declension of ecclesiastical power in Germany. To me this is more interesting than the beauty of the structures, the rudeness of the effigies, or the successive stages of art. It little signifies to the present generation, what memorial bears the *insignia* of Bishop Peter von Asfeldt, or Archbishop Berthold von Henneberg; or how Charlemagne commemorated his third wife, Fastrada, who died in 794; or how the ladies of Germany mourned at the bier of Heinrich von Meissen, the “ladies’ minstrel;” but it deeply affects us to know how men have acquired power, and how they used it when obtained.

The bishops and canons of Mayence have a reputation in history for their wealth, and the power which they wielded in European affairs.* Bishop Adalbert I. caused, in 1135, an edict to be engraved on the upper valves of the brazen doors on the north side of the cathedral.

This edict conferred important privileges on the town, because the citizens, as his subjects, had aided him when held in prison by the emperor. They procured his release by seizing the person of the emperor himself, and holding him as hostage till their own episcopal sovereign was delivered up. Which of the apostles would have reckoned Adalbert as his successor, I cannot say; but his subjects must have loved him more affectionately than some modern mitred heads are loved. The Archbishop of Mayence was elector and premier prince of the German empire; and had the prerogative of crowning the emperor, when chosen, as well as presiding in the diet when the choice was made. So imperious were these clerical potentates, that they could boast, if the candidate for whom they voted were not chosen, they had others in their pocket. Indicative of their power and pride, and characteristic of their times and influence, it is reported, that when one of the popes wished to restrain his prelatic sons, and found fault with the bishop and canons for the quantity of wine they consumed, and their luxurious living, their answer was, that they "had more wine than they could drink for the mass, but not enough to drive a mill with." Thus boasting of their indulgences and abundance, and glorying in their bacchanalian orgies, rather than in their worship of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, and consists not in meat and drink, but in righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

There is an ancient fragment of Roman skill in mechanical power, and of the manner in which they ministered to civic convenience, in a remaining portion of the aqueduct, which they erected some eighteen hundred years ago, to convey water into Mayence. It extended a thousand yards, and stood upon massive pillars; sixty-two of which still endure. The tower of Drusus, son-in-law to Augustus, and founder of Mayence, is regarded as having been his tomb; and, though stripped of its outward and

compacted masonry, it is an enduring monument of Roman ingenuity and enterprise. A staircase was cut through the solid mass in 1689, and leads from the bottom to the top; while the shape of the ancient pile is thought to resemble an acorn, and is therefore designated Eichelstein. The first archbishop of Mayence was St. Boniface, an Englishman, who left his country accompanied by eleven other monks, ostensibly to preach the gospel to the nations of Germany. His mission is declared to have been successful, in the conversion of 100,000 heathens. A monument, erected in 1357, in red sandstone, on the left side of the cathedral, records his deeds and renown.

Mayence boasts celebrity for other incidents in European history, which are interesting to all, and which may even yet become the source of moral and popular power. The first which I would mention is not only for the locality the most important, but recognises within its operation principles of a just and wise political economy for all nations, applicable to all times, and promoting good-will among all the tribes of the earth. *Free trade* was first recognised by the citizens of Mayence, and first realized, through their instrumentality, among other cities upon the Rhine. Walpolden was a citizen of Mayence, who suggested the confederation of cities; which led first to the formation of a Rhenish, and then of the famous Hanscatic League. The union which he recommended was to secure advantages which should be common to all, and which they should share in spite of feudal or baronial power. Their plan was, to free commerce of the oppressive exactions enforced by knightly highwaymen, whose fortresses were a refuge to the plundering robbers too proud to work, and too selfish to consider the claims of justice or the rights of fellow-men. The whole continent was at that time overspread with these haunts of rapine and excess. The Rhenish confederacy united for purposes of commerce, and, through Walpolden, obtained

the counsel and sanction of the emperor Rodolph, of Hapsburgh. To effect their object, they assailed these fortresses, unroofed their castles, and sent their feudal chiefs forth to other regions. To this movement has been ascribed the numerous and far-spread ruins of castellated buildings on the Rhine. Their picturesque grandeur serves a far more harmless, and even a more beneficial purpose now, in variegating the scene, and associating the present with memorials of the past, than, as the habitations of chivalry and martial parade, they could have done in their best days. They are land-marks now for the navigator and adventuring trader; but then they excited terror, and repressed commerce by their signs of life and occupation, when the feudal chiefs employed their menials to intercept and plunder the vessel of the merchant who sought the gains of trade. The tourist, in search of the picturesque, and the mariner, can alike look on them now with undisturbed composure.

The Rhenish League was a precedent for the subsequent Hanseatic League—a confederation of the Hansc, or free towns of the Continent—to which I may again refer. But it was also founded much in the spirit, and for objects very similar with the designs of a more modern confederacy, whose combined energies will do even more for the world than did Walpolden and his coadjutors. Though they may not leave so many fragmentary ruins to excite the admiration of future travellers, or fill the page of history with scenes of carnage and spoil, and tales of heroic bravery in dismantling the beautiful, magnificent, and picturesque mansions of lordly barons; yet the principle and process of free trade will have its achievements, its conquests, and its laurels; overcoming feudal tyranny and territorial domination; setting free the channels of commerce, the energies of men, and the wealth of nations.

Another event of historical celebrity, associated with the chronicles of Mayence, is the discovery of letter-press

printing by movable types. Here Henne Guttenberg Gensfleisch was born about 1395; to whom is generally conceded, what he seems to have deserved, the reputation of being the inventor of the art of printing. It is alleged by some, that in Strasburg the invention was first applied; but it seems credible that Guttenberg proceeded to some extent in applying his secret means of multiplying literal copies of works intrusted to him in his native city. In the year 1435 he did successfully prosecute his discovery as a secret in Strasburg; and ten years afterwards he occupied a shop at Mayence, the site of which is still pointed out, for the same purpose. In the former place he was associated in partnership with three persons, in order that they might carry on the work of book-printing. His partnership at Strasburg was interrupted by misunderstanding; yet, on his return to Mayence, he had to seek the co-operation of others. Rich in thought, he was poor in purse; and he entered into company with Fust, a wealthy jeweller, who undertook to advance 2,020 florins. The enterprising spirit encountered difficulties: he could not command an abundance of silver and gold, but he deemed his art his wealth, and thought he might honourably trade with it, as an equivalent for the capital of his partners, whilst he would not give to others the knowledge of, or power over, his invention, any more than they would invest him with authority to possess their money. The wealthy often seek to spoil the poor discoverer of his reward; and Guttenberg had repeated lawsuits as a partner; but he succeeded, after fifteen years of toil and application, in overcoming all his difficulties, and established his business with his own personal independence. His art or craft of printing, became a recognised trade: his remuneration increased, till he became wealthy. At sixty years of age he was placed, as a mark of royal favour, among the king's body-guard; was invested with a title of nobility; and retired from trade to wear his peaceful laurels, and reap his

harvest of lucrative reward for his useful discovery. Thus John Guttenberg Gensfleisch, Mayence, and the printing of books, may be regarded as identified in history and reputation; while the first Bible that was ever printed is shown, in one of the towns through which I passed, as the production of Guttenberg, and of the art which he discovered. He was a benefactor of his race, and a propagator of truth.

We proceed from Mayence; and find, in our upward progress, fewer attractions to detain us, either in the ruins of empire or the beauties of nature. We must plead excuse for a momentary delay in the historical associations rather than in the scenery or amusements of the ancient Borbetomagus, where Charlemagne was married, and his rude legislative assemblies were convoked. The town, better known by its modern name, Worms, contains no more than 8,000 inhabitants. The number of its population, when prosperous, exceeded 30,000 residents, besides many strangers who resorted thither. This decayed, though singularly ancient town, is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, surrounded by a flat and fertile region; the cultivation on which is devoted chiefly to the vine. In the lyrics of the Minnesangers, or old German Bards, it is celebrated as the Wonnegau, or land of joy. There is now, perhaps more from association than external aspect, an air of dignity reposing in the melancholy dilapidation of Worms. The interior of the town consists of a single good street, lined with lofty habitations occupied by persons far inferior in condition to those for whom such houses would now be erected. The detached buildings and back lanes, untenanted, giving the aspect of solitude and desolation to the whole suburbs. It is much decayed.

Parts of the city, where formerly were squares of houses, and a stirring community, are now occupied with fields of grass, or planted as vineyards and gardens, that are cultured from year to year. Instead of a powerful and

wealthy city, as it once was, where the diets of the empire used to be held, it is an obscure place, only remarkable for what it was, and the contrast it now exhibits. I felt particularly interested in my visit to it, notwithstanding its decay from ancient splendour. I remembered that Martin Luther had been summoned here to meet the diet, when Charles V., as emperor, was to preside, in order that he might authoritatively declare the opinions or judgment of the empire concerning the *reformed* religion. I recalled to mind, when standing on the same ground, that Luther, a convent monk, had been dissuaded from going, or rather urged not to go, to that diet, by being reminded that John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, had been assured of a safe conduct under the imperial seal and sign-manual, and that the emperor's pledge of protection had been violated; that the unwary but generous Bohemian had been abandoned by the secular, and seized by the ecclesiastical powers, and burned as a heretic under papal authority.

I almost realized the scene of excitement, the thrill of enthusiasm, and the moment of triumph, as I mused on the answer which Luther had returned to his friends, who attempted thus to dissuade him from entering the city:—"Were every tile upon the houses in Worms a *devi*", he should enter the city, appear before the diet, discharge his duty, and trust himself to the protection of his God." I therefore felt eagerly solicitous to be able to feel, as well as to say, I had been where he was then, and had trod the same ground with that heroic and brave man: for, in such a resolution, at such a moment, I thought was displayed true heroism. It was not in the strife of physical strength—in the discovery of brute courage in buffeting his fellow-men—or seeking, by martial prowess and craft, to subdue his adversaries; but it was boldly and deliberately encountering the danger, and enduring the hazard, to which his sense of duty exposed him. I therefore landed at Worms, though not to mark its bulwarks, to admire any beauty

of situation, or proceed in quest of antiquarian researches or ancient buildings. Since I could bring no more enduring a memorial of my visit, or imperishable a fragment of the scene, I selected a pebble from the ground, and carried it with me during all my more distant wanderings on the Continent; bringing it home as a treasured pebble, a precious stone, from the city of Worms, as a relic of my pilgrimage to Luther's shrine; or, may I rather say, as a memento of the man whose courage was as enduring, though his condition had been regarded as equally obscure and unworthy of notice by the great and powerful.*

Worms is distinguished in its history by the tolerant manner in which the Jews have been treated by its people and authorities. For many ages they have here enjoyed privileges not yielded to them in almost any other city of Rhenish Germany. Their synagogue is reputed to have stood for eight hundred years, and to bear the proofs of architectural design as remote as the eleventh century. Its doorways are pointed out as deserving special admiration; and the receptacle (the Thora) for their law, which is circular in its construction, has been specified both as displaying great taste in the architect, and wealth in the community, as well as reputation, when they could incur the expense of its erection. In other countries of the Rhine their condition was often debased and intolerable. At the narrow pass below Vautsberg, between the rock and the river, there existed till recent times a Jews' toll, where fixed dues were levied upon all the Hebrews who passed. Little dogs were kept and trained by the contractors, to single out and seize the Jews from among the passing crowd, so that they might have their goods confiscated, their persons imprisoned, or be otherwise punished for venturing to pass from one city to another without paying the tax for passage. At Treves the suggestion was made by Peter the Pennyless, that the Jews should be plundered to provide resources for the first crusade; and

in 1096, so severe and sanguinary was the contest that 17,000 Jews are supposed to have perished. The choice of death or conversion was given, and fathers presented their breasts to the sword after putting their own children to death, that they might be rescued from the danger of being trained as Christians; wives and virgins sought refuge from the brutality of soldiers by throwing themselves into the river with stones fastened to their body. In 1146, they were again persecuted; and again, forty years later, they were indebted to the Emperor Frederic for protection during the fever of the third crusade. Rhindfleish, in the thirteenth century, and Armlöder, in 1337, practised the most wasting atrocities upon the scattered Hebrews. But except under the cloud of a momentary storm, they appear to have had favour in the eyes of the people of Worms.

Besides the diet to which I referred, where Martin Luther appeared, which was in the year 1521, there had been held in 1495, another diet, which adds distinction to the city of Worms. The object of this Imperial deliberation was to consider and decide upon the right of private war, and to put a stop to it as a practice most baneful to the whole empire. The right of *private* war implied, that one city could proclaim and carry on war with another city, without consulting the emperor or his council, without waiting for the sanction of the potentate in whose country their habitation was located. Theirs were little petty broils—a sort of spontaneous, independent, and arbitrary squabbles. Even now to put one man to death in the ebullition of momentary passion, to murder one man, is considered a great, a degrading offence, a cruel and irreparable crime against society. In like manner, after that diet, it was reputed a cruel and unpardonable offence against the empire for one city to practise war with another. But it was reckoned a most virtuous and honourable procedure for all the cities to combine and go to war if it pleased the emperor, or was counselled by a diet. If

they could kill, under such sanction, hundreds of thousands, or expose themselves to equally unjust warfare, their destruction was patriotic and benevolent! However, the abolition of private warfare was a step, though in the midst of great inconsistency, in the right direction, and Worms is in this association fitly prepared for what followed, when it afterward was the theatre for enacting the right, and the beginning of the exercise of the right, of *private judgment*. It was there that the great principle of the Reformation was established, that a man could take his Bible, his Rubric, his Talmud, his Koran, and read it and think for himself: not established by the order of the emperor; not established by the decree of the diet; but established by God's special providence, which watched over and delivered a man that dared to do it; established by the fact, that Martin Luther went into the city safe and came forth of it scatheless, rescued from all the malice of adversaries who sought to devour him. And the cheering intelligence that Martin Luther, as a great reformer, had himself recognised, and acted on the principle of personal responsibility in the things of God, went forth among the myriads who esteemed the privilege of personal freedom. Hence sprung the *conflict of opinion*—the noblest of all warfares—and leading to the most generous and beneficial of all human victories.

This part of the country is within the bounds of the Palatinate. The Prince Palatine Frederic, you know, married Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, of England, and identified himself with the Protestant barons of Germany, and the Bohemians, who sought freedom from the papal yoke. For a long period he was the victim of a cruel and relentless persecution on the part of the Catholic rulers of the empire, and ultimately became a comparative outcast from the possessions of his fathers. He died in poverty because of his early attachment to, and zealous struggles for, the Protestant cause. Let it, however, be

understood, that he did not sufficiently discriminate so as consistently to uphold the true principle of Protestantism, —that every man should judge and act for himself in religious concerns, without doing violence to others. He and his associates imagined it was right to *fight* for their Protestantism. In this was their error, and probably the origin of his extreme sufferings and losses. This is a matter which I would earnestly distinguish and inculcate; the practice of Christian virtue in its manifestation. We should at all times be willing to suffer for our principles; but we can never wisely fight for their maintenance. There is no good obtained by fighting for anything; whether it be deemed valuable in religion or in politics. Besides, in proportion to the immorality of the exhibition of strife, and its possible injurious action upon the interests, liberty, or relation of others, our principles though good in themselves are branded and exposed to reproach.

There is a little town called Frankenthal, in the vicinity of Worms, which illustrates the value of the principle I would advocate; though for one event in its history we shall not hold the people responsible. A small force of English troops under Sir H. Vere, sent by king James for the succour of his son-in-law, occupied this town as a station in the years 1622-23: but unable to cope with Spinola and his experienced Spanish troops, they surrendered the town after a brief resistance. Frankenthal was originally founded by a colony of Flemings, who, expatriated from the Netherlands in 1562, for the sake of their religion, sought a home among strangers, and obtained a settlement on the principle of religious toleration. Their community was established without any compromise or abandonment of their opinions, and they brought to the land of their adoption an abundant recompense for the favour they had received. They introduced their own handicrafts, their skill in commerce, and their knowledge of manufactures, and thus became a blessing to that part of the country.

The town has continued to flourish as the habitation of a peaceful community, with a population of 5,000 inhabitants, constantly employed in the arts of peace. Their residence has been connected with the Rhine by a canal, and the descendants of the original settlers sustain the reputation of their ancestors, and the principles which they inculcated and sought to practise. The prosperity and continuance of this little community illustrate the folly of human legislation, or of secular authority enforcing religion, and afford encouragement to a wiser policy which leaves man to choose his own religion, and follow its dictates without the intrusion of others, or its being identified with political authority or immunities.

The voyage up the river is not without its vicissitudes and agitations. I proceeded on my route so as to reach Mannheim after the dusk of the evening. Slowly labouring up the huge stream, our vessel bravely stemmed the tide ; after hours of dark voyaging and exciting apprehensions, that we might be benighted on the river. It was no small relief to me, therefore, when the lights of Mannheim, seen almost an hour before we reached our haven, showed the bridge of fifty boats as near at hand ; and I lost no time in soothing my anxieties in the abundant comforts, which can be enjoyed in the hotels upon the Rhine. My packages and portmanteau did not long detain me in the dark among fellow-passengers, or waiting for an omnibus, when I found myself on *terra firma* at Mannheim. This city contains at the present time about 24,000 inhabitants. Formerly the capital of the Palatinate, and still the residence of a Grand Duchess, whose manners are reputed as amiable, and shedding a lustre over her retinue and her court, Mannheim has attractions for those who covet *select* society, hence the society of the town is increased ; three hundred of its resident inhabitants are voluntary exiles from Britain, the land of their birth ; who prefer quiet, genteel idleness, though on small means, to the excitement

and enterprise of trade or manufacture with their more lucrative returns. The *soirées* of the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, Stephanie, have more attractions for them than the Bourse, at Antwerp, or the Exchange, at Manchester. Mr. Talfourd, who delighted to watch the turrets, and minarets, and domes of Mannheim, gradually lighted up by the sun, thought its exterior reminded one of the pictures of Turkish cities with their mosques, but did not admire its interior. It is built as, perhaps, no other town ever has been constructed, even in the new world, where *locations* are planned previous to the foundation of a single edifice. It is laid out in what mathematicians would designate parallelograms, like parsley-beds; just as if these separate and parallel passages, or chapel aisles were each a street, and were again bisected by other passages or streets straight across. So that you have blocks of houses fashioned to their allotted space, forming squares, not hollow squares, surrounded by lines of building, but solid squares of houses. And these parallelograms are not called by the names of persons such as the citizens delight to honour, as Albemarle, Marlborough, Stephanie-street: but they are designated *strasse A*, street A; *strasse B*, street B, &c.; going through the alphabet as far as the number of the streets requires. The *letters* of the alphabet are presented at the corner of every street; a sure mode of initiating their youth in the elements of literature, and of teaching the young idea how to aspire after learned leisure.

It is a city of recent construction, its modern character being occasioned by what I shall immediately relate. In every *strasse*, or nearly so, they have *fountains*, not, indeed, as the term would imply, flowing with bubbling streams of refreshing water; but they have an appearance that looks like fountains of water,—they pour none forth. Ornaments put up as if the authorities would say there is water required for the health of all, but there is none at

our command; good water is exceedingly scarce, though so close upon the Neckar and the Rhine. It is one of the dullest and inanimate, one of the most sombre *inhabited* cities I ever visited. There are palaces and barracks, and these square blocks of houses; there are these parallelograms, A, B, C, and so on. I walked up one and across another, and between a third, and by the back of a fourth, but I saw nothing, save and except blocks of houses; I could almost fancy myself among the undisturbed relics of some abandoned city, although it was in the cool hours of a Saturday afternoon: it was more like the Sabbath-day here, at the hour when all the population have assembled round their dinner-table, and all places of attraction or resort have been shut up. The nearest resemblance to it I ever witnessed was a Scottish village on a fast-day, while the people are in church. The seclusion of families seemed more complete than anything I have witnessed in eastern countries. The only stir I could perceive was among the soldiery and their female companions, who were making merry in wine and beer vaults. I doubt not, however, the social and quiet indulgences of the citizens would be abundant amidst their domestic circles, and when the hours of pleasure had arrived.

I may have explored the city at the hour of toilette, or when the Mannheimians were preparing for the recreations and display of the next day: for Sunday in Germany is merely a holiday for pleasure taking; music parties and excursions abroad, and promenades at home. The palace was built by Karl Philip, in 1720, at which time he transferred his court from Heidelberg. It is of modern architecture, in the form of a centre and wings, with façades, and contains altogether 443 apartments; one wing of it was bombarded by the Austrians in 1795, and has since remained in the condition of a blackened ruin. A large space of ground is covered by the palace, since it does not rise to a great elevation. The residence of the Grand

Duchess Stephanie overlooks the Rhine, in front of a beautiful lawn. Attached to her suite of rooms is a series of galleries containing a collection of pictures, whose character is described by "excellency in the paintings, and inferior celebrity in the masters" whose *chef d'œuvres* they are. Judgment, not name, having guided the choice, exquisite skill is said to mark many of the pieces. Rembrandt, Teniers, Guido. Cuyp, Berghem, Murillo, and Tintoretto, are among the names whose works have been here exhibited. The works of a greater author than all of these, however, are not overlooked. There is an extensive museum of fossils, minerals, petrifications and stones, illustrative of natural history.

But why is Mannheim, of such modern structure, without walls and without bulwarks? The citizens have learned that they are most secure when least defended, and most safe when most exposed to the free inroads of armed legions. The city, it is alleged, did not exist in 1606, and its first erection was subsequent to that date; yet before the year 1690 it had been twice razed to the ground. The French general, under the authority of Louis the Fourteenth, in 1689, summoned the inhabitants into his presence, and gave them orders to demolish their own city, to bring every edifice to the ground within twenty days. Professing most politely the profoundest respect for them, and with more than the usual courtesy of a conqueror, he would leave them to effect their own ruin within the time limited, and, from his kindness, they should have so long a period for deliberation and execution; but if they did not complete the destruction of their city, he should then be under the painful necessity of himself destroying their dwelling-place. They looked to their homes, their hearths, the associations and sympathies of those homes, and the affections which had been cherished and yet centred around those hearths; they thought of their parents, and they regarded their children, as they

had been themselves, the inheritors of parental bequests; and they could not bring themselves to obey the cruel mandate or perform the tyrannical decree. The ruthless and supple tool of royal barbarity himself, therefore, proceeded, and with his soldiery, as troops of destroyers, blew up or blew down every house in the city, and with the skill of fiends speedily demolished every roof that could shelter the defenceless and ruined people.

The edict had been, in the people's judgment, the savage decree of an incendiary and a robber, but it was fulfilled by the soldiers as their pastime and congenial commission. Oh what work soldiers do! What a servile system is military discipline! What employment, to pull down the houses of unoffending people, to destroy the habitations of civilized men, whose only crime was love for these homes, and whose only desire was to dwell in peace!—to go and do all this at the bidding of a man who had no right of dominion or yet of authority over the pillaged and plundered people, and had not one interest to maintain or one wrong to avenge upon a people who had not interfered with his country or his prince! It is to me the most debased and debasing, this soldier trade: its mercenary ranks are filled with automata slaves of destruction. In 1795 the Austrians attacked the French, then in garrison at Mannheim, employing in their turn the fortresses of a city which their own forces had formerly destroyed for their own defence. The assailants cast within the walls of Mannheim during its siege 26,000 cannon-balls and 1780 bombs. One half of the palace was burnt, and not more than fourteen houses were left uninjured by the besiegers; the French troops, to the number of 9,700 men, surrendered as prisoners of war, and the inhabitants had again to receive the law at the point of the sword and the dictate of a conqueror. Thus in the course of one hundred years the city was a second

time brought to ruin, and its inhabitants compelled to bow to the pleasure of a warlike mercenary.

In the city of Mannheim the celebrated Schiller, one of the most distinguished and famed of German poets, was first introduced to the literary circles of his country as a candidate for the applause of his age and nation. His poem, or rather drama, "The Robbers," was enacted at the theatre of Mannheim, and created a sensation of lively sympathy and expectation. The nation was moved by it, and all Germany started with excitement and fervour in response to its impassioned and patriotic sentiments. Rulers, who knew they had deserved the appellation and the doom of despots, trembled to anticipate the issue, and sought to repress the enthusiasm which had been awakened. His father was a servant of the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg. He had served as a surgeon in the Bavarian service, but, returning to his native country, he exchanged his medical for the military profession, and held the rank in actual service of adjutant, and, on the restoration of peace, he was numbered among the captains of his serene highness, but occupied, as an ornamental and horticultural botanist, some civil office in the ducal establishment.

At that time there were many petty German states whose rulers made it their ambition to play at keeping mimic armies in their pay, and aped the manners of the greater military sovereigns—the instinct and mind of the people loving liberty pointed one way, and the *lust* of these little courts pointed another way. But Caspar Schiller, in humble simplicity, taught his son Frederic the most submissive demeanour toward their sovereign prince, whose claims were reckoned inferior only to the Divine prerogatives. His piety is more interesting than his loyalty, and his prayer for wisdom to guide himself as a parent, and for the blessing of God on his child, will interest many. "O God, that knowest my poverty in

good gifts for my son's inheritance, graciously permit that, even as the want of bread became to thy Son's hunger-stricken flock in the wilderness the pledge of overflowing abundance, so likewise my darkness may, in its sad extremity, carry with it the measure of thy unfathomable light; and because I, thy worm, cannot give to my son the least of blessings, do thou give the greatest; because in my hands there is not anything, do thou from thine pour out all things; and that temple of a new-born spirit which I cannot adorn even with earthly ornaments of dust and ashes, do thou irradiate with the celestial adornment of thy presence, and, finally, with that peace which passeth all understanding!"

John Christopher Frederic von Schiller, the son of this devout man, was born on the 10th of November, 1759, a few months later of the same year in which Robert Burns was born; and in 1773, when fourteen years of age, he was introduced, under the duke's patronage, to an academy recently founded by this prince at Stuttgard. The dominion of the duke embraced the *ferula* as well as the sword, the buskin as well as the tribunal. He directed the pursuits of pupilage as well as the administration of justice; he was literally a *nursing* father as well as a princely lord. He was to his menial subjects an earthly providence, and they resigned themselves to his dispensation of earthly blessings. Their son had coveted the office of a pastor, but the duke destined him for a jurist's chair; the boy's day dreams had been of rural scenes, and his joys of childhood had been in unfettered freedom, but his scholastic discipline and hours of study were regulated by the tattoo of the drum and the muster of a roll-call. The military and monotonous routine of duty, with all its attendant servitude, revolted and shocked Schiller's aspiring nobleness of mind; and though after two years he was transferred to the medical department of the academy, he still felt himself in bondage, and

longed for deliverance from his thralldom. Hence the wildness of his "Robbers" and its monstrous fictions.

He afterwards acknowledged:—"To escape from the formalities of a discipline which was odious to my heart, I sought a retreat in the world of ideas and shadowy possibilities, while as yet I knew nothing at all of that human world from which I was harshly secluded by iron bars. Of men, the actual men of this world below, I knew absolutely nothing at the time when I composed my 'Robbers.' Four hundred human beings, it is true, were my fellow-prisoners in this abode; but they were mere tautologies and reiterations of the self-same mechanic creature, and like so many plaster casts from the same original statue. In making the attempt, my chisel brought out a monster, of which the world had no type or resemblance to show."

In his nineteenth year, whilst thus secluded, he produced "The Robbers," which De Quincy describes as "the most tempestuous, the most volcanic of all juvenile creations anywhere recorded," and which "argued a most revolutionary mind and the utmost audacity of self-will." The author of such a drama was assistant-surgeon in one of the duke's regiments, and when it was enacted at Mannheim, the author was arrested and ordered to confine himself to his professional duties. Thus, thought the learned duke, the mind could be repressed; but Schiller would submit to no such doom; he believed in no such destiny as princes might create; and to secure his own emancipation and set the generous creations of his mind free from the bonds which such dominion might seek to rivet, in the disguise of a peasant, the medical officer *deserted*, and sought in exile and poverty what, as a citizen in his own land, he could not procure for money or by patronage. His escape was facilitated by ducal festivities given in the palace to honour some princely guest; and while rank and titles were treated, as giving lustre to the petty court, the most illustrious of all the sons of Germany was

secretly, under cloud of night, escaping from slavery with a few florins in his pocket. He travelled many miles ere he found what he sought, an asylum, as a wanderer by the way-side. Sometimes his resting-place was under the shadow of the deep forest, sometimes under the hospitable roof of widowed solitude—his poverty so extreme that he knew not oftentimes how his daily bread should be supplied.

Yet, living in vigorous and bounding hope, and rising above his hapless and forlorn condition, he counted his liberty more valuable a thousand times than all the sacrifices it had required. For years afterward he toiled and waited; employing his pen as the instrument of a teeming and generous mind, he aspired to bring his principles into repute, and secure for himself an independent support; and, by enlarging the minds of his fellow-men, to help them in the acquisition of national freedom and personal consideration. I do not know the life of a man of the world more deeply interesting to the scholar, the patriot, or the aspirant for literary fame, than is the life of Schiller, as sketched by Sir E. L. Bulwer. His success was most triumphant—most honourable to himself, beneficial to his country, admonitory and instructive to all classes of his fellow-men.

In our ascent of the river, Spires, or Speyer, deserves more than a transient reference. It contained, in the fourteenth century, 27,000 inhabitants; it now numbers ~~not more~~ than 9,000, some say even less than 4,000 people. In the middle ages it was chartered as a free city of the empire, and in the year 1111 had a monopoly of the carrying trade on the Rhine granted by Henry the Fifth; who authoritatively conferred on its citizens power to destroy any baronial castle within ten miles of their gates. It is a remarkable fact, that, though chosen as the place of imperial residence by Charlemagne and princes of the Suabian line, and the place where forty-nine diets of the empire were held, and, consequently,

rendered the scene of royal festivities and courtly show, the proximity of noble residences was considered unfavourable to prosperity; and so soon as the *people* began to rise into influence and to better their condition, the first step of their improvement was the despoiling and unroofing of castles and fortresses as nests of robbers. And the first proof that the ruling authorities of the country gave of their consideration for, and sympathy with, an improving people, was their granting to the citizens the charter or power to effect this destruction. The privileges granted as to a free city of the empire rendered it the centre of a flourishing trade, and poured wealth within its walls. This wealth induced luxury and pride, and hence often arose feuds and broils within, which were followed by conflicts and deadly combats without its gates.

The citizens, invested with the powers expressed in their charter, inured themselves to arms, and were as well versed in the strategy of war as in the arts of trade: nor were they slow to exert themselves for the chastisement of noble intruders or oppressors. The consequence was, that they were often assaulted by the combined power of barons, and bishops, and even emperors. Sometimes the emperors came into personal collision with the community; and, on one occasion, an army of 20,000 troops assembled from various countries, and under leaders of numerous nations, to lay siege to the walls of the city of Speyer: the object of this combined force was to inflict summary vengeance upon the citizens because of their mutiny, as some would have called it, but rather because of their free spirit and independent procedure.

This city was, in the year 1689, razed to the ground under General Montclair, who commanded in the name of Louis XIV. His peremptory orders were, that the inhabitants should depart out of the city within six days; and they were threatened, that if they ventured to cross the Rhine to go into the German states, they should in all

such cases be put to death. They were to disperse themselves in Lorraine and in Alsace, around Strasburg, or into Burgundy, and in the contiguous region; but, under the most fearful penalty, they should not enter Germany. Their city, at the appointed time, was set on fire: forty-seven streets were blazing together in one conflagration. The soldiers drove out, by beat of drum, the miserable inhabitants in the most pitiable condition; and having plundered the tenantless city, delivered it up to the fury of incendiaries. It burned three days and three nights; the military directing the fires, and supplying them with combustibles, till they had wholly consumed it, and laid it in ashes. After the fires, they undermined the walls of the churches and larger houses, and also the walls of the city, that they might blast and prostrate every building. Nor did they fail to complete the ruin and devastation which they had contemplated; leaving scarcely a fragment of habitable structure. The only thing that escaped their ruthless ravages was the cathedral, which seemed to defy their utmost violence. The cruelties of siege and assault were again inflicted on this city in 1794; and again the venerable pile, hallowed for so many centuries with the services of religion, stood alone, superior to martial violence. It dates its early foundation to the remote period of 1165; and is a fine monument of antique solidity and durable usefulness. I admired that cathedral as an imposing and hoary specimen of ancient architecture. While I stood at its base, and passed from one side to another, viewing its various aspects, in the society of a clergyman of the English Church, I felt all the reverence that antiquity claims, and the admiration due to the arts of man. It had nothing tawdry—no gew-gaw ornament connected with it: a bold, massive, enduring fabric, which had defied cannon, sustained the shock of mines which had been laid to shatter its walls; and had resisted all the power which a destructive soldiery could accumulate against it. There

the colossal pile still stood, a monument of man's weakness, if not also of Divine protection, in the midst of atrocious impiety and remorseless hostility.

Spire is celebrated for an event in the history of the world, which is associated with the best aspect of religion, and the highest claims of truth. We call ourselves Protestants; and identify with the appellation the purest and most vigorous exhibitions of individual and national liberty. While I lingered around this cathedral, I trod the ground where the sponsors of this consecrated nursling took their vows, and pledged their guardian care to watch over the childhood of Protestantism. Here it was where princes of the empire, nobles of highest lineage, and citizens of purest patriotism, joined together in a remonstrance, and bound themselves under a solemn protest: and, resolving to defend themselves against the encroachments of the pope, and the usurpations of the emperor in matters religious, they issued their declaration against the decree which had been promulgated to destroy them and their religious liberties. Because of their protest against a decision carried by a plurality of voices, interdicting any modification of doctrine, discipline, or worship; which protest was adopted and signed, in 1529, by the delegates of thirteen imperial towns, and six sovereign princes of the empire, at Spire: therefore the professors of the reformed religion are designated *Protestants*; and are thus distinguished from the church of Rome. The city of Spire was not, however, on this account regarded as attached to the reformed churches. The present proportion of Catholic and Protestant, is probably represented by the number (fifteen) of Catholic chapels, and by the two Protestant places occupied for worship. The church property of the bishopric was secularised by the French, who held the town from 1795 till 1814, as their national territory.

In the cathedral are some monuments which might be interesting, had we time to describe them. There is one,

however, that I may just glance at: it is called the imperial vault. There were eight emperors buried there—buried, no doubt, in the pomp and parade of royalty, just as kings are now buried in the mausoleums belonging to modern monarchies—buried with many trappings of heraldry to commemorate their greatness; they, each one, were laid in state; each one distinguished by his escutcheon, bearing even to the grave the coronet or the shield. Eight emperors, besides bishops, barons, and others of lordly name in great number, were presumed to *rest* in this royal sepulchre. But their honourable position only served to single them for indignities, and expose their dust to contumely. When the French dismantled the cathedral, though they could not batter down its walls, they were able to disturb the repose of slumbering bones. They looked into the tombs for emperors, bishops, and barons' remains; but could make no discrimination between them and royal relatives or dependents. They made no distinction—they could trace no difference between the mercenary soldier who, as the menial of his lord, had fallen in battle, and the proud emperor who had died in state. There was a mingling together significant enough of the change which death could effect. The poet's language was more than true: it seemed to speak from the grave in answer to the inscription—

“Here lies the great!—False marble, where?
 Nothing but sordid dust lies here.”

So is it. Look into the tomb of your emperors, of your greatest warriors, or once-dominant ecclesiastics,—*nothing but sordid dust lies there*. Hence is it wise not to seek greatness by the splendour of a mausoleum—not by the funeral pageantry that publicly attends the interment of him who has fallen from power—not by solicitude for a habitation for our bones; but by the possession of a name and a place among the children of God. •

We shall visit only one other German city before closing this evening's description ; and let us pass on to the celebrated university town of Heidelberg. I entered it in company with a merry-hearted company of students, whose phlegmatic spirit had been stimulated with wine-drinking, and whose present indulgence was in the midst of the fire and smoke of tobacco. This city is specially, but not alone, renowned for its university, and forty-two professors. In the year 1386 was the university founded. The present reputation of its professors is European ; men of profound learning and liberal speculation. Schlosser, the professor of history, ranks among the most eminent. Creuzer excels in antiquarian and classical history ; Zacharia as a jurist ; Mittermeyer in criminal law ; Tiedeman in anatomy ; and Gmelin in natural history : all of them sustaining the highest character for attainments and literary zeal, and for the expansive and liberalizing tendency of their prelections and intercourse. Kings and barons fear the revolutionary tendency of their instruction, and have marked with their restrictive brand all intercourse between Heidelberg and their subjects. Even the King of Prussia, not long since, issued a decree, that none of the youth of his state should attend there for study. And why ? Simply because there they would be taught the doctrines of liberalism ; because the principles of universal freedom were inculcated by the professors, who enjoined upon their students the prerogative of going for themselves what should be the principles of government, whether at home or abroad.

The library of the university has received large accessions of literary treasure. So many as 120,000 volumes are claimed by its catalogue. In 1815 the pope restored, from the Vatican Library, many volumes which had been carried off in some early wars. Not fewer than 890 were thus returned, relating principally to German history. What must have been the spoil of this library, when Tilley

littered his cavalry with¹ the manuscripts which he found at Heidelberg, instead of straw. The manuscripts which still remain are numerous, and of the greatest beauty.

The population of the town is variously estimated; some giving the account at 11,000, and others reckoning it as high as 13,000. It is a long, continuous street, on a ledge below the steep heights, on the banks or haunted valley of the Neckar, the most crystal of rivers, pleasantly and peacefully situated. The river, which gives it beauty and health, rises in the vicinity of Schaffhausen, not far from the source of the Danube; and passing through Stuttgart, and watering many lovely and enchanting spots, sequestered from the noise of the busy world along its banks, it flows down to Mannheim, where it joins the Rhine. The town is clean, respectable, and flourishing; but possessing only one building which can boast antiquity. Five times was it bombarded; three times was it taken by assault, and pillaged; and twice laid in ashes. In 1622, Tilley, a French general; in 1674, Turenne, another French commander; in 1688, Melac, a general of the same nation; in 1693, Chamilly, also a French general; and again, in 1793, another leader; who boasted their Gallican rank and service, attacked and desolated Heidelberg, as the victim of ferocious war. It is a truly singular, and, one would almost say, a most doomed city of any that I ever visited. Neither reverence for the dead ~~as~~ regard for the claims of religion, nor a consideration of the benefits of literature, restrained from the most wanton and brutal cruelty. Heidelberg seems to have been chosen as a place which 'kings and soldiers' were determined to offer as a holocaust to the genius of their warlike spirit, and a monument of their ferocious passions.

The castle is built on an eminence, occupying a beautiful position. It commands the town, looks down on its streets, and passes along, as it were, a gigantic terrace, erected as a proof of the people's wealth, or their

ruled power. There are numerous antique remains and historical associations connected with this castle, which I need not now attempt to recount. Talfourd says, the ruins are vast, but too miscellaneous for grandeur—not blending into one great idea. Doctors differ: and I am disposed to shroud myself under the more favourable judgment of Sir E. L. Bulwer. Under his eye, the whole did blend in one great idea—splendid and absorbing to a poetic mind. “But all the impressions produced by the castle at a distance, are as nothing, when you stand within its vast area, and behold the architecture of all ages blended into one mighty ruin! The rich hues of the masonry—the sweeping façades—every description of building which man ever framed for war or for luxury, here: all having the common character—RUIN. The feudal rampart, the yawning fosse, the rude tower, the splendid arch; the strength of a fortress, the magnificence of a palace; all united, strike upon the soul like the history of a fallen empire in all its epochs.”

“There is a sense of fatality in the singular mournfulness and majesty which belong to the ruins of Heidelberg—contrasting the vastness of the strength with the utterness of the ruin. It has been twice struck with lightning; and is the wreck of the elements, not of man. During the great siege it sustained, the lightning is supposed to have struck the powder-magazine by accident. What a mocking interference of the wrath of nature in the puny contests of men! One stroke of ‘the red right arm’ above us, crushing the triumph of ages, and laughing to scorn the power of the belaguers and the valour of the besieged!” Though its ancient pomp have been blasted by the lightning, there still remains, in the vast extent of pile, a fitting monument of the memory of Charlemagne. A portion of it is called the English Palace, in consequence of the residence of the daughter of James I., as the wife of Frederick, the Prince Palatine. The final ruin or

dilapidation of the castle occurred in the year 1764, when one of its loftiest towers, its proudest ornaments, being struck by lightning, communicated the electric and raging flame to the whole building. A total destruction was the issue of this conflagration; and it has never since been inhabited. One eccentric exception has been talked of, and afforded occasion for a grave *reflection* upon the inhabitant, as a Frenchman and a painter. This singular habitant of these ruins, attracted, perhaps, by the *one great idea*, which, in Bulwer's opinion, is here blended of many elements, had dwelt in the place some twenty years, solitary, companioned only by his art; while no other apartment was tenanted by any human being. Our author questions whether there be not more, however, of affectation than poetry in such a mode of existence. He says, "Probably custom has deadened to him all that overpowers the occasional visitor with awe; and he may tread among these ruins, rather seeking to pick up some rude morsel of antiquity, than feeding his imagination with the dim traditions that invest them with so august a poetry."

"See," said Vane, pointing to two peasants who were conversing near them on the matters of their little trade, utterly unconscious of the associations of the spot: "See, after all that is said and done about human greatness, it is always the greatness of the few. Ages pass, and leave the poor herd—the mass of men—hewers of wood, and drawers of water. The pomp of princes has its ebb and flow; but the peasant sells his fruit as gaily to the stranger on the ruins as to the emperor in the palace." Vane's sneer at the peasant, the herd, the mass of men, as the antipodes of greatness, was a random shot. The sale of fruit to the emperor in the palace may not often be a better exchange than when the bargain is with a stranger. Indeed Hebrew experience was, that such a ruler would rather take than buy fields, vineyards, and olive-yards, even the best of them, and *give* them to his servants; and that, at the

lowest measure of exaction, he would take the tenth of their whole seed, and of their remaining vineyards, and give them to his officers and to his servants. The knowledge of this, or the traditionary recollection of such historical and royal qualities, may have had more than indirect influence on the peasants' minds, in being more ready to barter with a stranger on a ruin, than contribute to an emperor in his palace. Whereas the greatness, so far from being forced upon the mass, the herd, by emperors, has too often been impeded, and its elements in knowledge and liberty have been quenched by the policy and government of those who dwelt in kings' palaces.

It was well said, 'had a people built yonder palace, its splendour would never have passed away. There is a vault under the ruins, which contains what is known over Germany as the *Heidelberg Tun*, which was wont to be filled with wine. It is reputed among the people as the largest vessel in the world. A wine-merchant urged me to go and see it for myself, since it was such a singular thing. It is accounted sufficient in size to hold about 800,000 bottles of wine at one time. Surely it must be a jolly tun, fit enough for bishops and monks of the olden time.' It has not been filled nor occupied with wine for fifty years.

The houses in the town are large, have the aspect of liveliness and respectability, and seem the habitations of beings, who intelligently seek their own comfort, and indicate the possession of wealth and domestic enjoyment. I saw no hovels of wretchedness, and few paupers; while even the mendicants who solicited alms from the stranger were well clothed. The situation of the city is encompassed by hills, magnificent and richly verdant. Its position is that of a valley embosomed among wood-clad mountains, and surrounded by the most romantic walks. The university and the churches boast no architectural attractions, though all the public buildings are

massive, and rather sombre. I twice visited Heidelberg, and liked its appearance better the second than the first time. My personal intercourse was limited to two or three of the residents, and I communicated only with one of the professors. I found no opportunity for social worship on the Sunday, and kept my hotel till the afternoon, when I wandered forth for a solitary ramble. As I passed from the hotel, my ears were saluted with the music of a martial band playing at the promenade, within the castle precincts.

The mountain was yet unscaled; the stately ruin frowned, or rather reposed, on the mountain side, girt by its massive walls and hanging terraces; round which, from place to place, clung the dwarfed and various foliage. High at its rear rose the huge mountain, covered, except in patches and at its summit, with dark trees; and concealing in its mysterious breast the fictitious dwellings of the shadowy beings in the legendary world. Toward the ruins, and up the steep ascent, on the broken ground, you may see a few scattered sheep pasturing on the mountain herbage.

I chose for my retreat the recesses of a glen, at the farther extremity of the town; up the sides of which I ascended by a most romantic and picturesque pathway. At first I only passed a solitary wanderer like myself, or two or three who had sought seclusion. But as my road reached its winding and commanding elevation, the numbers increased, till I came to the brow of the hill under which the city was built. The view of it, and of the old ruined castle looking down upon the houses of the people, which my present position commanded, was enchanting. But here, again, the notes of the martial or lighter music floating in the air mingled with my reflections; while I could see the fashionable crowds lounging around; many visitors passed to and fro in my vicinity. I retired by a road which led from the crowded scene, and seemed to

wend most circuitously to a still higher and more expansive range. This I followed for a time, and then turned off into a bye path more directly toward the summit—sometimes over rocks and masses of stone, and sometimes through glades and ravines; from the breaks and gorges of which, new and exciting points of surrounding scenery burst upon my view. At length I crowned the highest brow of the mountain, and ascended a tower which stands on Königstuhl, rising perhaps 150 feet from its foundation.

No language can describe the gorgeous and expansive country which spread before me. The buildings of the town had shrunk to insignificance, and the region had opened out in its glory; below, in the distance, spread the plain far and spacious. The works of man were become minute and obscure; but the grandeur of the Divine handywork was transparent and conspicuous. Mountains towering in majesty, and plains waving in plenty; the teeming earth lifting her grateful voice to the heavens, and the benignant sun looking down on the fruits he had instrumentally produced—vines and corn-fields, herbs and fruit-trees; the husbandman's harvest, which had bowed under his sickle; and the few pasturing cattle which were scattered around, and might have roamed amidst fulness and variety; the Neckar, flowing down from glen and ravine, by mountain brake and woody fen, and which now found an open plain, meandered through the green fields; and, gliding swiftly ~~through~~ its serpentine course, made its embouchure into the magnificent Rhine. While the latter river, in its more sweeping and imperial channel, was observable in the greater distance rolling forward, watering and fertilizing many lands, and conveying to many tribes the blessings of peaceful intercourse, enterprise, and prosperity—till, almost fading to a shadow, with a solitary sail upon its breast, it united the scenes on earth with an autumnal sky. Besides towns more contiguous, such as Mannheim, fifteen miles off,

almost in a direct line from me, reposed the once magnificent city of Spire; suggesting the remembrance of the diets of the empire, the protests of princes and citizens, and the changes through which Protestantism and its greatest champions have since passed. In some directions my view extended more than thirty miles, and brought distinctly before my eye the works of God's hand, the proofs of his goodness. Here I met several English tourists, two or three of them clergymen, and groups of English ladies, who had climbed these lofty heights to view the glorious Rhine. I also had some conversation with a few genteel youths belonging to a boarding establishment, where they were expected to learn the English language. They had been sent from remote parts of Germany; and evidently prized their privileges and prospects. They were frank and talkative, but pleasing and decorous. I descended, after more than three hours' rambling, and reached my hotel as the evening was about to close. The music was still vibrating its melody, and the promenaders were still loitering around.

There is one farther characteristic feature I would attempt to sketch by the aid of William Howitt's pencil. On a former occasion I described a scene connected with the students of Bonn, such as came under my own observation. Let me now introduce a scene of another description connected with the students of Heidelberg. I feel more able to realize in my imagination than to present in words its graphic minuteness and *vrai-semblance*; though I can now form some idea of the locality and the appearance of the young men, of their tutors, and the manners of the witnessing people. When students have gained the confidence and affection of their fellow-students, there are ways by which they can evince their mutual kindness highly flattering—by some it will be deemed *honourable*—to all parties. A student had come from Hamburg, whose manners had endeared him to his

associates, and whose lot had awakened their sympathies. He had studied closely, made distinguished proficiency, and cherished the affection of his class-fellows. He was a favourite of his parents, who were aged and infirm. Intense application to study brought him under the power of a fatal malady and to an early grave. He died of consumption. Whilst on his death-bed, tidings of his dangerous sickness were conveyed to his home. His father could not travel so far: no relative, brother, or friend, reached in time to receive his last communication, or console his last hours. His disease made rapid progress, and his death was amongst strangers. His fellow-students resolved he should have a public funeral, such as is given to those students whom they admire, and whom they honour as the ornaments of their universities. It is designated *Fackelbrennen*. Mr. Howitt, from whom I borrow the facts of the description, heard the bells of the various churches tolling, saw the preparatory procession.

Instead of a hearse, they had a low open car or wagon, covered over with an awning supported by boughs, and drawn by six horses. The foremost four horses were at a considerable distance from the two wheelers pulling with ropes, and these ropes covered with black. A pall was spread upon this rustic hearse: this pall was covered with garlands of laurel or bouquets of flowers. An outer garland, composed wholly of branches of laurel, served as a fringe. Two other garlands, formed of roses and lilies—the innermost of which was peculiarly beautiful, the gift of a female hand—festooned the bier. Within these were laid the student's cap, his gloves, and his sword. The coffin, covered with black velvet and ornamental work of silver, plated nails, and shield, was placed under the pall. All had been rendered visible by a burning lamp set above the pall: for the funeral was by night. There were two rows, twenty each, of mutes, who stood behind the car—these were servants of the various students who were

appointed to walk by the side of the hearse bearing torches. Their flambeaux were now lighted, and the lamp removed from the car. The students who had come from the immediate neighbourhood, with the friends of the deceased, bore the pall, wearing court-dresses, with swords and scarfs. A military band, attired in black cloth, attended, playing music of a mournful strain. The chief mourners were students in full-dresses, white neckcloths and gloves, bearing no torches. Then followed the main body of students, in the Burschen costume—frock-coats and caps—headed by two professors. Previous to the procession starting toward the place of interment, every student lighted a torch, which he carried in his hand. There were seven hundred students, all of whom, excepting the pall-bearers and chief mourners, were furnished with a torch to show the path to his brother's grave: a few bore the insignia of office, or marks of honourable distinction awarded to them as successful scholars.

They proceeded slowly toward the burying-ground: the length of the *collège* passing through the main street toward the extreme end of the town extended half a mile, and the inhabitants of both sexes crowded in multitudes to witness the scene. They advanced with these lighted torches, singing a solemn funeral dirge till they reached the grave. A clergyman performed the services connected with the interment, and one of the students stood forth and pronounced his oration, as a eulogy, commenting on the virtues of the deceased, such as affection or rhetoric might dictate. The whole company then returned back, rushing as a wild troop, three abreast, singing the most triumphant songs, shouting, rejoicing, whirling round and round and above their heads their burning torches. They came into what is called the Museum Platz—a square immediately contiguous to the college; and ranging themselves, seven hundred, in the order of a circle, they shouted, the band played the most exciting music, the

students sung in full chorus song of exultation, as if they rejoiced in having sent their comrade home. Then those who were the leaders cast their burning brands into the air, one following the other, another and another, till all the seven hundred torches were whirled aloft and gathered into the centre of the square. The band ceased; the whole company then joined in one of their most melodious, masculine, and energetic songs, which made the air resound and the neighbouring hills' echo the notes. As soon as this was done, the word was, "Quench the fire;" they then trod upon the embers of the torches which had served to illumine these funereal orgies, and hurried home, leaving the scene in darkness; and having finally committed their comrade to the arms of the grave.

I leave this as my parting memorial of Heidelberg—a brief description of what her university students may do to prove their affection one towards another. But whilst we gaze upon the scene with deep interest, as characteristic and instructive, where, in all this, is there any reflection of just views of eternity and its relations with time? What is there here to cast a halo of softened and chastened light, as

"A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
Which bends beyond the sky?"

Where have we a sign or a token of their expectation of heaven, or their anticipation of the joys of the world to come, more than we should find in the funereal mysteries of heathen Greeks or the aborigines of Germany? We see the blank—it is indeed a dreary blank—a momentary illumination followed by deep, vast, gloomy darkness. They returned to their habitations after the exuberant manifestation of animal feeling; but they carry not the song of the redeemed in its sweet melodies to the throne, and they give not glory to Him who ransomed the sinner, who cheered our night with the star of hope, who brought life

and immortality to light by his resurrection, and has taught his followers how they may prepare for death, so that kindred may learn to sorrow, not as those who have no hope.

The concluding reflections of William Howitt may be poetical, but they are not evangelical, and give us but a sorry idea of *his* "second and more glorious life." I take a single extract from his comments, and with this conclude my version of the *Fackellrennen*. "In going they had mourned the loss of a friend and fellow-mortal, cut off in the early hopes of youth; they had now paid the last acts of humanity, and rejoiced only in the advent of the departed to a second and more glorious life. This rejoicing music after an academical funeral is like a recognition of the immortality of man. It is like, and no doubt is intended to be, a vivid exultation in the resurrection, and a figurative declaration of the great truth, that, as all has been done for the departed which could tend to keep him longer with us, or to smooth his passage to eternity; that, as all duties which nature and friendship require were now performed towards him, regrets are vain—he needs none—and, as to us, they are worse than useless; we leave him to his felicity, and return to the duties and the social gladness of the earth." A better requiem than this indicates would have been sung by the devout men who carried Stephen to his funeral; or by the successor of Elijah, when he exclaimed, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," declaring that the prophet was better to Israel than the strongest force of horses and chariots.

CHAPTER VI.

The Baths of Germany—Bubbles of the Spa—Bad-Ems—The Serpent's Bath—The Schlangenbad—Wiesbaden, and the Baden Baths.

I PROPOSED giving some account of the towns and places celebrated in Germany as spas, or watering places, resorted to by invalids in quest of health. You are aware that those towns are not such as we commonly understand by the bathing-places in our own country. The summer-quarters, to which thousands of our home-bred and untravelled population resort, are upon the sea coast, and derive their healing or sanatory power and reputation from the virtues of sea water and the sea air ; and more than all, perhaps, from coincident exercise and mental relaxation. But the watering places to which I refer in Germany have derived their celebrity from mineral springs flowing in great abundance, and usually situated in picturesque localities : springs that contain within them various chemical properties, whose action on the secreting organs, or circulating vessels of the human system, it is presumed, is beneficial to the health, or tend to strengthen the constitution of the patients.

The places to which I more particularly refer, are Emsbad, Schlangenbad, and Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, and Baden Baden. Ems, Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, and Wiesbaden, are in the Duchy of Nassau. Baden Baden is the principal town, now at least, of the Duchy of Baden, having in connection with it various other towns not celebrated for their springs, their minerals, or other qualities.

I proceeded to Ems from Coblenz, crossing by the bridge of boats which I formerly described, and ascended the Lahnstein ; so called from the Lahn, a most beautiful and sequestered glen, such as you would like to visit for its own sake. Some most conspicuous places upon its banks, celebrated castles, or castellets and fortresses, are named or described in Guide books ; which once were the strongholds of German princes, and have submitted to the destiny of such princes in modern times, or rather of such castles in Germany ; they have degenerated to be rather vestiges of antique and picturesque beauty, than the habitations of nobles or chiefs.

Bulwer's "Pilgrims" had an advantage ; they were better guided than I was, or better understood their instructors than I did. They commenced their tour from the *thal*, or valley of Ehrenbreitstein, and paused at the remains of a Roman tower in the way. These ancient conquerors have left frequent witnesses to their progress and power. The mountains of Taunus are still intersected with roads which the Romans made to the mines that supplied them with silver. Uins and stones, inscribed with names utterly unknown ; urns, from which the very dust they were consecrated to retain, is altogether perished, but which were designed as memorials of Roman affection or fame, and are now a type and proof of the uncertainty of all earthly visions, are often found in these ancient places. Bulwer calls them "a very satire upon life." Lone, grey, and mouldering, the tower stands in the valley ; and where once echoed the clang of Roman arms, are often seen the white belt and lifted bayonet of the Prussian soldier in his modern uniform. Bulwer's *pilgrim* saw and smiled at *such* a soldier "paying his *momentary* court to a country damsel, whose straw hat and rustic dress did not stifle the vanity of her sex." Strange, indeed, if they did ; they were as much her gewgaw vanities as the richer attire of more highly bred travellers ; but

“this rude and humble gallantry, in that spot, was another moral in the history of human passions. Above, the ramparts of a modern rule frowned down upon the solitary tower, as if in the vain insolence with which present power looks upon past decay; the living race upon ancestral greatness. And, indeed, in this respect rightly; for modern times have no parallel to that degradation.”

I suppose the *pilgrim* meant that base semblance “of human dignity stamped upon the ancient world by the long sway of the imperial harlot, all slavery herself, yet all tyranny to earth; and, like her own Messalina, at once a prostitute and an empress.” To my mind the valley of the Lahn presented many attractive and interesting remnants of intermediate power and ambition, left by the feudal lords or ecclesiastical dignitaries, who ruled when imperial dominion no longer was paramount. The castle of Lahneck, the village of Nieder, or lower Lanstein, the church of St. John, and the iron-works of Hohenrain, tend to variegate the scenes upon the Lahn; while roads diverge to Archeim and Fachbach, through rural and sequestered hamlets of great beauty. The main road along the margin of the tributary stream is shaded and ornamented by chestnut trees and shrubs of lower growth, so as to render the journey pleasant and refreshing, even for an invalid in an open carriage. The Duke of Nassau has his toll-takers and lackeyed mercenaries stationed where his province joins the Prussian dominions. It seemed to me beneath the dignity of a prince to place his *intynia* upon the highway of nations to intercept the tribute of strangers from other lands; while such restrictions appeared impolitic, as far as they would prevent increased population, or intercourse among the inhabitants of his territories, and the addition of wealth by commerce with other countries.

Proceeding through this beautiful valley, you come to Ems, or the Badens of Nassau. Here, appearances as you enter have nothing more than the semblance of a quiet

country village. When, however, you have advanced through some of its streets, and pass into the heart of the town, you are surprised to find the rocks immediately jutting over the very eaves of the houses, and you would fancy that there was exceeding danger of the stones as *debris* that would break off from the face of the Baederly, falling through the roofs of the houses, and affording the inhabitants no great feeling of security.

I venture *most reluctantly* to differ from the high authority of the "old man," who so gracefully, and to the admiration of all, cast forth the "Bubbles of Brunnen," in his description of Ems. I will not deny that the *society* here strongly resembles the Dutch dissyllable *bobbel*, which wants solidity and firmness, as the lexicographer hath it. Neither will I dispute, but with truth he might have further applied to all the occupations of the sojourners, as far as I saw them, the quotation from Macbeth, "the *earth* hath BUBBLES, as the water has, and these are of them." Yet I do demur to his harsh and depreciatory animadversions on nature's scenery, where he says, "I passed through Bad Ems, a small village, which, composed of hovels for its inhabitants, and, comparatively speaking, palaces for its guests, is pleasantly enough situated on a stream of water (the Lahn) imprisoned on every side—(why did not he say environed, skirted, or beautified on every side?)—by mountains which I should think very few of its visitors would be disposed to scale." Their indisposition would be their own fault, and not from the lack of attractions, that are quite equal to other scenes which even the old man admired, and has rendered famous in other parts of Nassau. "From the little I saw of the place,"—what could he see or hear, taking his own account of his progress?—"I must own I felt no great disposition to remain in it. Its outline, though much admired, gives a cramped, contracted picture of the resources and amusements of the place, and as *I drove through it*, (my postil-

ion, with huge orange-coloured tassels at his back, proudly playing a discordant voluntary on his horn,) I particularly remarked some stiff, formal little walks, up and down which many well-dressed strangers were slowly promenading; but the truth is, that Ems is a regular, fashionable watering-place. Many people, I fully admit, go there to drink the waters only, because they are salutary, but a very great many more visit it from far different motives; and it is sad as well as odd enough, that young ladies who are in a consumption, and old ladies who have a number of gaudy bonnets to display, find it equally desirable to come to Bad Ems. This mixture of sickness and finery, this confusion between the hectic flush and red and white ribbons; in short, this dance of death, is not the particular sort of folly I am fond of; and, though I wish to deprive no human being of his hobby-horse, yet I must repeat I was glad enough to leave dukes and duchesses, princes and ambassadors, whose carriages I saw standing in one single narrow street," (the old man must have used his glasses after all,) "to be cooped up together in the hot expensive little valley of Ems:" (how did he know it was expensive, or even hot?) "an existence, to my humble taste, not altogether unlike that which the foul witch Sycorax inflicted upon Ariel, when 'in her most unmitigable rage,' she left him hitched 'in a cloven pine.'"

Had the *old man* paused to blow some of his *bubbles* at Ems, I incline to think he would have described the woods in its vicinity as inviting to shady walks, and the summits of its hills as accessible by a quarter of an hour's ramble, though rather a steep ascent, whence the donkey-mounted invalid, or the more vigorous pedestrian, may enjoy pure breezes and expanded views over the Rheinland. Here are verdant pastures, and umbrageous woodlands, quite equal to those which he has described with such effect in the Rheingau, or the "Bacchanals' Paradise." The Romans called the place, which was known to them for its agree-

able waters, Amasis, and oft resorted thither. The springs rise out of the *substratum* designated grauwacke rock : the temperature of their water is respectively 23° and 37°, Reaumur. Even in the Lahn there are not only minor springs, but also jets of carbonic vapour, so strong as to destroy the life of animals. The resort of visitors increased in ten years more than double ; amounting to nearly 4,000 persons in 1840. The waters here are reputed peculiarly efficacious in female complaints, and Ems is *par excellence*, the ladies' bath.

The valley on the right side of the river, speaking of it as you descend the stream, presents only a very narrow space, on which these houses are built ; on the side of the river there being no more than room for a promenade on one part. There has been between the main street and the river, however, erected a very large *hoff*, or hotel, under the immediate control, and for the special revenue of the Duke of Nassau, which, as a landlord, he rents to those that seek accommodation, under the superintendence of the Badmeister. There are residents who occupy the saloon and bazaars, recently erected for the convenience of visitors, and filled with every variety of nicknackery : other buildings have been recently completed, which are furnished as the receptacles of guests who choose to spend a season within their walls. One of the saloons, or rather a suite of them, is set apart for gambling purposes, and large sums of money are squandered in gaming amongst those that are the guests, the invalids, or the convalescents who reside there.

The native subjects of the duke are not permitted to gamble ; he exercises a sort of paternal supervision over them ; a policeman, under the duke's direction, is present during all the gambling hours. It is only the strangers whom it is intended to fleece, and right well they are fleeced too ; paying more for their gambling than for the benefit which they derive from the spas. Ems is not,

however, so celebrated either for the strength of its mineral springs, for the quality of its water, or as a place of resort, as Wiesbaden is, or as Baden Baden. Yet there are surrounding attractions deserving a passing notice, sufficient to occupy and amuse the leisure hour of the curious or inquisitive. It is not needful to extend the excursion so far as Stamm Schloss, the hereditary birth-place of the princely families of Nassau and Orange, or to the baronial castle of Stein, whose representative is now called the Graf von Giech, to discover all the beauties of the Lahn; nevertheless, the Raederly, the Lindенbach valley, the Balduen Stein, the Forsthaus, Henrietten Weg, and the ruins of Sporkenburg, will compensate for all the fatigue of a brief journey. While along the west of the hills above the mountain of Kemnau, just behind Ems, the antiquary will be delighted to trace the Heidenmauer, otherwise called Pfahlgraben, (heathen's wall,) a Roman structure, begun, it is said, by Drusus, the stepson of Augustus, and finished by Adrian; commencing at Neuwied, on the Rhine, and extending to the banks of the Danube; it touches at Ems, where it descends into the valley, crosses the Lahn, near Schwalbach; and, having skirted the base of the Feldberg, its line proceeds over the Maine, and other streams; intended as a barrier to the imperial dominions when the Romans withdrew from the country north of the Rhine. It is described as consisting of a rampart from twelve to eighteen feet high, entrenched with a fosse originally lined with palisades, and strengthened by towers at regular distances; it far surpasses in extent the Pictish wall in England.

The whole province of Nassau is indebted to its mineral waters for its celebrity, nor are its principal springs very remote from one another. From Ems to the capital of the principality, the distance is about ten miles; from thence to Schwalbach, (or the Swallow's Brook,) is only five miles; and farther, only five miles more is the Serpent's Bath, or

Schlangenbad. The Niederselters, whence flow the Seltzer waters, now sold in millions of bottles, east, west, north, and south, all over the world, as the most delicious beverage, is only half a day's journey from the Swallow's Brook. I hesitate to attempt any analysis or comparative estimate of the several springs; for however correctly I might make the statement, or report the chemical proportions as specified by learned Brunnen authorities, I fancy the subject would be *dry* in the detail, and unimportant in the summary. Iron and carbonic acid gas are the principal ingredients of the lower springs; but the Serpent's Bath contains the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda and magnesia as well. Hence the divers names are rather the caprices of taste, or the result of incidents. The Weinbrunnen being mixed with even more iron than is the Stahlbrunnen, or Steel Spring, and the Pauline deriving its name as a recent spring from the Duchess of Nassau, and its reputation from novelty and the patronage of a Dr. Fenner, as well as ducal favour. These are the springs of Schwalbach, and they are similar to those of Ems.

In the water of Schlangenbad an excess of carbonic acid holds the carbonates in solution. It produces a great improvement on the skin, which Sir George Head calls a "celebrated embellishment;" and explains as "a sort of corrosion which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained from exposure and ill treatment by the sun and wind. In short, the body is cleaned by it, just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper saucepan; and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most distant parts of Europe." The author one day overheard a short fat Frenchman's rapturous eulogium summed up in few words, "in the bath, Sir, I am absolutely enamoured of myself:" and even the *old man* admits "that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering, phosphoric brightness, resem-

bling very much white objects which having been thrown overboard within the tropics in calm weather, 'become blanched and illuminated as they descend.' The effect is very extraordinary; and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles with which the fluid is impregnated. It is no small pleasure to live in a skin which puts all people in good humour—at least with themselves. But besides the 'cosmetic' charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial virtue; "tranquillizing the nerves, soothing all inflammation, and effecting cures of consumption among human beings and cattle.

The chemical powers and operations of the waters at Schwalbach are, however, otherwise characterized. In them is an abundant impregnation of iron, so as that the parties who bathe have their skin literally reddened with the oxide of the iron, the mineral in the water, and their dressing-gown, which they use while bathing, dyed more than a saffron colour, the pink deepening in its hue. It is alleged by the jocular *old man*, whose book will repay your reading, I mean the "*Bubbles of Brunnen*;" it is alleged by him that if the invalid plunges her head in the water, and continues to do it, or if she does it, and allows the water to saturate and act upon the hair, the most sable beauty will by and by acquire the most rubicund colour, and be red all over like a rusty Irishman. Such is the effect of the water, that he alleges the ladies will not be persuaded to put their heads under it, lest that which was very black should become more vermilion than auburn, and that which was the roscate auburn should become the colour of the red rose.

The "*old man*" humorously enough accounts for the prescription of the *Bad*, or Spa-doctor, which does not include the head in the patient's ablutions; and as his apology for the Pauline leech is illustrative of the pro-

perties of the spring and the practices of the place, I may borrow a sentence or two more : they may serve as *bubbles* in my own less buoyant composition ; and if they do not pass off in thin air before your mind, they will float where I could not carry them. “ As the Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads, and even if they were, as they certainly would refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture which stains the hair a deep red colour, upon which common soap has not the least detergent effect, the doctor probably feels that he would only lose his influence were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system which all his patients would agree to abominate : indeed one has only to look at a lady’s flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to read the truth of the above assertion. These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brick-dust ; yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white, and, indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter than ever : in short, without asking to see the owners, it is quite evident that at Schwalbach, young ladies, and even old ones, cannot make up their minds to stain any part of their mysterious fabric which towers above their evening gowns ; and the rest of their lovely persons are as red as the limbs of the American Indian, yet their faces and cheeks bloom like the roses of York and Lancaster. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry, and apparently perfectly clean, yet the rust by exercise comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those people who bathe, stained, but even their sheets are similarly discoloured ; the dandy’s neckcloth becomes red ; and when the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen inch shell had been reposing on it.” We can now enter into “ the first feeling which crossed his naked mind, as he stood shivering on the brink,” and wonder not at “ the disinclination

to dip even his foot into the mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of Mullagatawney soup." His courage was up to the mark, however; "having come as far as Langen Schwalbach, there was nothing to say, but '*en avant*;' and so descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body when a couple of inches below the surface was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a lot of hides in a tanpit. The half hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four."

Schlangenbad, the Serpent Bath, has precisely the idea connected with such a reptile—the slimy, soft, slippery feeling, that you can imagine upon a serpent's skin. But it is not upon that account the name is derived; the origin of which is from the fact, that numerous serpents are found in the springs, where they seem to nestle, and derive as much pleasure, and apparently as much health, as the patients that visit the place. The original celebrity of this spring, as a bath, or rather the occasion of its discovery, according to a legend at the place, is, that there was a poor heifer which became as thin as if she had gone from her meat altogether: the more she eat, the thinner she grew: and it was not like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, that had enjoyed plenty, and never fattened; but she became lean in proportion as she was fed. Nothing seemed to suit the beast's stomach, or serve as pabulum on which to ruminate. She was never seen to chew the cud; her coat was rough, and uninviting to the very flies; her hips seemed ready to obtrude from her skin. In fact, the animal was declining to a shadow, and she disappeared. I do not know whether they thought she had evaporated, or whether she were worth a care or a cure:

what had been the matter, no one knew. But by and by, after a few weeks, she appeared; her skin sleek as a mole's; her ribs covered with fat, as if she were well fed; and sweetly breathing as a milch kine; frisky as if she had renewed her youth, and re-established her health. It was natural to inquire where she had been; and it was discovered that every day she had sought her way through the forest to this spring, and, having bathed herself—nature's instinct, or accident, had been her guide—and drinking the waters, either for cure or to slake her thirst, she found, as a thoughtful beast, her remedy. A young lady who had been considered remarkable for her beauty, seemed stricken with the same disease as the cow, and suffered from the same incomprehensible symptoms. All friendly efforts, and all prescriptions from the leech were fruitless, and ended in sorrow. The good folks, at the herdsman's suggestion, thought that what had done good to the cow would do good to the lady; and they insisted that she should try the heifer's wondrous remedy, and drink the water. The lady fared as the fattened heifer had done: and I dare say, if the story be true, she shared more permanently in the prosperity which followed from it. This story is a German legend; but it reminds me of the story of a rustic dairywoman in my own country, in days of yore. If I introduce the narration here, it will only be to show how superstitious and incredulous people may be in highly-favoured lands. I have found similar instances of credulity in other regions of the world.

In India I have visited the most celebrated and venerated tanks or pools, that were consecrated to deities, having derived their notoriety from circumstances of precisely the same tenor as the spring and the cow. I once ascended to a very lofty summit in India, to visit a sacred tank, on which wealthy devotees had expended large sums; and I learned on the spot, that the virtues of the water were discovered by a leper's dog, which, having plunged into

the water, shook off its cleansing drops on his master's legs ; they instantly experienced its efficacy, and he proclaimed its worth.

Whilst we laugh at the German folly or superstition that would believe the tradition concerning the cow, I may apply the lesson to our own country, and show that there is no less superstition amongst our own and kindred people. The superstitious woman, of whom my tradition speaks, had experienced some apprehensions concerning a favourite cow that she valued. It was alarmingly ill ; and she thought it would surely die. She sent for a minister of religion : the minister would not come ; he could do the cow no good ; he was not a cow doctor. She was not to be thus frustrated : she personally waited on the minister ; and nothing would satisfy her till this holy man, this man of potent influence, came and looked upon the cow. At length, to please the importunate and sorrowful woman, he went and gazed upon the afflicted beast, and thought of the, almost as much, degraded owner. " Well, well," said he, " if she lives, she lives ; and if she dies, she dies. I can say no more about it." The cow improved ; her condition was evidently better ; and the woman had the assured conviction it was the minister's speech that had cured the cow. The minister himself was afterwards taken ill with a quinsy ; his throat was ulcerated ; and no means employed seemed useful, or would cure him. It was apprehended he would die : and mourning friends watched in solicitude round his couch. He heard a rustling noise at the door of his chamber, and asked his attendants what occasioned the disquietude, or what was the matter. The answer was, it was Mrs. —, that wished to see him. " Well, let the poor woman in," was his reply. She entered ; and having looked and sighed, she said, " Weel, if he lives, he lives ; and if he dees, he dees. I can say no more about it." The circumstance flashed across his mind : it so abruptly tickled his fancy,

that he could not restrain, but burst into a loud laugh ; which forced the stuff that had accumulated, from the passage in his throat, outwards, and thus saved his life. Perhaps by some coincidence of the kind, the lady had been brought to taste and to experience the benefit of the waters of Schlangenbad ; and thus arose the prosperity of the place.

I said Ems is not of the same character with these places—not so retired or rural in its associations, nor so accessible to calm and solitary retreats ; yet I had as much of solitude as if I were in a wilderness. I walked about its scenery ; entered into its hotels, and placed myself down in the midst of its companies, as any traveller from any land had a right to do, as a guest. I was entertained in the midst of about two hundred persons, all dining at the same table. The plan on which they proceed, is, to engage their rooms, either in a hotel, or apartments in private lodging-houses. The visitors have their coffee or their tea, in the morning, in their rooms ; not having parlours, or private dining-rooms, or drawing-rooms. Even the wealthiest are glad to put their head in any little comfortable apartment where they may be retired.

I cannot withhold from you the apt description of my companion, the “ old man,” in this ramble. “ The cell of the old man,” he said, “ can hardly be more peaceful than this lodge. It is true the Badhaus was not only completely inhabited—there being no more rooms unoccupied,—but it was teeming with people ; many of whom are known in the great world. For instance, among its inmates were the Princess Romanow, first wife of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia ; the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg ; the Prince of Hesse Homburg, a brother-in-law of the Princess Elizabeth of England ; a Prussian minister from Berlin ; and, occasionally, the Princess Royal of Prussia. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests ; but, paying for their

rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase, and walked along the same passages with the humblest inmates of the place. Yet, within the narrow dominion of their own chambers, visitors were received with every attention due to form and etiquette. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned, however, in this new Badhaus, was to me always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Sometimes a person would be seen carefully locking his door, and then, with the key in his pocket, quietly stealing along the passage : at other times, a lady might be caught on tiptoes lightly ascending the stairs ; but neither steps nor voices were to be heard . and, far from witnessing anything like ostentation, it seemed to me that concealment was the order of the day. As soon as it grew dark, a single wick, floating in a small glass lamp, open at the top, was placed at the two great entrance-doors , and another at each extremity of the long passages into which the rooms on every floor communicated, giving the visitors just light enough to avoid running against the wall. In obscure weather there was also a lamp here and there in the shrubberies ; but as long as the pale moon shone in the heavens, its lovely light was deemed sufficient."

The hour of table-d'hôte, when the common dinner is spread for the whole company, is usually one o'clock ; and they resort, whether it be to Kaiser Hof, that is, Cæsar's Hotel ; Hôtel de Russe, the Russian Hotel ; Hôtel d'Angleterre ; the Darmstadter Hof ; or whatever else might be their hotel ; just as the hour of dinner comes : and you see them, not indeed dressed in tip-top, fashion, but still so dressed as that they may meet in company, moving slowly from one part of the town, or settlement, as we might rather call it, to the other, as the appointed hour draws near. Each visitor takes a seat ; if they have previously been *guests* at the hotel, according as they formerly occupied it ; or they communicate with

the head waiter their intention to dine there that day; if singly, or if in company with others; how many desire to dine in juxta-position with one another; so that he may secure so many chairs. Thus 100, 150, or 200 people gather themselves together, take their seats, look at one another, and are as much at home as my lord duke and the humble bourgeois, if the citizen please to go there: the English 'squire, and the German student—the imperial diplomatist, & servant of despotic sovereignty, and the radical pedestrian, who vaunts his independence and his poverty—all these are as much welcomed, the one as the other, at the same table. Perhaps there are twenty waiters in attendance; each waiter having a section of the room. There is a table laid out in the middle of the room, upon which all the dishes, as they are brought in, in the various courses for the dinner, are placed, presided over by the principal *garçon*; and the subordinate waiters carry the supplies from that central table to the section which is assigned to them. In this way the whole house may be said to be served nearly at the same time, or within an instant or two, the one with the other.

The supplies of a table-d'hôte would amuse you: they occupied my fancy, and afforded variety. I think I counted somewhere about fourteen different courses at the table: and some parties that I noticed partook of every one of the fourteen; and some of them, and they were women, too, seemed to be satisfied with nothing less than a second supply. Each one had, moreover, in addition to what we would call the more substantial provision, first one kind of wine, and then another. I saw a good lady despatch first a bottle of red wine, and then a bottle of champagne. I could perceive in her manner little difference: she was only a degree more talkative at the end of the bottle than she had been at the beginning of the repast. But they had spent nearly two hours in this course; sitting, enjoying themselves with great deli-

beration. This meal seemed to be *the* business of the day. Such gormandising is mentioned, in order to show what is the effect of the medicinal waters that all are supposed to drink. This is the paradise for the voluptuary and the glutton. If the springs be not nectarine, they give stomachic vigour, and strengthen appetite : for surely, if the invalid eat so much, some process of clearing must be required afterward, if not before ; and experience will leave it no problem what effect these detergent waters can produce on other parts of the system besides the cuticle. Unquestionably they increase, nay, they even *create*, a rebellious appetite ; otherwise the visitors, convalescents, or patients, would not eat so abundantly. One would readily conjecture that such indulgence would, but for the potent water power, render the strongest guest an invalid ; and extort the confession, “ I was well, came here, would be better, joined the table-d’hôte, and died.” I never saw, in all the parts of Germany that I visited, and at all the tables-d’hôte where I sat, a single drunken person.

They eat and they drink plentifully. Their wine was not, however, so alcoholic, so likely to excite inebriation, as the wine which is drunk in this country ; and in consequence of their long sitting, and drinking whilst they were eating, and eating whilst they were drinking, the wine incorporated with the food ; and there was far less of inebriation amongst them than would have been met in this country, the same quantity being consumed. There is less restraint, less adventitious luxury, less exclusive pretension in a bottle of wine, than under the (our) restrictions of high duties. It is more the ordinary diet ; it is not the privilege of fashion, or the éclat of a bon vivant ; and they take as much as they relish, or they leave it, without parsimony or the insinuation of vanity or rivalry.

In Ems they drink the medicinal water in the morning, and they bathe by breakfast time. It is worthy of a brief description how they proceed at the baths of

Nassau. The plan is, to be up by five o'clock, watching what the author of the "Bubbles" calls the "reveille," which takes place when the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air has not been enfeebled by the sun; then the guests at the Brunnen begin to stir, and go forth to their various springs, the Pauline Spring, or the Stäl Spring, or the Wine Spring—whichever may be the spring that they have resolved to adopt. They sally forth at that time, with their *chapeau de veïours*, or light caps, hanging with no particular elegance over one side of the head, and a surtout, not very like a coat, thrown as with a pitchfork over their shoulders. They have not slippers; but what they wear for shoes are very like easy slippers. They go forth to their springs; and what is prescribed as their quantity, is a large tumbler full of this cool, in some sort nauseous, water. By this means they are deeply impregnated with the magnesia, or with the iron. The fact is, that although it be cold when swallowed, and in the draught is anything but pleasant to the shivering water-bibber, such is its action upon the stomach, that an effervescence is produced within; and the sensation is as if you had taken a good strong draught of sparkling ale.

The effect of the water acting upon the stomach is pungently and pithily described in the "Bubbles:"—"Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold: and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this cold iron-water, it was about as much as I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood, hardly knowing what was about to happen; when, instead of my teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water grow suddenly warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded. One would think that this deluge of cold water would leave little room for tea and sugar; but, miraculous as it

may sound, by the time I got to my 'Hof,' there was as much stowage in the vessel as when she sailed: besides this, the steel created a rebellious appetite, which it was very difficult to govern." There is then a walk after this, and then another tumbler: and thus you see the migratory population walking, drinking, and bathing, and walking and drinking again. They are, from the early hour of five till it be somewhere about eleven o'clock, busy as if they were working and pumping for their lives; pouring libations of the waters down, and then throwing themselves into the midst of the chicken-broth, or oxidised liquid, as Sir George Head describes it. In this way the invalids spend their morning: they then occupy themselves from that time to dinner in lounging, reading, or converse.

After dinner, from three o'clock till about half-past five, they usually spend in smoking—that is, the gentlemen. I never saw a female smoking, all the time I was in Germany; but I question if I or any one else ever saw a single individual of the male sex, between the mouths of the Rhine and Elbe, and the Alps, unless it happened to be a child that was carried in the arms, who was not a professed smoker. They have acquired the most perfect proficiency in the art of smoking. I once asked a young man whether they smoked whilst they were in bed: I said I knew they smoked while they were asleep; for I had seen them, while somnolent, retaining the vapourish tube, and giving infallible tokens of the narcotic fume muddling their brain. "Oh yes," was his reply. - In the cold season they went to bed; in the absence of fire, it cheered them, and kept them warm, till they fell asleep. A noxious, odious, and stinking weed, seems to be dearer and nearer to them than the sweet breath of woman's love. I do believe they would rather forego the existence of the most amiable associate in life's bonds, than they would their tobacco. The thing next in their love, at least for which they seem to have a pride, is a large inelegant hoop of

gold upon one of their fingers, which they call a ring:—you might almost fancy it a child's hoop, so large is it. Proud are they of these gewgaws—I do not suppose they are either mementos of friendship, or memorials of affection, but mere useless lumps of vanity—and morbidly addicted they are to the use of the stinking Virginian weed. I do not know how men of sense, and men of feeling,—men who lay claim to credit for delicacy of sentiment, and that pride themselves in the culture and development of their intellect, of mental philosophy and metaphysical genius—can indulge to so slavish an extent in tobacco smoking. But this is the national characteristic and predilection; and the boor is not worse than the scholar, or the serf than the ruler or the philosopher.

I *do* believe there is some identity, and not a mere coincidence, as between cause and effect, in the prostrating influences of this narcotic and their political thralldom. Was there ever a nation of smokers who could *realise* the idea of *rational* liberty?

Then the ladies: it is interesting to see them in their pleasures, and what may be designated their lighter amusements. They do not smoke; but I never saw a German woman who was not furnished with a pair of knitting-needles, either deposited in her bosom or wielded in her hands; and I conjecture—nay believe, they do not prepare for bed, without having these knitting-needles in their hands. I durst venture to suggest they do not say their prayers without them. They affirm for themselves, that they cannot think about religion if they have not their knitting-needles, actively and smoothly pursuing their stitches and convolutions. This was alleged to me as their apology for knitting on the sabbath-day. I have passed groups of the most respectable females in Germany; and as sure as they were gossiping, in the most intent converse, or the most profound and abstract thought, they were knitting: and you would think their stitch went twenty for every one word that they spoke. For, just as the German male

smokes half asleep, muses, and talks, his mouth hardly open for articulation, even whilst he is in conversation, the ladies talk, working most assiduously with their fingers at their knitting-needles. I do not wonder that the stocking manufacturers of England find little trade in Germany; for the ladies in Germany are the most determined, and, to judge from their constancy, the most productive stocking-makers in the world. Free traders must take this domestic habit into consideration, when they estimate the cheapness of Saxon hosiery. You will be able hence to understand how the visitors at the bath while away the leisure hours of their time in the afternoons.

I well remember the pleasure I derived in listening to the chaste and eloquent descriptions given in the lectures of my friend, Mr. J. S. Buckingham, when he so vividly portrayed the luxuries of eastern baths, what might be called the romance of the Turkish bath, and his own rapturous enjoyment whether at Damascus or Grand Cairo. The Germans cannot, however, look with such fond admiration on the beauty and sweetness of their subterranean springs as he did upon Abana and Pharpar. Another friend who had also travelled, I have heard describing the baths, in which he had laved with pleasure, and in which he represented others as spending whole days in quiescent indulgence; where they bathed their sluggish bodies, if not also their wearied souls, in fountains of Elysian bliss, from noon to grey twilight. Part of his representation was, (I then almost classed it as a traveller's story,) that the female bathers had floating trays in their baths, on which their *knitting* furniture was placed when they entered, and which, as they floated down the stream of hours, they could move along with them: and while they reclined in odorous repose, and laved the aromatic waters, chin deep, their arms rested in fit posture for occupation with the needles and the fancy web, which they wove in such picturesque condition. My friend who told this humorous tale never expected to see it thus ushered into the world.

Neither did I, when I heard it, anticipate I should ever witness the knitting-needle so nearly allied to the perpetual motion.

In describing the lighter humours of the table-d'hôte, I should mention to you that the Boniface of the hostelry provides for his guests, not the "faint exquisite music of a dream;" but he convenes at the door of the large salle, or saloon, a band whose vocation seems to be to play in tremendous chorus, all the realities of sound. The company had all the parts, music books, leaders and followers; the sound,—not always sweet sounds, did this eloquent music converse—was emitted by every kind of instrument; the bassoon, the horn, the bugle, the trumpet, the drum, the dulcimer, and all kinds of music; they thumped and blew, puffed, scraped, and swelled away. This was, no doubt, a hilarious contribution to the *expectants*, but no very agreeable serenade to the unpractised auditory; still not a few seemed to take fresh appetite from the imposition, if not transposition of the rehearsal; and beating down, to the tune of the musicians, that which they had chosen to eat, and drinking down what they had purposed to drink, they assented to the arrangement; while others ravished and filled their ears in the ecstasy of musical reverie. I think it is the practice in menageries to serenade wild beasts when they are being fed: why should public entertainments of rational men be so accompanied? It was, however, no gratuity; I remember they came round to me with their hat in hand, soliciting something for the music: I told them I would rather have given them some reward not to play, the noise was so stunning; but as the greater number of guests enjoyed the performance, and pride themselves on being a musical people, and as it was understood to be dependent on their pleasure, while the performers had anticipated payment, it proved a lucrative occupation to those that had ministered to their pleasures.

Imagine a daily routine of such pursuits, and plea-

tures, and you have an idea of the day, and the week, and the month, of those that gather together at these watering places. Dukes, and counts, and ambassadors, and lords, and squires, and clergymen, from Germany, and all other parts of the Continent, and from England and America, all classes meet together at these watering places.

The mixture of classes, ranks and nations, forms an important, but by no means the most deserving, aspect of society for consideration. Here are Jews and Greeks, proselytes and sceptics, formalists and enthusiasts of all religions; and many of them for a season relaxed and disencumbered of the fetters and restraints which domestic or local sympathies maintain at their usual residence. Hearts susceptible of impression from novelty and the absence of distracting cares; the mind open to communications of thought, the suggestion of mind; and the insinuation of inquiry, or of argument, and the claims of immortality. The various and miscellaneous intercourse of so mingled and heterogeneous society, and the modes in which opinion and principle are seen to operate, are all fitted to awaken reflection, to furnish new views of mankind, and increased stimulus to benevolent action. Besides, the objects on which a tender compassion and a religious solicitude ought anxiously to expend themselves are often to be encountered here, and should obtain the most considerate attention. Here are truly the dying and the hopeless, who, despairing of all other remedies, have come hither as to a last refuge, and stand shivering on the brink of a dismal and dreary futurity. Many of them reasoning with little more of certainty than the Roman republican on the question *to be or not to be*; and *what comes after death*? whether to sleep, to dream, or——alas! their philosophy cannot tell them how to solve this dread problem. And whatever religion is to be found in the place presents many unmeaning, delusive formalities; many ignoble and debasing superstitions, repulsive to the sceptical or intel-

lectual mind; and many puerile and absurd dogmas and palpable contradictions, ridiculous to reason and hostile to truth, tempting only to infidelity or indifference. The men and women who die here—who cares for their souls? or where is there among them one in a thousand, as an interpreter, who seeks to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain?

While I visited this place, Lord P—— was here, an invalid, and died in a few days afterwards. How would his pious mother, the Countess of P——, have valued the counsels of an evangelical friend for the young lord, whom she had reared with so much care! But let the devoted servants of God choose each of these as stations for Christian watchfulness; and the blessing which may follow cannot be estimated; not only among the dying, but among those who may carry back to their houses the news which they hear, and practise among their kindred the principles and virtues which flow in the gospel from the love of Christ, and the obligations of a complete redemption.

There is a Jews' synagogue at Schwalbach. Wherever that scattered people find even an obscure hiding-place, they rear their house of prayer, formal though it be, and read their law, though it testify against them. And why should wealthy Christians shun to confess the name, and hold up the honour of their Lord and Saviour in the fashionable resorts where they so numerously congregate?

The consideration that the poor Jews have adhered to their forms of worship, though now so unmeaning; since they have neither a sacrifice, an ephod, nor a seraphim; and the manner in which they have braved persecutions, which have written their long history in all nations in traces of blood; should have saved them, even in their delusions, from the broad caricature, I will not call it *vulgar* ridicule, which my companion, *the old man*, has cast upon their assembly in Schwalbach. Yet it was not one of his most fairy or visionary *bubbles*, when

he employs the fancy of a child ten years of age, to give his reader a good notion of the Langen Schwalbach Synagogue, by imagining "a small, dirty barn, swarming with fleas, filled with dirty-looking men in dirty dresses, with old hats on their heads, spitting, hallooing, reading, bowing, hallooing louder than ever; scratching themselves as they leave the synagogue; and then calmly walking home to their seven candlesticks. . . . I stood just within the door, listening to their rude, uncouth, noisy worship. Almost every eye was turned upon me; and the expression of many of the countenances was so ill-favoured, that I very soon left them." Then how could he tell whether they left the door of the synagogue *scratching* themselves? In this small oblong hovel, which he compares to a barn, when he first looked in he saw only one man, over whose shoulder was thrown a piece of common brown sackcloth, standing before a sort of altar, and bowing to it incessantly. When the congregation had assembled, they exhibited to him no seeming pretension to zeal in their cause, or even of feeling—"no attempt at either humbug or effect. They perform their service as if, having made a bargain to receive blessings for hallooing a certain time, they conceived that all they had to do was scrupulously to perform their part of the contract; that there was no occasion to exceed their agreement, or give more than was absolutely required by the bond."

I am not sure how much of this humorous writer's description would suit the routine of certain formalities nearer home, not *quite* so Jewish in their antiquity; but I fancy the bond of the self-righteous is pretty much the same in principle, whether under Christian baptism or Judaic circumcision. I shall hereafter place before you my own impressions of the rites of the synagogue. It is now only farther worthy of a remark, that the part of Schwalbach inhabited by the Jewish population is immediately contiguous to the great original fountain celebrated in the

times of the Romans. It is more sulphurous than chalybeate, and three times the size of the other springs. The water is apparently constantly boiling, and sending forth such a suffocating gas, as to threaten to deprive, by a single inhalation, of all sense, the person who would make the experiment. Its taste, also, is most forbidding and nauseous. Yet the Jews constantly drink, cook, and wash with this water; and fill their pitchers by stooping into the suffocating vapour.* It was the wonder of Sir G. Head, to see the Jewesses dipping, one after another, their dark greasy heads into this fetid cauldron, while he could have no sympathy for beings who could voluntarily flutter in so unearthly a pool. It was needful for them to hold their breath, and suddenly raise their head, which they did with a momentary paleness, and an aspiration which sufficiently explained their sensations. The "old man" resolved, however, to make trial of the water; and for this purpose, dipped his hand in the washing-tub of an *old Jewess*. She offered him no word or sign of disrespect; but, he says, "I saw her cast a withering look at the water, as if a cup of poison had been poured into it. She continued, however, to fill her other tubs; but after I had walked away, turning suddenly round for a moment, I saw her upset the tub from which I had drunk, her lips muttering, at the same time, some short observation to a sister Jewess standing beside her." Notwithstanding this remnant of the Judæo-Samaritan non-intercourse, the children of Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic parents, are all educated in common at a public school, in the proportion of twenty-one; a hundred and eighty; and ninety. The twenty-one were probably not quite the proportion of Jews, as only one Jewess was in the number; while the Protestants might constitute the greatest number; not so much in population, as in their value for instruction.

Before I quit this part of the ducal territory, you will indulge me while, in a few borrowed paragraphs descrip-

tive of what I did not myself see, I bring before you two or three of the sequestered scenes of Nassau. I shall thus render more complete my own imperfect sketches of what deserves your notice.

On a small eminence close to the high road, at the lower extremity of Langen Schwalbach, used to stand the venerated building known as the "old Protestant church:" and in this valley, contiguous, is the only receptacle, as the churchyard for the dead; within whose narrow limits terminate the worldly differences of Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists. Here the dust of all, side by side, sleeps soundly: the master and the servant are here. A tree is seen standing, here and there, at the head of a Protestant's grave. Though the twig was thus exclusively planted, its branches have gradually extended themselves, without such discrimination, until they now wave and droop alike over those who, thus shaded in death, had lived in avowed though not very intelligent opposition to each other. The rank grass grows with equal luxuriance over all, as if the turf, like the trees, were destined to cover all human and adventitious animosities, and become the winding-sheet or covering of fraternities who ought never to have disputed. In various parts of the cemetery the observer will mark some wooden, worn-out, triangular monuments of most unstable position, and others lying prostrate on the grass; the "hic jacet" being as applicable to the wood as to the being departed, whose life and death were thus to be commemorated. The inscriptions recorded by these frail fragments of history are scarcely legible; yet roses and annual flowers, which bloom on the grave, prove that there is still in existence some foot, some hand, some heart, that stirs with kindly recollections of the dead. Placed on several recent graves, might be seen, instead of tomb-stones, the wreaths of artificial flowers, childhood's tokens, which, during their funeral, had either rested upon the coffin, or had been carried in the hand

of parent or of friends. The sun and rain, the wind and storm, had blanched the evanescent bloom from the red roses, and had sullied the purity of the white ones; yet the cold monumental marble could not have signified warmer or more unaffected feelings of grief for what was deposited under the newly-moved earth. These perishable wreaths, so lightly piled in heaps one upon another, were the tribute, the effusion of the moment—the act of a mother; it was all she had possessed to testify her feelings; it was what she had left behind her as she tore herself away; and told no sepulchral lie of admiration or of worth. Such brief colloquies with the dead, and speculations upon their lingering sympathies, as expressed or deciphered in testamentary inscriptions, serve to introduce the meditating mortal within the old church door: and the *old man* shall here utter his own soliloquy.

“On looking before me, my first impression was, that my head was swimming! for the old gallery, hanging like the gardens of Babylon, seemed to be writhing; the twenty-four pews were leaning side-ways. The aisle, or approach to the altar, covered with heaps of rubbish, was an undulating line; and an immense sepulchral flag-stone had actually been lifted up at one side, as if the corpse, finding the church deserted, had restlessly burst from his grave. The pulpit was out of its perpendicular; some pictures, loosely hanging against the wall, had turned away their faces; and a couple of planks were resting diagonally against the altar, as if they had fallen from the roof. I really rubbed my eyes, fancying that they were disordered. However, the confusion I witnessed was real, and, as nearly as possible, as I have described. Still, however, there was no dampness in the church; and it was, I thought, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the light mountain air of Langen Schwalbach, that the sepulchral wreaths of artificial flowers, which were hanging around on the walls, were as starched and stiff as on the day they were placed there.”

Not less monumental of former, and, happily, by-gone times, was the monastery of Eberbach, identified in its earliest epoch with crusading pretensions and power. In the year 1131, the famous preacher of the crusade, St. Bernard, whose monkish fraternity ultimately possessed six monastic establishments in the Rheingau alone, was constrained, as his admirers say, by an irresistible determination to erect a monastery; but not knowing where to deposit the foundation-stone, he consulted, it is said, a wild boar, on the important question. The creature, seemingly even more sagacious than the human being who addressed him, shrewdly listened; and, at an appointed meeting, as mysteriously as silently grubbed with his snout, lines, marking out, in the valley of Eberbach, the foundation of the building. The pig had evidently as good a judgment as the monk had of what would suit a sty or a monastery, in which the respective occupants, basking in sunshine, might snore away their existence. The saint approved of the boar's taste, and employed the best architects to carry his plan into execution. Sparing no expense, a magnificent cathedral, a large palace, and a monastery, connected by colonnades, and ornamented in various places with the image of the pig, were quickly reared on the spot; and, when all was completed, monks were brought to the abode; and the hive, whether with drones or wasps, was heard buzzing for many centuries in the wild surrounding mountains.

However, in the year 1803, the Duke of Nassau took forcible possession of its cells and domain, whence its inmates were rudely shaken. Three or four monks of this once wealthy establishment are all that now remain in existence; and their abode has ever since been used partly as a government prison, and partly as a public asylum for lunatics. In his ruminating humour, the *old man* passed through the forest of Sharfenstein and Kiedrich, to contemplate this fragment of obsolete monkery; and wandered round its precincts and through its cells till

the sun had long set, and the evening planet had taken up her shadowy tale; shining upon the picturesque pile, she recalled to him scenes and associations which neither the boar nor the monk ever dreamed of. "As in silence and solitude I gazed upon the lovely planet"—such are the measured sentences of the old man—"which majestically rose before me, growing brighter and brighter as the daylight decayed; I could not help feeling what strange changes she had witnessed in the little valley of Eberbach. Before the recorded meeting of the hog and the priest (the 'sus atque sacerdos,') she had seen it for ages and ages existing alone in peaceful retirement; one generation of oaks and beech-trees had been succeeded by another, while no human being had felt disposed either to flourish or decay among this vegetable community.

"After this solemn interview with the pig, she had seen the great St. Bernard collecting workmen and materials; and, as in the midst of them he stood waving his cross, she had observed a monastery arise, as if by magic, from the earth, rapidly overtopping the highest of the trees which surrounded it. In the days of its splendour she had witnessed provisions and revenues of all sorts entering its lofty walls; but though processions glittered in its interior, nothing was known by her to have been exported, save a matin and vesper moan, which, accompanying the wind as it swept along the valley, was heard gradually dying, until, in a few moments, it had either ceased to exist, or it had lost itself among the calm, gentle rustling of the leaves. Lastly, she had seen the monks of St. Bernard driven from their fastness, and from their holy cells; as with full splendour she had, since periodically gazed at midnight upon the convent, too often had she heard, first the scream of the poor maniac, uttered as her round gentle light shone mildly upon his brain; then his wild laugh of grief, as, starting from a distempered sleep, he forced his burning forehead against the barred window of his cell,

as if, like Henry Quatre, 'Pour prendre la lune avec ses dents.' As she proceeded in her silent course, shining successively into each window of the monastery, how often did she now see the criminal lying on the couch of the bigot, and the prostitute solitarily immersed in the cell of celibacy! The madman is now soundly sleeping where the fanatic had in vain sought for repose; and the knave, unwillingly suffering for theft where the hypocrite had voluntarily confined himself."

A subterranean pair, as the old man waggishly calls them, were occupants of the cellar-floor of the new Badhaus, whose mutual querulousness suggested to him the question whether the waters of Schlangenbad corrode the temper as well as the skin. He observed that the male portion of the pair assumed an attitude, as he argued, much resembling that of a cat in a corner when spitting in the face of a terrier dog. Yet, perhaps, it was sympathy in the *bubble-blower*; he one day paid a visit of compliment to the husband, the old wife being out of the way. The compliment was received with great delight. But I must leave the visitor himself to describe the interview. "He showed me several bottles full of serpents; and then opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherwoman would handle eels, some very long ones; one of which (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away) he put upon a line which she had stretched across the room for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly; and, without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until, stretching its long neck, with half its body, into the air, it held on, in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which, by a sort of contortion of the vertebræ, it firmly grasped. The old man, apparently highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely pro-

ceeded to show living serpents of all colours and sizes ; stuffed serpents, and serpents' skins ; all of which seemed very proper hobbies to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of the Serpents' Bath.

“ At last, however, the fellow's dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf a broad-mouthed white glass bottle, and then, in a sort of savage ecstasy, pronouncing the word ‘ Baromet,’ he placed it in my hands. The bottle was about half full of dirty water ; a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom ; and near the top was a small piece of thin wood, which went about half across the vial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth, served as a cork ;—the shrivelled skin of its under jaw moving at every sweltering breath which it took—there sat a large speckled living toad. He had not, like Sterne's captive, by his side ‘ a bundle of sticks notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there ;’ yet their sum-total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy colour of the poor creature's skin : and certainly, in my life-time, I never had seen what might be truly called a sick toad. It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man's eyes were beaming with pride and delight, at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity ; and exclaiming, “ *Schönes wetter,*” (fine weather,) he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting ; and then he exultingly explained, that so soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would clamber down into the water. ‘ Baromet,’ repeated the old fellow, grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf. The old ‘ bad’ man had vipers' nests, their eggs, and many other Caliban curiosities, which he was desirous to show me ; but, having seen quite enough

for one morning's visit, besides hearing his wife's tongue coming along the subterranean passage, I left him, her, toad, reptiles, &c., to fret away their existence, while I rose into far brighter regions above them."

I made a pilgrimage to Wiesbaden, to put it in contrast with the other "*Bads*" of Nassau, and indulge myself with the experiment of its far-famed Brunnen. The town is large, the buildings spacious, and altogether destitute of a domiciliary or domestic character. A sort of caravan-serai, erected by a mercenary prince on a magnificent scale; its largest and attractive structures, fashioned in the most approved style, as meshes to catch the noble game for ducal sport and revenue. The larger part of Wiesbaden has the aspect of recent construction, spreading itself over a wide surface. Every house along the Boulevards seems not merely a lodging-house, but a yawning and lackeyed hotel: whether built of stone, or brick plastered, a superficial observer does not at once perceive. The plaster or the painting is as white as oriental chunam—I was going to say, as alabaster. The radiant sun shines upon it with a brilliancy not equalled in the brightest day of a summer's meridian in England; giving to the whole town a' glaring and gaudy aspect. The eye, however, finds change, which is agreeable, and relief in the repose to which it is invited by the avenues of trees and extensive shrubberies planted on every outskirt, and in the surrounding suburbs of the town. I passed through and round the streets, and explored the numerous public edifices which the Duke of Nassau has erected. I need not, of course, assure you I did not approach the gaming-tables which he has legalised and regulated. I also explored the private hotels, and went in and out of them as a bird of passage, skimming along and around their scenes of languor and repose. Certainly it is a very spacious and splendid speculation; and, as a mercantile concern, exhibits enterprise on the part of the proprietor, and rest-

lessness and the love of change among a multitude who are his customers. The table-d'hôte was the same as I have described elsewhere; and my dinner there in public company was not always social or inviting. I followed the multitude, however, for the sake of seeing the society.

Sometimes I sat at a table in virtual if not in practical solitude by myself—solitary, as an Englishman—not a single soul at the table conversing with me, nor able to speak a sentence of English; whilst I dreaded any attempt to speak a word of German, except the very briefest and most laconic phrases, whether for bread, for wine, or for soup, or whatever else might be the course of the table. Though, while I spoke not, my soliloquy was not the less prolonged in answer to what the eye saw and the ear heard; and as I have never been blamed for taciturnity, as the veritable Spectator says he was by his friends, who thought it a pity that so many useful discoveries should be in the possession of a silent man; I feel at liberty to give you the benefit of my observation. I might have been taken for a merchant by some, and passed among others as a wandering Jew. Though “I never opened my lips but in my own club,” I had in this way the utmost facility for watching, without rudeness, how the unknown guests conducted themselves at either end of the table, whether as the masticatory or the imbibitory species. In the quiet, undistracted mood of a spectator, I felt it no intrusion to turn from the centre to the extremity, and inward again to the centre of the groaning but hospitable board; marking how they proceeded, as course followed course in the round of table indulgences and gastronomic performance, amidst this diverse and congregated human mass of *pantophagiai*. Though not a very noble or intellectual study, it was intensely interesting; remembering the Divine lesson concerning the things which “perish with the using,” to survey this panoramic view of humanity not at its best estate, but at that moment when fond

nature doth make animals of us all. The intellectual philosopher, whose glory is mind, and whose food is metaphysics, when the cravings of appetite within himself are quiescent, and he has forgotten his own relish for food, must find this practical exhibition of comparative anatomy in the edible and destructive organs of mankind, a strange contrast with the idealities of his favourite pursuit, and greatly calculated to materialise his conceptions of mankind. How many potatoes, and what weight of chicken carcase and lamb cutlets are absorbed in the etherealising process of one thought, or the organising of one mental power, or the development of one original principle? What eclectic process discovers latent in soups, confectious, vegetables and animal fibre, liqueurs and alcohols, that subtle essence which eludes all sense, defies all bonds, flies to all space, hovers round and in the eternal abyss, elaborates all thought, inspires all virtue; weighs, computes, and realizes all vice; and holds secret, congenial and fervid communion with the Divine and incomprehensible Spirit? I wonder what the angels would say, were they to unveil their thoughts of men who sit down to the table of dainties as the *summum bonum* of life, and luxuriate in culinary viands, as if they were the chief end of the human being, the reward of all virtue, and the symbol of all fellowship, gratitude, and honour?

In Wiesbaden, what interested me most was the Spring of the Brunnen; and I confess that spring did surprise me, though it reminded me not either of a washing-house or of pig-scalding. When I approached within about fifty yards of it, I saw water bubbling up, as if it were forced with an engine: the steam was resting upon it like a white cloud, in the same manner as when a locomotive engine discharges its superabundant steam by a valve. It ascended considerably above the inclosure, which had been built so as to protect the spring from intrusion; perhaps to secure a monopoly in the healing waters. There was

an open gate in front, where sat a young woman, whose business was, to dole out the tumblers of the boiling fluid to the patients. Whether from the heat of the day or the heat of the water, or fatigue from her occupations in the morning, she was nodding to it in sweetest slumbers; reclining so far on this side and on that, that I expected she would topple into the fountain at her next evolution. The water itself was about 156 degrees of Fahrenheit, or 56 degrees of Reaumur—so hot that it was warmer than suited the temperature of glass; tumblers of which are frequently cracked and broken by the heat. You will comprehend by this allusion, rather than by the number of Fahrenheit, how scalding hot is the water. It was warmer than a person could attempt, by a continuous draught, to drink off at once as much as would fill the mouth; so hot, as that it would scald the fingers if immersed suddenly into it. No wonder that wintry snow, when it falls in this vicinity, does not remain visible. The persons who drink it, and are impatient to finish the potion, are seen walking backward and forward, in a sort of awning or covering, shaking the tumbler till it wax cool, and sipping it off; while every mouthful of it is as nauseous as the mixture of salts and senna can be.

The steaming, smoking Koch-brunnen is, of course, the first and principal attraction of the promenade, to the stranger; but when he has time to take stock of the ambulatory population, they are not without their influence and variety. It would hardly be poetical to designate their disguises as picturesque; and it is like levity to speak of their exhibition as grotesque. Here are both sexes respectably dressed; none of the dishabille of the minor "Bads" would be tolerated here; all crowding, and walking with glass in hand—(in the comparison of the "Bubbles," like so many watchmen carrying lanterns)—some with brimming bumpers, some their vessels half full, and others reduced to a residuum—almost disap-

pearing—growing small by degrees, and beautifully less. At first not daring to sip it, till it has been carried hither and thither; and the patients scarcely knowing how to sidle along without spilling one another's dose, or slopping it on their neighbour. The theme of conversation, perhaps, might have become interesting, but every person's eye was on his own glass; and, without being chargeable as toppers, they seemed to confess the *water* was the principal question. An easy *nonchalance* gave grace to the movements of the more experienced; but the noviciates walked with stiff and formal exactitude, as if the water were their doctor and quarter-master; while they were manifestly not at their ease.

This was the recreation or the necessity of thousands of persons every morning. Though this be not the only fountain—they say there are fourteen—yet the largest quantity of water flows from that spring through conduits to the various hotels in the town, and after it has flowed into their reservoirs or private receptacles it must stand for sixteen hours before it is cool enough to be employed for bathing. I bathed in it after it had stood for so long a time. A scurf was upon it as if oil had been cast from a bottle upon the surface of the bath. I doubted exactly whether I should venture in; I did not know whether somebody had been there before me; I was not disposed either to expose my ignorance, which I fancied might only lay me open to farther deception. For once I risked the experiment, and slowly and doubtingly I went down into the water. I could have lain till this time, so far as the feeling might have regulated the desire. It was not luxurious, but it was luxury; it was not a mere indulgence, but, so far as the body was concerned, it was perfect bliss. The feeling of ease, of enjoyment, of something that seemed to renovate, that did not exhaust, continued with me all the time I remained in the water. The only thing that brought me out was a fear I should

lose the *table d'hôte*, and I was not prepared to do that: the bath whetted rather than suspended appetite.

The humour with which the author of the "Bubbles" invests the routine and even etiquette of the baths is irresistible, and yet correctly descriptive. Hence no man appears here now who has not studied and conned his pages. I sat down on one of the benches provided for invalids under the shade of an avenue of trees. A gentleman was seated on the further corner of the same bench reading. I thought he looked, in countenance and habiliments, an Englishman, and accosted him inquiringly. His answer was in the affirmative. He had not yet either drunk the waters, bathed in the Avernian spring, or entered into any of the scenes or occupations of Wiesbaden; but he was studying the "*Bubbles* from the Brunnens of Nassau." Many of my friends may be, like my momentary companion and myself, who never had read the *old man's* sketches till suddenly sentenced, in the cold evening of sickness, to drink or visit the mineral springs, and mingle with the tide of our countrymen, seeking either pleasure or health in the highways of other lands.

The following abridged portrait of a Wiesbaden *bagnio* will not to such be unacceptable:—Let one heavy German gentleman after another, wearing skull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers, precede along the passage of the hotel, lady after lady in similar dishabille; but let it not escape your recollection that silence, gravity, and *incognito* are the order of the day, and though you bow, remember the polite rule is not to accompany, as at other times, with a gentle smile, but to dilate the inclination with a look which cannot be too sad or too solemn. Suppose yourself, also in slippers, black dressing-gown, and staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage as slowly and as gravely as if it were your habitual mode of procession, an infirm elderly lady just before you, some lighter-sounding footsteps close behind you; but, without raising your

eyes from the ground, move on just as if the whole were a cavalcade of corpses gliding or migrating from one churchyard to another. You will, as soon as the door has opened and slammed upon you, find yourself in an immense building half filled with steam. On each side of a narrow passage you will, by groping along in the fog, trace a series of doors opening into the baths, and these you will perceive, after a little consideration, *all* open at the top, separated from each other only by a half-inch boarded partition, seven feet high. From one to the other a tall man might manage to peep over the line of demarcation, though a little more prudence is expected from you; and it would not be hard to see the whole process from the opposite side of the street. Fancy yourself in the attitude of doubt and inquisition about all this exposure, when an elderly woman, or middle-aged male attendant, opens a door and beckons you to advance; and, if you are a stranger, besides furnishing you with a couple of towels, supplies you with such instructions as relate to the half hour's prostrate immersion, and the active vibration of your limbs under the water. The door is now closed, and you are left alone *in nudibus*, your habiliments suspended on a peg, and before you rests, in stagnant and unreflecting silence, the white, thick, greasy, dirty scum, as the surface of your *broth-bath*. Were you to observe any other face upon affairs, experience would tell you some intruder had visited the pool before you. It is not requisite you should wait till the water has been heated; this oily scurf assures you it has *cooled* down to the medicated temperature prescribed for the subsiding caloric.

You must, however, screw your courage up, and, resolved not to be frightened by appearances, take the critical plunge, and surely, if slowly, lay yourself in a horizontal posture, calmly to soak like your neighbours. Perhaps you will hear an old man cough painfully, a young woman sneeze gently, or the heavy splash of a leg above

the water, which should have regulated its gyrations beneath the surface. Every sigh that escapes in the contiguous baths will reach you, and you may regulate your own procedure by the rubbing and puffing of your fellow-soakers. Your ascent to your room will be in the same sort of grave, sepulchral solemnity as was your downward progress.

This water has been bubbling up, to the knowledge of modern history, for the last two thousand years; it has been flowing at the rate of twenty thousand gallons every day; it has had the same properties for these two thousand years, and every bottle of it has all the same properties that every other bottle has had. At all periods of the year, summer and winter, the temperature remains unchanged.

The old man of the BUBBLES had, in his own judgment, a most chaste discrimination of what was simple and yet elegant in the culinary manufacture preparatory for the table. I think, from his illustrations, I could confide in his taste and almost concur in his judgment—his experience in other parts so corresponded with my own in the *made* dishes of German cookery. And, in reference to Kochbrunnen, he pronounces a most deliberate opinion:—"In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken-broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what, in fact, everybody says and must say respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot—the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden."

And such is the cleansing effect of the water upon cloth

when submitted to it, that all artificial alkalis possess no virtue in comparison, and no fuller's earth can whiten like it. I saw the fields overspread with the linen of the people, and I never saw such beauteous white—it was a refreshing thing to look upon it; the snows of Lebanon I should hardly think were equal to it, so white was the rag of garment as well as the new cloth, and this without a rub of soap, without any alkaline admixture on the part of the washerwoman. 'I saw them put it into the running stream, and scour and squeeze the water out of it, and then spread it abroad under the glowing sun and on the verdant mead: and such was the effect of the water. Now only think what a tremendous apparatus there must be somewhere, always cooking this supply of water; think what a fire must be burning, too, and what an amount of coal must have been consumed for two thousand years, or, perhaps, for four thousand years—since the flood withdrew its waves from the mouth of these springs—in order to bring to a par-boiling state so much water as will measure twenty thousand gallons every day. It is perplexing to think what an abundant supply must be in the region below, somewhere, of the various (as many as eight or ten) materials mixed into this subterranean cauldron, or infinite reservoir, whence so constantly issue waters to wash a nation's clothing; and where an alchemy is produced more potent to whiten, although under the earth, than all the artificial and manufacturing combinations which skill and science can invent. Where, in the bowels of the earth, can we by analysis find the ingredients, such a continued manufacturing of the health-reviving, and life-renewing, and happiness-giving fluid, which thus so perpetually come up to the supply of the people of this place?

The glorious poetry of the patriarch Job seemed to me the only vehicle in which to clothe one's admiration of this magnificent and historical phenomenon. Though

with some hermeneutists the application be not quite orthodox, it is literally appropriate to say, "the stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath golden ore. As for the earth, out of it cometh bread; but under it is turned up as it were fire: here is a path which no fowl knoweth, which even the vulture's eye hath not seen, the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor has the fierce lion passed it by." It was more than a miner's enterprise to put forth his hand in this secret place of power, to dissolve the flinty rock and overturn the mountains by their roots. Down in the depths of fathomless caverns he cutteth out rivers among the rocks, while his eye seeth every precious thing. As he bindeth the floods from dropping in dew, as if they wept in tears, so, doubtless, it is by his regulation that this wonderful spring sends forth its fervid clouds, which return again in sanatory combinations, and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light. "For he looketh to the ends of the earth and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure." Pliny, referring to this fountain, as well known in his day, says, there are in Germany hot baths whose water retains its heat till the third day after it has been drawn. Shall we suppose that the intensity of the subterranean fire is abating in modern times? The twenty-second legion of the Roman army was quartered so long here among the aboriginal Mattiaci, that they built baths, the remains of which exist to the present day. A hill near to the town, by its name Nerosberg, gives a traditionary association with the emperor Nero; while the Romerberg exhibits fragments of the imperial defences which were swept away in the third century by the barbarian Germans, leaving only coins, urns, tiles, and votive tablets, not later than the time of Galienus, recording the thanks of some poor deluded, if noble, Romans to the gods for cures effected by the waters of the fountain.

I cannot too much expatiate upon this mysterious laboratory. It is not miraculous, but mysterious ; it is not supernatural or yet unnatural ; but it has produced a peculiar and extraordinary supply of these things thus provided every day for two thousand years ; and I suppose, if we could examine the records of antiquity, and not limit ourselves to the history of modern Europe, we should find that for three thousand years previously the water had been running at precisely the same rate ; and that if any one had then descended whence it came, he would have seen it boil and bubble without intermission. And if we could fathom yet a greater deep, we might find the combustible or igneous element raging like a fire that never has been quenched, and blazing like the pit which is large, and for which there is much fuel, where the breath of Omnipotence doth kindle it. Thus the process of mixing, stirring and fusing, bruising and pouring forth, and all these materials acting and reacting have continued for five thousand years ! I want to look at it as the work of God ; I recommend you to contemplate it as an emblem of something that is a thousand times more valuable, but a thousand times less valued. Visitors come from the extremity of Russia, from the utmost borders of Siberia ; they travel from the wide prairies and back woods, from the far west and the south of America ; they flock hither from the sequestered scenes of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland ; they congregate from all the lands into which Europe is divided, and from all the regions of the globe—Jews, Greeks, Romans, Turks, and Muscovians, assemble to drink of that ceaseless spring. There are nominal Christians there, and there are Mahomedans : titled and distinguished, diplomatic and princely, find a welcome.

Lord J. Russell was expected there the day I left. The men of mark in the political world—Lord Palmerston and other party leaders—the men of power in the arena of government—the men of wisdom and research in the

literary world—the men of religion, as ecclesiastics, in the so-called Christian world,—all classes come to drink of this spring, hasten to bathe in its water, anticipating that they shall derive benefit from the health-giving influences of those minerals; and a gracious, a benign Creator has provided this remedy, has plentifully ministered this supply, has continued it from day to day for these five thousand years! Has he left that which is a thousand times more to be desired and infinitely valuable without providing it in equal abundance? Has he characterised the dispensation of that which is a thousand times more valuable by less of wisdom in the mode of its provision and in the order of its arrangement? Is the spiritually sick, is the spiritually diseased disregarded? Is the dead in trespasses and sins, whose spiritual maladies only a Divine power can remove, less provided for by the infinite goodness of Him who looks upon man in his immortal character, and who condescends to describe and deplore the condition of the morally diseased, and who declares that, so prevalent is the malady of sin, that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores?

We follow them, as I have said, wandering from every extremity of the earth to that well: how few of the same parties go to the well of Shiloh, drink of the pool of Siloam, wash in its waters, and come forth healed, and clean, and blessed, and happy! But are we not reminded, am I not warranted, my friends, from the profession, the occupations and principles which I sustain, and in virtue of which not a few of you sympathised in my journey and its effects, in directing your attention to this parallel? Are we not even specially laid under obligation to urge upon men the vastly more important and infinitely more healing virtue of the water of life, ever flowing through the sanctuary and ordinances of Divine grace—the mingled waters and blood which, once, and then in all-sufficient fulness, flowed from the wounded

side and bleeding heart, the broken spirit and lacerated soul of the gracious Redeemer? He says, Come unto me and drink; he promises, Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; I will give him living waters: the water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

In this country, the province or principality of Nassau, there are about 190,000 Protestants, there are about 160,000 Roman Catholics, and about 6000 Jews; there are a few, a very few, Dissenters, perhaps 190 or 200, who are chiefly called Mennonites. In the whole principality I did not hear of a faithful minister of the gospel. Throughout the whole region I had reason to apprehend that guests, and strangers, and inhabitants spend their sabbaths in frivolity, and that thousands go down to the chambers of the grave without any fear or love of God. The Sundays of the fashionable coterie are not merely seasons of recreation, but of the most frivolous amusements in theatres, and of formality in the celebration of a morning service which derives its sanction from association and courtly patronage; the Divine object is not recognised as the author of the mode or spirit of his own worship. I take even Sir George Head's description of the religious services which he attended, and I feel myself constrained to testify, to the extent in which I could obtain information, that there is not, so far as it can be manifested by constraining love and active and holy zeal, what we understand to be a gospel minister throughout that principality.

I now come to the last of the German spas which I had the opportunity to visit, and which I mentioned as the subject of description, that is Baden Baden. I should have stated to you that I went to Wiesbaden from Frankfort, having proceeded thither by way of Mayence from Cassel by railway. From Frankfort we pass through, or rather in the vicinity of, Biberich to Wiesbaden. I

shall come to describe Frankfort afterwards. I travelled to Baden Baden by way of Heidelberg and Carlsruhe, reaching the place by a railway that passes on from Mannheim to the town of Kehl, which is opposite to Strasburg, in France.

I did not visit the capital of the Duchy of Baden, though I loitered at its gates, and stared around me whenever I could detect an object of sight; yet, as I neither wished to invite the surveillance of their police and custom-house officers, nor to submit my passport for a *visé* by any of the diplomatic functionaries of that semi-royal and Russian subsidised metropolis, I contented myself with an outward survey of the suburbs. The sacredness that "doth hedge in" the air of German nobility was in my eyes specially odious at the station of the railway here. The boarded and barricaded coverings or palings which were set up, as it seemed, to shut in the ducal preserve, or castle, or schloss, and exclude the gaze of any vulgar passenger, corresponded with my ideas of a half-Russianised German baron. I will, therefore, express my obligations to Sergeant Talfourd, who, without any plan of his own, was tempted to sojourn a few hours in the city of Carlsruhe, whither he had gone to obtain an Austrian *visé*; but where he found the *great* man could not be persuaded to affix his signature after an hour which answered his own convenience. The notable functionary was a suitable representative of the Austrian courts.

But amidst the white heat of a cloudless afternoon let me stroll forth through the streets of the city under Mr. Talfourd's guidance. The Margrave Charles, more than a hundred and thirty years ago, erected a shooting-lodge in this locality, then altogether a woodland—it might be counted for a forest—and gave it the name of *his Rest*; hence the origin of Karls-ruhe. His company, his sport, or his favour, was attractive, and

other dwellings arose, in diverging lines from his lodge, which gradually assumed the character of a *schloss*. The streets, therefore, form the radii of a circle, almost completed round the castle, like the spokes of a wheel or the folds of a fan—so, it has been said, as to draw the eye of the citizens, when they wish to see “how the wind blows,” to the *castle weather-cock*. The buildings are mean, the habitations of the people sombre, and the shops uninviting; but, in compassion to gouty toes, the streets are provided with *trottoirs*. Stultz, the tailor, holding a high name in his trade, obtained the higher title of Baron for founding an hospital in this city, which he endowed with nearly 10,000*l*. The bookseller’s shop seemed, however, saving the opera, to possess the greatest attraction for our travellers — showy, bright with Rhenish prints, and rich in English piracies. Here he found works of English authors of most recent date, and cheap enough to break the heart of an author who writes only for lucre.

The Sergeant remonstrated with the bibliopolist vendor on the *morale* involved in the piratical part of his trade—how do learned lawyers measure the *morale* of clients’ fees? “O sir,” replied the publisher, “these authors ought to thank us instead of complaining: if we had not their works at our own price we should never trouble ourselves about them, and they would have no reputation out of their own country.” Cogent enough this reasoning, though not very gratifying where the love of money is the motive which inspires the authorship. The Sergeant thought it hard thus to “achieve European fame only through European plunder.” The sultry streets were cheered by the bright green of orange-trees formed into fairy avenues about the palace. The travellers resorted to the opera, where they admired the performers, who, loving their art, “acted and sung with all their hearts.”

They visited Biorden, that they might refresh them-

selves for renewing their journey by a bath ; but they found the accommodation coarse, and the attendance not polite, in a strange looking, wood-work, white-washed building, in the midst of a neglected orchard. The road was level, dusty, bordered by stagnant ditches, and here and there shaded by a dismal tree. But the outline of hills in the Black Forest, which bounded the distant horizon, varied the monotony, and gave a touch of interest to the picture.' They returned to breakfast at Calrsruhe, where the equivocal statements of the landlord excited a little idle fuming and fussing, and suggested the possibility of his inconvenient love for the company of his guests as a secret motive for procrastination in the arrangement of passports, &c. The journey on the way to Baden stretched along the base of broad hills for many miles. I marked out, by my Guide's directions, Rastadt, a town on the Mourg, designed as a frontier fortress of the German confederation against French aggression, but marked by a deed of obloquy and infamous perfidy, when Roberjot and Bonnier, envoys from revolutionary France, were murdered as they retired from a congress ; the only avowed pretexts for the cowardly assassination being an *expectation* that secret and important papers *might* be found on the persons of the victims. We pass Oes, a small village, where the valley begins to contract, when the old castle of Baden and castle-crowned Yberg appear on the left and right hand of the road.

Baden, is the most picturesque, perhaps, of all the watering-places that I visited : the old schloss, or castle-palace, stands looking down as a sentinel upon you before you come within the inclosure of hills. The town is situated on the other, or inner, side of the hill. The new castle of the Duke of Baden, with baronial pomp and the state of sovereign domination, looks down in survey of the subject populace, and is not admired as a modern structure : it can make no pretensions to beauty, strength, or

convenience, though its position on the mountain-side gives it a picturesque and commanding aspect. But connected with this castle, and leading by some secret passage to the alte schloss, there is a subterranean scene that is unique, and, from its historical association, worthy of description. Partially characterised by Roman memorials and obsolete designs, these cavernous recesses may have been, when Rome's proud empire swayed with greatest prosperity, and her legions occupied this country, employed for their baths, of which they were always exceedingly proud, and in the arrangements and ornaments of which they expended the wealth of provinces. Chambers had been dug out of the solid rock below the castle: there passages penetrate into cool grottoes, or descend by winding stairs into dreary dungeons, or whatever other dismal name they may bear, under the foundations of the schloss, where they had not the light of day. The only access originally was by a perpendicular shaft, down which the functionaries of despotism passed to perform their mysteries, when their victims, bowing to the tyrant's rod, suffered the doom of malefactors, blindfolded and bound in chains, while the iron entered their souls. Beyond this depth was yet a deeper and a deeper cavern, whence they who once entered as suspected were hardly ever permitted to escape.

The solid rock was excavated to give space for these dark and mysterious vaults. Doors, neither of wood nor of iron, but of solid stone, yet remain, fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds in weight, which were formed to move upon pivots, and fit into the solid stone wall, so that no mechanical power of the imprisoned could displace them. The circular cell, with walls, ceiling, floor, and passages of cold dead stone, which could hear no woes and tell no tales of sorrow, was the receptacle provided for the victims of caprice, or the unyielding champions of liberty and truth. The doors themselves seemed to move by invisible power, and, when closed, so fitted their spaces

that you would not imagine there was an opening for escape from the cell. Circuitous passages led from one chamber to another; but the entrance to others was by trap-doors, invisible except to the initiated. In one large cavern, called the Hall of Judgment, you perceive stone benches still remaining, and the fragments of an apparatus, which signify the character of its secret court—a mysterious tribunal, over which, doubtless, the lord of the castle presided, or to whose decisions his sanction was given; and whose province used to be to try rebels or heretics. These were let down by means of a machine that would obey the dictate of the arbitrary rulers. Pulleys, moved by iron wheels and a rack, gave them this control. A deep, yawning well, descending, as it were, from one region or circle of hopelessness to another, conducted the prisoners till they were thirty or forty feet further below the foundations of the castle. Here the already doomed was *tried*; the judges,—no witnesses,—the notaries, the officials, all sitting in the grim costume of the unhallowed and blasphemous Inquisition or the *Vehme Gericht*. If the prisoner was found guilty, he was told to walk to the extremity of a passage and kiss an image of the Virgin. This image was an iron frame that grasped him to its bosom; stung him to the heart with a thousand lancets, and dropped him by a trap-door, on which he stood, into a deep and unlighted cave.

Such was the punishment they called the “*baiser de la vierge*,” and which elsewhere was known as the “maiden.” If acquitted, he was put under a solemn vow, that he would never tell what had passed in those dark and dreary regions; but warned there was a confederacy throughout the country that would assassinate him wherever he should make known the secrets of the prison-house. This was a confederacy notoriously under the protection of the government of that place. The Duke Ulrich of Wirtemberg was the last chief judge who presided. The court con-

sisted of sometimes as many as twelve judges. Before them lay a sword and a rope, and the accused was called by an epithet signifying "child of the cord," and his judgment was pronounced by signs.

I gladly avail myself of an extract from a minute and careful description of these caverns by Mr. James Skene, of Edinburgh. The whole of his details are truthful and vivid:—"We were conducted to a winding staircase which penetrates under the southern tower, and by means of which an access has been arranged to the chambers excavated from the body of the rock. After descending a considerable way, we reached an apartment of Roman construction, apparently a swimming-bath, into which one of the hot springs had been conveyed. It is of considerable dimensions, of a regular oblong shape, and in every part of the structure the Roman architecture. At the termination of a sort of gallery, by which we are enabled to traverse this apartment, an opening in the wall, on the left, gives access into a vault. Before entering it, we were each furnished with a candle, and recommended by the guide to observe the greatest caution in our progress through the intricate mazes we were about to penetrate; and however prone these functionaries are in general to indulge in a little exaggeration, it is always best to follow their advice. In the wall of this vaulted ante-chamber, which is partly excavated from the rock, two large Roman stone cisterns were pointed out to us, placed the one above the other. They were probably connected with the arrangements of the sudatorium, which formed so essential a part of the Roman bath. Beyond this vaulted apartment there appeared no trace whatever of Roman work; here, most likely, their structure closed, as what followed distinctly indicated a different era, purpose, and mode of working. Advantage had probably been taken, at a later period, of these Roman excavations, then neglected and in ruins, as a convenient means of accomplishing the ulterior excava-

tions designed; and they may even have suggested the idea of obtaining by that means an impenetrable concealment connected with the castle. Ascending a few steps by an opening in the rock, a narrow crooked passage into the heart of the rock itself, by which you reach a pretty large excavated apartment, from whence turning to the left a vault appears through an opening in the wall. This leads to a second vault, out of which there is an opening, which bears the marks of having formerly been strongly barred by an iron door. From thence, following a narrow passage, you come to an extraordinary circular apartment, or, rather, shaft, of great height, although not above six feet in diameter. As we looked upwards, we observed it to be divided into several stages, like a telescope; at each stage there was a trap-door, and these being at present all open, we were enabled to see entirely through. The length of this vertical tube is very considerable, being, we are told, upwards of seventy feet. The purpose of this singular contrivance, which communicates with the castle above, is reported to have been the following:—The nature of the institution of the secret tribunal required not only the most careful contrivances, adapted to the certain and absolute secrecy of its proceedings, but likewise favourable to the means of whiling the unhappy victims to their fate by pretexts so plausible and various as not to give rise to suspicion. Various pretexts might suffice to lead the devoted victim either voluntarily to the Castle of Baden, or blindfolded and by force. The shaft I have just mentioned terminates in one of the lower apartments of the castle. Immediately over its mouth is said to have been placed a chair secretly suspended by a rope. The unwary stranger being invited to sit down, was, upon a proper signal, instantly lowered into utter darkness—trap-door after trap-door closing as he sunk from tube to tube in this frightfully ominous passage. No sooner had he touched the bottom of the dark abyss,

than an unknown hand in attendance below thrust him into an adjoining apartment ; the opening into which being instantly closed by a ponderous stone door, completed the narrow circumference of the wall which shut him in on all sides. So perfectly was this stone portal, which still exists, fitted to its opening, that, when closed, the circuit of the wall seemed even yet, and with the assistance of light, to be entire and uniform. Here the unhappy prisoner was left to grope in hopeless darkness until summoned before the dreaded tribunal."

The alte schloss, to which it has been alleged a subterranean passage from these caverns leads, was the ancestral residence of the house of Baden, and, by its position, afforded them security from the rapine of foes till the right of private war was, in the fifteenth century, abolished ; when they descended from their lofty tower and chose the new chateau for their more settled abode. In the devastating war of the palatinate, the old castle was rendered a picturesque ruin—was dismantled and reduced to its present state by the army of the French.

Oh, what reason have we to bless God that we live in a land of liberty ! What reason have we for gratitude, profound and devout, that we live in the enjoyment of a religion that leaves every man to think for himself ! What reason have we to acknowledge the Providence which fostered and matured the Protestant Reformation, which broke asunder the accursed bands of such impious and blasphemous usurpation of the judgment-seat of Jehovah !

A party, curious to see these dens of dismal story, were lowered down by the assistance and with the presence of a guide belonging to the place, and, unwittingly, they shut the stone door in this cell upon themselves. If they had possessed the hyperborean powers, and lifted up their voice like the floods of the swelling sea, they would not have been heard. There they were shut up ; their candles

one after another burned out ; darkness, visible, dismal, and dreary, came upon them ; hour after hour passed ; they had left no notice with any party whither they had gone, or with whom they had been associated as companions. It was supposed by their friends that they had gone on an excursion to a distance ; but the family of the guide, towards night, began to inquire after him, and, after one little incident had been added to another, they concluded that he had gone, in his profession, to show the cave ; and immediate measures for investigation were taken.

They were delivered from their imminent peril, but not till they had received a warning, that, in the pursuit of pleasure, they might have met an untimely death ; and many there are who go in quest of pleasure to bring themselves to an unlooked-for end. Others have scaled the neighbouring heights and explored the woodland haunts of this sylvan and romantic country, or sketched the surrounding scenes "from the highest gallery of the tallest surviving turret ;" but I must not on this occasion indulge the same ambition. The capital of the ancient Suabia, though surrounded by the flat vale of the Rhine, which, like a silvery thread, intersects the region, and the distant but towering pinnacles of the Strasburg Cathedral, might indeed tempt to expansion. The verdant and luxuriant glen of the Oes, however, captivates the wanderer, whether he hovers along the stream toward Leichtenthal, or saunters on the trimly-kept promenades of the antique city *Aurelia Aquensis*. The gentle declivities are not only well wooded, but the verdant foliage is beautified by the golden fruit pendant from the trees, while the very herbage is enriched by luxurious melons strewed around in careless abundance. The spoils of summer in fruit and vintage anticipate the cares of autumnal husbandry. The heights are ornamented rather than occupied with pavilion-like houses, the avenues lined with showy hotels ; and, amid flowering shrubs and green-shuttered *pensions*, are

scattered in profusion bazaars for gew-gaws or shops for finery. This was the place to linger out a reverie of luxurious dreaming, as in a fairy bower—more in danger from the interruptions of dissipation than the visions of romance. The shaded and tortuous glades leading into the solitude of forest regions, or winding round to the inhabited retreats of secluded life, offered scope for one who would idly choose the noontide to fancy, or imagine the dark shapes of German allegory, or patiently and laboriously pry into the mazy metaphysical abstractions of German philosophy. Here might the poet of Paradise mask his mortal Cornus in the leafy imaginations of the woods, and in Circean revelries recall the wealth of romance and the power of fabled genii.

In the upper part of the valley of the Oes stands the convent of Leichtenthal, a quadrangular building, with cowhouse and nunnery, barn and chapel. Through an avenue of shady oaks, and along the sparkling brook edging the rich green meadow, we reach the village of Oberbeuern, with its hotel and mineral fountain. But the chief scene of resort is within the woody grounds on the banks of the Oes opposite to the town, to which there is access by two bridges. Charming walks are here laid out, houses of refreshment are furnished and prepared, and beneath the umbrageous trees rows of open booths, where every kind of useful or fancy article is collected, invite customers and promise bargains which will be remembered at home. The Conversation House (*Maison de Conversation*) is the centre of general attraction. In front of it gently slopes a green lawn of beauteous verdure fringed with rows of chestnut-trees, when in full leaf adding to the beauty; and on the hill-side contiguous is the park—a piece of ground laid out in the English style of artificial wilderness and garden; while a gravelled terrace in front of the refreshment-rooms serves to variegate the scene and supply a promenade for those who wish a change. The

scene may provoke to solitude; and should the poetic aspiration,

“ Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness !”

be irrepressible, there are twenty different paths in the depths of dark wood or in the heights of mountain grandeur so completely secluded, that the *solitaire* may fancy himself remote from the haunts of men as well as from war's alarms. The railway does not come nearer to the town than within two and a half or three miles.

The Maison de Conversation is rented to a company, who pay the ducal proprietor 35,000 florins as rental, and pledge themselves to expend eight times as much more—altogether, 25,000*l.* per annum, for maintaining the walks and buildings. It would be a child's dream to imagine that all this money is realised in giving guests facilities for conversation or profitable intercourse as rational beings. Other purposes, then, are really and even ostensibly contemplated. Let us enter under the guidance of some who had not the caution or the scruples I should have to conquer. Here is a group sketched by a master hand. “ The floor, of smooth hard wood, is a vast open expanse; on which are promenading persons from nearly all quarters of Europe. The young Frenchman, whose mind takes in but two permanent ideas—the cut of his beard, and the shape of his trouser-straps; the tall, light-haired Prussian, distinguished by his yellow moustache, and the order of his button-hole; the respectable man and his wife, who have come up from Brabant on a pretence of seeking health, and are wondering at finding themselves in such a scene; the neatly-dressed English young lady, and her quiet, gentlewomanly mamma; the Austrian count, the Russian prince; the Frankfort banker; and so on to the end of the chapter: representatives from all nations; and scarcely two parties speaking the same language, or belonging to the same rank in society: high and low, how-

ever, Christian and Jew, all mingle together, so far as personal proximity is concerned. 'But what are all the people doing, or thinking of?' "

I feel as if Mr. Talfourd had too lightly skimmed the busy, morbid, and suicidal company, or their more than fiend-like occupation and infatuated pursuits. Yet we may learn something, by looking at the whole by the aid of his vision. He followed "all the Baden world to that world within it, where," he writes, "I cannot say that 'hope never comes,' but where 'torture unconsumed still urges.' In plain English, to the great, legalised, legitimate hell! Ours was but a glimpse of Erebus—transient as that of Ulysses, and almost as spectral. We were mere 'barren spectators;' we toiled not at whist, neither did we spin at roulette; but our English respectability unruffled in English silence: so that it is hardly fair to give our stolen impressions of the great pleasure-house. 'Through what varieties of untried being' we might have passed, if we, who came to stare, had remained to play, it is as idle to cogitate as 'what lay the syrens sang,' or any other of Sir Thomas Brown's questionings." It was thus "at sober eve" he entered "the enchanted palace of passion, and gazed on the figures of winners and losers, as at the chimeras of a dream." But not so have hundreds, who ventured merely as curious spectators, and retired as bankrupt and disordered maniacs.

I will give the details of one game. "It is the old affair—roulette—a gaming-table, of a longish shape, covered with green cloth, marked and numbered in compartments, and sustaining a dish, with its revolving centre and rapidly-circling ball. The ball slackens in its course; jerk it goes into a hollow in the moving centre: two or three thalers are pitched to the fortunate winners by the croupier; and, with a small wooden rake, he sweeps up everything else which has been perilled on the throw. Other stakes are planted, some on one number and some on another. The

old gentleman on the left chooses to stake a Napoleon on the compartment No. 31; while the lady beside him, whose kid-gloved fingers are spasmodically playing with a green net purse, tries two open pieces on an open patch near the corner: to make sure, she has pushed them into their place by means of one of the rakes. What anxiety, what intense interest follows! Whirl—the marble flies round its course—rat, tat, tat—it is trying to make a lodgment in the contrary moving centre;—there—it has sunk into one of the hollow compartments! ‘Trente-une!’ cries the croupier. Thirty-six Napoleons are counted, and shoved by the ever-ready rake to the fortunate old gentleman. The lady and all the rest of them have lost. Does the old gentleman pocket his prize? No. Without moving a muscle of his countenance, he consults a card before him, (for he is one of that infatuated class of persons who believe in the doctrine of chances,) and he keeps a record of throws by pricking his card with a pin. That card is his *vade-mecum*. Having gravely consulted it, he lays the whole thirty-seven pieces on the patch last occupied by the lady, and which wins or loses according to colour, not according to number. This change is dangerous: however, the words, *le jeu est fait* (the game is made) have been uttered; the ball again whirls. Wonderful! the old man’s colour is the colour of the hollow into which the ball has sunk. He receives a duplication of his venture, or thirty-seven gold pieces. One Napoleon has, in three minutes, been increased to seventy-four Napoleons! This is too much, as he thinks, to stake; so he selects a number, and places upon it five pieces. In a twinkling they are gone: his card has been a deceiver.” Look at another. “A card-table engaging a group of busy votaries. Rolls of thalers; heaps of five-franc pieces, Napoleons, sovereigns, and Frederick-d’ors in front of the croupier, shortened and lengthened, and ever without satisfying the desires, or curing the folly of the adventurous gamblers. Nothing like boisterous

passion is anywhere observable ;" though one-half of the guests have come to try to win money by gambling.

But look again to this intensely eager group. There, there are men, whose age would bespeak their near approach to death, with all the ardent intensity of the most greedy covetousness, watching the throw of the ball, or the character of the card. There are here rooms or tables for every kind of gaming—*écarté* ; *rouge et noir* ; *roulette* ; and other games which, happily, I am ignorant of. Every provision is made for them ;—and the clutches of gold that are gathered. One says, "I choose such and such a *Louis-d'or* ;" puts it on such a place, and, upon the throw, stakes 16 of these ; another doubles it—32 ; another doubles it—64 ; another doubles it—128 : and they are all staked, and brought in at once. Peasants that have come from the country to sell their milk ; dairy-women that have come to sell their butter ; resort to these scenes of infernal ruin ;—and ruined they are, as men and women. Indeed, I know no infatuation equal to that of gambling. Drinking is bad and debasing ; but gambling is worse. Gambling is the perfection of intoxication. It is something like the ether of madness ; and the man that begins to play or bet for a sixpence, whether it be at a watering-place in Germany, or in a lyceum, in a singing-gallery, or in a Manchester Tattersal, is opening the gates of his own damnation, if God does not arrest him. There is nothing that is so ruinous. You may combine drinking and gambling ; and then you have a railroad seat and an express train for the destruction of the sinner. I trust that where my voice can reach, and where my influence can extend, whether it be for pence or pleasure, gambling will be shunned, as you would shun the fire and brimstone of eternal perdition.

The reputation of Baden is identified with the springs ; which date their celebrity as far back as the youth of Rome, and before she bowed her neck to imperial domination. There are thirteen fountains of mineral water ;

the heat of some rising to 140 degrees of Fahrenheit, or 54 degrees of Reaumur; and some of them less by 17 degrees. These springs burst from the rock at the foot of the castle, and flow in profuse abundance. The inhabitants scald their slaughtered pigs and their poultry, preparatory for culinary processes, in the flowing waters of the hot spring. It is therefore evident the water is too fervid either for bathing or drinking before it has cooled. *Ursprung*, the original spring, has, like the Kochbrunnen, never ceased for thousands of years to afford a plentiful supply, night and day, summer and winter, of the same fever heat, the same taste and qualities. Three millions of cubic inches of water every twenty-four hours, almost leads to the conclusion, that along this whole track there rages some most gigantic and fearful volcano, whose calcined embers are preparing for the final conflagration. Dr. Koelrutter analysed a pint of water at 7392 grains, which he found to contain $23 \frac{3}{20}$ ths grains of solid matter; of which the principal ingredient (16 grains) is common sea-salt; while the sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of lime, were $6\frac{1}{2}$ grains; and the remainder magnesia, traces of iron, and carbonic acid gas. The place where the water principally issues is, for one reason, designated Schreckengärten. Here snails were once bred for the table. The same part of the town is also locally named Hell. In the coldest weather snow never rests upon it, nor does the heat ever abate. This may remind us of the prophet's inquiry, "Who can dwell with devouring fire? who can dwell with everlasting burnings?" The fire that never shall be quenched, and the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, are powerful expressions; but not stronger than these natural phenomena would warrant the student of God's providence to expect in the word of God's truth, employed to set forth the *invisible* things of His government, and the demonstrations of His might.

CHAPTER VII.

Switzerland — Interest in visiting this country — Contiguous provinces — The capital of Alsatia — Mountains and rivers — Basel — Constance — Early reform — Protestantism and liberty — Swiss scenery and history — Zurich and Berne — Minor cantons and patriotic struggles.

THE course which I have sketched for myself to traverse this evening, and on which I invite your company, includes, for our prospective journey, a line of country the most celebrated for natural and romantic scenery, and the habitations of a people whose history is the most renowned in the annals of national freedom. The first and most distinguished^e of all the cities in the country contiguous, is Strasburg; the provincial capital of what anciently was called Alsatia. The territory of Baden extends as far up the right side of the river (the left as you ascend) as Basel. But I crossed the Rhine at Kehl; once a fortress, often the victim of warlike devastation; but now, in appearance, nothing more than a scattered village. The route from Strasburg by railway proceeds along the base of the Vosges mountains; which reach up to, and may be reckoned a continuation of the mountains of the Jura. The highest of the Vosges is the Bolch, about 4320 feet; and the whole, stretching along as a natural rampart, battlemented by towers and castles, in ruins mostly, forms a picturesque contrast with the plain from Strasburg to St. Louis, in the valley of the Upper Rhine. The Ban de la Roche, rendered classic ground to the Christian philanthropist, by the ministerial labours of the pastor Oberlin, lies among these

hills, to the right of the traveller's route. It is a beautiful country, mingled though its associations be with Swiss scenery and French domination, German manners and Alpine simplicity. The valleys among these mountains are the homes of many warm and genuine affections, of many primitive and pastoral scenes, of much rural and natural culture and grandeur; but the people are, as a multitude, poor and laggard in their social improvements. Between Strasburg and St. Louis some important towns will invite attention, such as Schlettstadt, Colmar, and Mulhausen. But of these I will not now speak.

St. Louis borders upon the territory of Basel. My detour will include this first or border canton of the confederated states of Switzerland, and the proximate canton of Berne, Neufchatel, Lausanne in the canton of Vaud, and the most noted, though least extensive of all the confederacy, the city of Geneva. Following the course which I took, the traveller passes along the face of the Alps, and becomes familiar with the grand outline, the characteristic features of this mountainous region. The magnificent panorama lies before you grouped, not crowded, but ranged as an orderly exhibition of nature's grandest works. The *tout ensemble* is Alpine magnificence reposing in the sublime majesty of the everlasting hills. The loftiest summits of those peerless and clustering heights are brought into full view; and present to the traveller the geographical aspect of the country with great and picturesque effect. My time did not permit that I should traverse the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, and Unterwalden; though I looked wistfully to the land of Tell, and should have deemed a pilgrimage to the scenes of his boyhood, and of his son's boyhood, around Altorf and Fluelen—more grateful than a mere youthful romance, and more exciting in the remembrance than all the poetic fictions which local legends have interwoven, or the dramatic muse has inspired in the strains of her sons of song. It had not been to ascertain the truth or fiction, the fact or allegory, of Gessler's atro-

city, or Tell's parental anguish, fortitude, or revenge ; or merely to trace the rude inscriptions which mark the spot where stood the younger Tell, sustaining on his head the apple, which his father was doomed to sever or pierce his son ;—but I should have stayed here as on the classic ground of liberty—wandered as around the cradle where mountain ramparts sheltered the infancy of republican freedom—and imagined that I was fostering sympathies, and endearing associations and principles to my own heart, which are destined yet to prevail more widely, and sway a more beneficent influence upon mankind. With a thousand times more interest should I have loitered and lingered in the valleys of Uri, than ascended the rock which bears the Lion of Lucerne : a monument to the mercenary janissaries, the Swiss Guards, who were cut to pieces in August, 1792, in the defence of the royal Bourbons, against the maddened revolutionists of Paris. What a degeneracy for the race of patriotic Swiss, whose ancestry had sought and found liberty among the inaccessible crags and fastnesses of their own loved lands, to be the paid guardsmen, the pampered menials, and helmeted and armed defenders of despots and national plunderers, till, by the most reckless and grinding oppression, they had driven myriads into fierce and parricidal, sanguinary and convulsive warfare ! The elder Bourbons infuriated subject France by lust and royal exaction, and paid their Swiss Guards with the price of blood,—the wages of iniquity. With the desperate fidelity of the brigand, and the honour of the hired banditti, the hirelings stood by the dens of their prey, and the chiefs who had allured them. And, still more strange, the citizens of their republican fatherland have reared on ~~the~~ rock “The Lion of Lucerne” and of the world ! I borrow Sergeant Talfourd's description of this monument.

“ Although the situation is chosen with a noble daring, the open side of a bare rock, surmounting a still pool of dark water—and the circumstance of the sole figure being

sculptured out, of that rock arrests the attention of the spectator.—Yet situation, circumstance, and material, are nothing compared with the expression of the figure itself.—The stricken and dying lion, grasping with his paw, as by instinct, more affecting as it has almost waned to mechanical, the lily of the Bourbons. There is surely no image, in stone or marble, of stricken power and beautiful resignation—of fidelity imparting sweetness to death—of true heroic suffering, but above despair—so eloquent as this! We should say it is superior to the occasion which prompted it, if such a work of genius were not truer than our theories. If I had not seen that patient and dying lion, I should have thought that, although no form of humanity, that has mastered the fear of death, can ever be without kindred with the heroic, its lowest attributes would suffice for mercenary soldiers, yielding up their lives in pursuance of their bargain with a foreign power. But in the presence of this eloquent testimonial to the dead, I cannot help attributing to them some sympathy with the ancient greatness of the monarchy in whose service they fell, investing their moral dignity, and their fate, with a human interest, which no written history could give them.”

The Righi, a mountain, nearly 6,000 feet high, rises from the opposite shore of the lake; and at its farther base is situated the town of Schwyz, the capital of its own diminutive canton. Bounded, as it is, by the six cantons, Zurich, St. Gall, Glarus, Uri, Lucerne, and Zug, it has given name to the entire region of *Schwyzerland*; though the whole of its population is under 14,000; and the inhabitants of the town do not exceed 5,000. It neither produces nor consumes much corn; but subsists chiefly by its trade in cattle; for which its mountains, in summer, afford excellent pasturage; and its visitors provide a market.

I had a strong and *almost* resistless inclination to have

diverged, in my route to Schaffhausen, to pay my tribute to the earlier fountains of the Rhine, and to look at what is called, by some, the source of the Danube. The cataract of the Rhine had especial charms for me; and to have traced this river thus far, would have been an era of life's course to which my memory would have often looked back. "In the Rhine Fall," we are told, "the water is all in all; the senses become filled with its majesty, till it swallows up all other impressions; and you have no eye but for its ever-flashing spray; no ear but for its never-pausing thunder." Here, too, should I have been drawn into other scenes of historical interest.

Constance, which once held within its dungeons the heroic Huss, and the mighty and fitful Jerome of Prague; and from within whose gates, where had assembled the delegates of the Vatican, the princes of the empire, and the cardinal lords of episcopacy, as the council of Christendom and the synod of the church, went forth to martyrdom and the flames those sons of thunder, and precursors of the Reformation. The infamous popes, John and Benedict, the mercenary and temporising Martin, the treacherous and pusillanimous Sigismund, and even the Bohemian nobles, who felt their humiliation in their sorrow, left no such traces to awaken my sympathies, and to lead me on to further wanderings, as did the eloquent and highly honoured confessors; who, in the midst of martyrdom, quenched the violence of fire, and left a fragrance in their ashes which has to this day perfumed the spot where their stake was planted, and where their seraph spirit was disenthralled from the chains of human tyranny. I would have visited Zurich as well as Constance, and admired it not less for the memory and labours of Myconius and Zwingle, as early reformers; than for its manufacturing, diet-holding, reforming and educating enterprises in modern times; and even more for its association in early controversy with the question of the spirituality of the

church as "*a community of true believers*," than for the pellucid beauty of its lake; whose shores are besprinkled with villages and villas, manufactories, mills, and churches, (chiefly white,) with scarce a hint of Alpine grandeur. Yet, more than all these, I wished to visit Geneva and Lausanne, and to realize the love of kindred spirits where Calvin and Farel laboured in the work of reformation, and left a reformed church partially emancipated; but destined, by its secular alliance and subserviency to civil powers, to become obscured in errors, and deprived of its liberty, prostrated in formalism; and requiring as well as awakening the fervid eloquence, the historical labours, and Christian sympathies of a Malan, a Merle D'Aubigné, and Gaussen, a Scherer, a La Harpe and Empaytaz.

Proceeding from Baden by railway, we pass through what I have called the scattered village of Khel, to the station of the Chemin de Fer, which borders on the Rhine, about a mile and a half, or perhaps more, from its banks; and are conveyed by omnibus from Khel to Strasburg, crossing the Rhine by a bridge of boats. In the midst of the river is an island, connected on both sides with the main land by the bridge of boats. The French custom-house, where pensioned and insolent idleness haunts with ravenous greed, interposes here, to exact a miserable coin from the speculating traveller who has purchased a few German toys, or a little of the trans-Rhenal produce. You are again reminded of the folly of governments interfering with the commerce of nations, whether from one country or another of the world. If it be but a hand-bag you carry with you, it matters not; all must be submitted to the critical inspection of the Douane, or custom-house officer. You must stand or sit on your vehicle, till each package of every kind has been scrutinized; and, it may be, the most clean and tidy clothing, turned upside down and inside out, ostensibly to satisfy them that you are carrying nothing contraband. Having passed the scrutiny of these

cormorant mercenaries, the tourist or stranger is not yet delivered from their importunity: they have (shall I call it the hardihood?) to come and touch the rim of their hat with a salute, and stand in the posture of solicitation, as if they would intimate, "We should thank you to remember the custom-house officer." If it means anything so as to secure a gift, it would imply: "I have not been faithful in the discharge of my duty; I have suffered such things to pass which I might have seized, or I might have taxed." If it have not such a meaning, I should say it means an insult to the individual who has been obstructed in his progress, and has been required to afford facilities for such inspection. Having finished the task inflicted by this officer, your onward movement is again abruptly arrested; and you ask, "What is this?" "Your passport, sir."

Every one must present his passport before he can enter within the walls of the city of Strasburg. This passport, as I explained to you, contains a description of your profession and person; an account of your age, and the various marks by which they may detect you, should you prove to be a political emissary; taking no account of the accidents of wear and tear which may have occurred in the interval of time since it was dated. I was alarmed with the apprehension of a difficulty even greater, or a more insurmountable discrepancy, and arising from a more trivial cause. Indeed I saw nothing for me but a return, or imprisonment under the custody of a *gendarme*. I felt in a most vexatious fix when we halted; for, in order to escape any delay in the scrutiny that I knew awaited me, I had left the heavier part of my luggage at Heidelberg, and merely furnished myself with a hand-bag, carrying what I thought would supply my wants in Switzerland. I would advise all parties who wish to travel with speed to do the same. In my haste, however, when summoned to exhibit my credentials, every turn I gave the contents of my bag, I

missed the passport, and fancied I had left it in my port-manteau. The vexation of having to travel back, without having accomplished the object of my journey, would have been great, and surely would not have exalted the French system of espionage in my esteem, or inclined me to admire their government. Happily, however, for me, by excavating the little bag, and turning out everything that it contained, and unfolding every separate item, to my ineffable relief I discovered my passport. This I had to leave with the officer at the gates of Strasburg; and the next day paid a person to call at the passport-office, and procure its return, with the functionary's attestation that all was correct: though he had no opportunity of testing its statements, or ascertaining that I was the person therein described.

We entered Strasburg. It is a low, thickly-built, close, fetid, and, you would say, unwholesome looking city. The river Ill runs into it, I might say, rather than through it. There are so many intersections of the city, and the waters are deposited in such abundance roundabout and within the city, that it seems to be a congeries or mass of islands enclosed within strong walls and fortifications. This peculiarity of the locality of Strasburg has been taken advantage of by the French engineers; and they can so submerge the surrounding country by the river Ill, that they may render the citadel altogether inaccessible to any adversary, to any assault or siege. Supplied with adequate provision for the people within, this fortress may continue secure without battle, and even for months without danger. The ramparts of this city are strong; and, according to the judgment of military engineers, impregnable, when accompanied with the facilities or advantages for protection arising from the river. Within the walls they have always about 6,000 troops. The city itself contains somewhere between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants. They have the military schools for that part of

France within the fortifications, where the most consummate and gentlemanly art of killing to the greatest advantage, and at the least possible notice, and with the least possible difficulty, is attained. To those that assign to themselves this profession, that notable art is taught, and they study it, with the most consummate ability. I do not know whether you would designate such occupation the work of a savage, or the work of a civilised person; but they pride themselves in their accomplishment in what they call infernal machines. They would probably not transgress the strict laws of propriety and truth, were they to denominate them hellish instruments. Were you to take the word diabolical, and apply it to the whole system, you would approach even nearer to the truth. The science, which is here so expertly studied, can surely trace no higher origin than in him who was a murderer from the beginning. If liars are of their father, the devil, what will truth call soldiers? and if no murderer has eternal life abiding in him, what will be the portion of him who hateth his brother? I do not think we are warranted in forming any other estimate of the principle on which is conducted a military school.

In the city of Stràsburg, and almost in the whole province round about, the people are Germans, who are the native descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants; and generally retain much of the German character, and speak the German language; though their modish habits, their theatres, and amusements, are characterised by French taste. The object of greatest interest, and that which is the most remarkable as a *lion* at Stràsburg; which most excites the attention of travellers; and is said to reward the scientific and professional examination of those who visit the place, is the cathedral. The tower of that cathedral is 24 feet higher than any other building in the world. It is 24 feet higher than the highest of all the pyramids of Egypt. The cathedral itself is a very massive building: a spacious

edifice within ; about 320 feet in length, by 180 or nearly 200 feet in breadth. Within its walls, and under the same magnificent roof, are various chapels, altars, confessionals, and sanctuaries for the performance of service, and shrines for the celebration of rites, which they vainly offer in honour of canonized and patron saints. Some of these shrines are reputed of peculiar sanctity. A pulpit, of carved stone, is reckoned one of the most handsome interior ornaments. The stone is in every part richly sculptured, standing on six columns, all niched, and filled with Scripture figures, finely cut. The roof which overhangs it is of the chastest and most finished workmanship. There are vaults under the floor, occasionally occupied for the mysteries of a dark religion ; the window is of manifold and richly painted glass. They have a clock that is called an astronomical clock, that exhibits on its face, by the working of the machinery within, the various signs of the zodiac, and the movements of the stars.

This clock had been the construction of a native of Strasburg, and was kept going for a considerable time ; but the man dying who was able to wind and keep it in repair, the works were allowed to decay, and its movements to become irregular. It stood, I think, for fifty years without serving any purpose but to be a monument of the amazing skill in mechanism of some great unknown man who had died, and a proof of the ignorance of the people that lived. Sergeant Talfourd is, I think, rather severe on this *chef-d'œuvre* of horologic and horoscopic, of astronomic and the Luna-rotary workmanship. He says, "It is a mere foolish toy, comprising several pieces of unmeaning mechanism." The assiduous skill which contrived an automaton, that should "show the day of the month as well as any penny almanack," and send out "twelve figures of the apostles, when it strikes certain hours," was quite as deserving of commemoration as the "glorious pile," or the "painted window in richest and thickest light," which "less hallowed than enchanted" the place. •

A clock-maker of Strasburg applied himself to his very skilful and nice art, and managed to search out the secret of this famed clock. Now it goes, and strikes its hours. It is a magnificent piece of machinery, and a proof of the skill of man, surprising for the time when it was constructed. The tower of this cathedral I have spoken of as being elevated; but that is not its only peculiarity. You would think, surveying its masonry and superstructure, that it is a wonderful frame of wire-work, so light and airy, that you see daylight in every direction through the tower. And yet it has stood 400 years; 140 feet higher than the solid mass of St. Paul's in London; the wind whistling through it, and the storm raging around it; and the stone so sharp, that, when you are inside of it, even to look at it, you would think it is cast-iron, and iron cast in the sharp grooves of the finest mould; so singularly durable are the stones of which it has been composed. This netting is described, in Hope's Architecture, as in detached arcades and pillars; which, notwithstanding their delicacy, from the hardness and excellent preservation of the stone, are so true and sharp, as to look like a veil of cast-iron.

The solid mass contains a circular window, 48 feet in diameter, and rises to the height of 230 feet; i. e. higher than the towers of York Minster. It was intended that there should be two towers. How often this has occurred in the course of erection, as related in the History of Continental Cathedrals! There has always been more of piety in the design, or of purpose in the liberality, than in their execution. The man who constructed the airy open work, or designed it, died in the midst of the erection! His son carried on the structure after the father's death; and Sabina, the daughter of the first architect, Erwin of Steinbach, followed her brother, and superintended the construction of this cathedral. The foundation was laid in 1015, and the tower was finished in 1439. Four hundred and twenty-four years was the building in reaching its summit. What perseverance! and for what purpose?

The niches in front and round about this cathedral are filled with the images or effigies of kings and heroes, who were celebrated at the time the cathedral was built, or who had risen to celebrity afterwards. I have said that there are the basements of two towers. there were to have been two towers. One of them, however, stopped short 300 feet from the ground; and various individuals have attempted to show the steadiness of their foot—and I was going to say, the heaviness of their head,—by feats upon the top of that tower. There was one man, a priest, or *curé* he was called, of the cathedral, who undertook to walk round the ridge of this lower tower, and did it: another man said that was nothing to what he could do—he would *run* round the ridges of the tower three times. He ran round twice; and, attempting the third, he toppled over, and was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the tower. He had a dog with him at the top of the tower: the dog leaped over after his master, and shared his fate. This event has been commemorated by an image of the dog on the spring, just over the top of the tower. There was a lady who thought that she would gain celebrity by coming to her end from the top of that tower; and she took the fatal leap. One of the pinnacles from the under part of the building caught her shoe: the shoe was left, but she reached the bottom, and effected her own destruction. The architects of the time were called to perpetuate the tradition and the safety of the shoe; and there is a memorial of the shoe upon the pinnacle, cut in stone.

So much for the appearance of the tower, and historical associations connected with it. You can at once judge concerning its purposes, or the purposes for which it was appropriated, when I tell you that one of the darkest, the most bigoted, and least instructed parts of the Roman Catholic community of France occupy that cathedral for service; to whom it answers, not as the source of light, but as the iron and resistless extinguisher upon religious principle

among the people. In the town of Strasburg, as I told you, Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, carried on his process in secret for several years. They have erected a monument commemorative of Guttenberg's invention; but the best monument that they could construct, would be to establish the freedom of that press, the efficiency and operation of which, as a reflector and distributor of knowledge and of thoughts, Guttenberg discovered. At the present moment the inhabitants are not allowed to print anything but what has passed under the scrutiny of a censor; and if the most virtuous citizens print anything in defence of Protestantism, they expose themselves to virulent persecution, imprisonment, or exile.

I wandered hither and thither along the ramparts, and ventured as far as I thought I might without exciting suspicion; and, indeed, several times I could imagine I saw a disguised *gendarme* tracking my steps, whilst I went from one face of the defences to another to examine its fosses, bulwarks, and military strength. It was fortified under the superintendence of the celebrated engineer* Vauban, and is generally reckoned a secure possession of France. Strasburg was a free city in the German confederacy till the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Treacherously, and without provocation, in a time of peace, his army took possession of the city, and, by new works, his successor, Louis the Fifteenth, rendered it impregnable as a frontier town of the Bas Rhin. Except the meaningless idolatry rendered to the printer Geinsflesch Guttenberg, I saw no monuments of the people's gratitude or expression of popular feeling. The mausoleums to martial heroes are the tribute of the rulers rather than of the ruled; and I scrutinized them without either sympathy or interest. They signified nothing as illustrating the mind of the population. Marshal Saxe is immortalised by the chisel of the sculptor Pigalle, by direction of Louis the Fifteenth. In the church of St. Thomas, the marshal appears descend-

ing to the grave with a calm mien, while France, as a beautiful female figure, attempts to resist death and prevent the apotheosis of the marshal. General Kleber has been re-interred in a vault in the centre of the parade place, and a bronze statuary device placed over his remains. I saw, also, the monument erected on the island in the Rhine to General Dessaix, and laconically inscribed, "A Dessaix l'Armee du Rhin, 1800." The sufferings and disgrace inflicted on the Jews in this city have been unrelenting till modern times. In 1348, two thousand of them, accused of poisoning the wells, (a plague then prevailed,) were deemed guilty, and consumed in the flames, in the street called Brand Strasse. No Jews were thenceforward allowed to live within the walls, and the Hebrew wanderer had to hasten out so soon as a horn was blown on the munster tower every evening. Nowhere did they suffer more causeless and tyrannical persecutions.

From Strasburg, as I have stated, I took my route to Basel, by the base of the Vosges, and up the valley of the Rhine. The train travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and as we proceeded, whether through villages and towns, whether among umbrageous trees or on the open plain, I did not lose sight of the tower of Strasburg for nearly an hour and a half. It continued to rear its lofty pinnacle to the clouds above every intermediate object; and even when we had left other minarets or towers between us and the sky, while they dwindled into shadowy and fading tapers, the tower of Strasburg peered into the blue æther, and seemed an airy thing whose destiny was to adorn the horizon and point to regions above the clouds. I remember no similar impression to that which was hereby produced except when I saw, some sixty or eighty miles at sea, the Peak of Teneriffe. I can, therefore, believe Mr. Chambers, when he writes, "At this altitude, nearly three hundred feet from the ground, the whole country for fifty miles round lay spread out like a

garden before us, with the branching Rhine winding through it like silver threads. The town immediately beneath seemed a pent-up group of houses with dingy roofs of brown flat tiles, and we gazed down upon the people, as they moved to and fro in the market-place, as one may be supposed to look upon the diminutive bustle of an ant-hill."

I took my journey at an early hour, and chose an open carriage by the railway, as much that I might economise as that I might really see the country to the best advantage; and, assuredly, it is by such a conveyance that the traveller, in ordinarily favourable weather, can best trace the general character and appearance of a country. The atmosphere and the congenial weather were peculiarly auspicious for me almost all along till I reached Geneva. The fares on this railway are cheap, even in the first class. For the whole distance, ninety miles, the highest fare was about eleven shillings, and I travelled the route for five shillings without inconvenience—I should say even with comfort—but for a little fracas, a physical altercation which occurred between two passengers, one disposed to encroach, and the other determined to resist aggression.

Such is the moderate charge which is made for railway travelling in that country. I believe that were the fares as moderately charged in this country, proprietors would make more money; for the thousands that travel even in those countries where money is not so abundant as among us, prove how ready the people are to avail themselves of such facility for intercourse between place and place. I was pleased to have the opportunity of travelling amongst a mixed Alsatian society—the people of that antiquated part of Europe. They are old-fashioned and obsolete in their habits; their dresses were of every variety—yellow stockings, red petticoats, and green bodice, blue aprons, embroidered stomachers, white linen jackets, black caps, and various coloured silk handkerchiefs: then their head-

gear, tied up in the most fantastic style in knots, with long bows of ribbon streaming down the back as far as almost to reach their heels. They appeared in various cases most ridiculous in their costume and extravagant in dress. Nevertheless, when you became familiar with their intercourse, there was a simplicity, a frankness, and a polish, and, at the same time, a steadiness and sobriety of conduct, that was pleasing to be seen amongst masses of the people in humble life. •

The road from Strasburg leads towards a place called Mülhausen. The name of this town is known, I dare say, to some of you who are engaged as calico-printers, as well as to those who employ themselves as mechanics. I fancy there are not fewer than twenty thousand hands occupied every day in the various branches of the calico manufacture at this place. In addition, I perceived they have a locomotive manufactory, and multitudes are busied at the different mechanical branches of trade. It seemed to be a combination of Manchester and Birmingham, or Manchester and Sheffield. They have advantages by canal as well as by railway for the transport of their goods. Mulhausen being near to Switzerland, as well as contiguous on the borders of France, it is a sort of dépôt or emporium for the commerce of an extensive country and an enterprising population. A few miles farther and you enter the territory of Basel.

I was pleased, at length, to feel myself assured I actually trod the soil of this land of freedom. I advanced with a degree of alacrity and elasticity from the French boundaries to this first of the Schwyz cantons. I could now gratify the fond wish of many years, that I might see, in their own homes, that ancient people, whose bulwarks were mountains, and whose birth-right was freedom;—that people cradled in liberty, and who, having nursed their nationality in liberty, had maintained during its maturer years the reputation of being its chief guardians in Europe,

and its brightest ornaments amongst mankind. But it was not merely for liberty, its history and associations, that I valued Switzerland. I looked to that land as in some measure the source of the reformation with which our own country has been blessed. I remembered that our good and holy men, that as martyrs suffered expatriation from their country on account of their religious principles, had found a refuge, an asylum in some parts of Switzerland; and that they not only had lived there in safety, and had been entertained hospitably, as wandering and exiled strangers, but had held the most intimate intercourse with the great men of that time, such as Calvin, and Farel, and Zwingli; and that they had brought from the society and intercourse of these great men the noble and generous principles characteristic of religious liberty and of evangelical doctrine which gave vigour, and mould, and influence to the reformation in England, and especially in Scotland. I thought of Switzerland, therefore, not only as a land of liberty; but in many respects I identified its people and history with the brightest period of Christianity, and while the church was gloriously advancing in its progress of reformation. I may mention to my more juvenile readers that the Schwyz cantons are now in number twenty-two; each republic having the power of administering its own affairs, and passing its own laws within itself, subject to a constitutional check in the annual diet of the confederation. These cantons join together in what would be called a federal union, for administering what concerns themselves as a nation or community. The whole country is inhabited by about 800,000 Roman Catholics and about 1,280,000 Protestants: so that there are upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants living within the boundaries of the Schwyz confederation.

The progress of the Schwyz from a degree of feudal despotism to the enjoyment of liberty is one of the most interesting studies of the historian, or those who desire to

know the character of the nations of the earth. The celebrated defences which the heroes of Switzerland effected, in small bands, in their mountain fastnesses, and in the gorges of their vales and glens, breaking out from these mountain retreats; the splendid achievements, the heroic actions by which they established their liberty and drove back the rude invader from their mountain scenes;—these are things which might seem sufficient to stir up the noble and generous sympathies of the mere natural man—the man that loves to read adventures and stirring scenes and to listen to exciting and tragical events. But, whilst this is the fact, I am happy to confess, that I feel a much greater disposition now than I once did to prefer that heroism which will be willing to suffer rather than to inflict suffering; that heroism which will rather suffer wrong than take revenge; that heroism which will rather do the right in the midst of suffering, and leave revenge to God, than will exhibit itself in self-justification and in self-defence—by means of warlike weapons and contests between armed troops.—For with all the heroism of William Tell, with all the generous freedom of the Schwyz peasant, and his sacrifice of self for the sake of his mountain-home, what did those warm-hearted and devoted patriots achieve for their country? A momentary deliverance from one feudal lord, or one national aggressor, in order to become the prey of another feudal lord or national aggressor; or to become the servile bondsmen the one of another:—the chief citizen or burgomaster, as they would be called, of the town, acting the part of the oppressor towards the other inhabitants:—the consistory or civic ecclesiastics, of those that were the professors of the dominant religion persecuting those that were the professors of the antagonist religion, or the sectaries of a despised and odious faith.

Recent events in Lucerne have occupied public attention, and by their extensively ramified and convulsive

influence throughout all the confederated republics have singularly verified my apprehensions, and given strong and unlooked-for corroboration to the views entertained long prior to their *denouement*. The policy, not only of the encroaching fathers of the Jesuit college, but also of the Catholic party in the cantons, in conceding educational functions to them, would have been comparatively harmless in the organization of the separate republics, had it not been that secular governments have assumed the power of settling such questions by the arbitration of *the sword*, and have concluded that martial success could determine the morality or the truth of a principle. The ordeal by fire, or the issue of single combat, would be just as reasonable and conclusive to a rational and philosophic mind. A glance at the history of the first moments of Schwyz freedom and struggles for social liberty in the heart and fortress of Schwyz independence will draw out this view a little more.

Place yourself in a small steamer on the sequestered lake of Lucerne, and remember it is called the lake of the four cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwyz, as well as Lucerne. You have just sailed from Brunnen, and are steering your course toward the south amidst scenery of the most austere and rugged character—cliffs and precipitous rocks rise as the ledges of the mountain basin, and along its steep and lofty sides you mark rude cottages and sheltered hamlets, till you approach the birth-place of Schwyz heroism. On an elevated green slope on your right, backed by the tall rocks and surrounded by trees, Grutli appears, a verdant meadow, on which took place, on the night of 7th November, 1307, the first meeting of confederates to achieve the liberty of their country. At that period, as is doubtless well known, a large portion of the country was held in subjection by Albert of Hapsburg, a grasping tyrant, who succeeded his father, Rudolph, as emperor of Germany. Gesler, the governor whom he appointed, with a body of Austrian forces, to

secure his sovereignty, having outraged every principle of justice and humanity, stung the natives into rebellion, and it was at the secluded spot I mention that the conspirators held their first council, and determined on the measures which they should adopt. They were thirty-three in number, with three leaders,—Walter Furst, of Uri; (father-in-law of Tell;) Werner Stauffacher, of Schwyz; and Arnold von Melchthal, of Unterwalden. All swore a solemn oath to maintain their ancient independence; and the effort was nobly made. A rising of the four forest cantons took place on the 1st of January, 1308; the Austrian governors were deposed; and the castles which had been built to overawe the country were destroyed. From this time ensued one of the most extraordinary struggles for political independence which is disclosed in European history: it lasted for one hundred and fifty years, sometimes with one foe and sometimes with another. The three great victories of Morgurten, Sempah, and Murten, (or Morat,) were, however, gained; and about the year 1450, a number of the cantons established that confederated independence which till the present day exists.

Sailing on a few miles, we arrive in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, situated on the east side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to the height of 6,732 feet, to which we may add a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Kussnacht, his fetters having been temporarily removed to allow of his navigating the boat, and so saving it from being overwhelmed by a tempest which had overtaken it

in the passage. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event.

From what I could learn from persons conversant with the condition of the country around the lake, it appears that the people, with all their political independence, are socially and intellectually in a state of pupillage. The four cantons may be described as the focus of an intense spirit of ecclesiastical domination, under which no intelligence can flourish. The progress towards enlightenment, which began to be manifested at Lucerne shortly after 1830, is stopped; and although the whole education is not yet legally in the hands of the Jesuit fathers, it is substantially overruled by them. It may, perhaps, surprise our readers to learn, that in the cantons of Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, the very cradle of political liberty, religious liberty is on so narrow a footing at the present day, that no one can become a citizen in these states unless he professes the Roman Catholic faith. Some of the civil arrangements are in an exceedingly primitive state. Uri and Schwyz have not yet arrived at that principle of political science which delegates the legislative functions to representatives. All the male inhabitants above eighteen or twenty years of age meet in their respective cantons once or twice a year in what we should call a parliament; the place of assembly being an open ground, and the proceedings being in some measure presided over by the landammann, or chief magistrate, who decides the passing of any project of law by a general show of hands. The majority carries; but it is not always safe to belong to the greater number of votes. Some years ago, when the spirit of the people was roused, the minority in the cantonal parliament of Schwyz twice drove the majority from the field with sticks. A general confusion of affairs ensued, in which there could not be said to be any govern-

ment at all; but matters were finally patched up by the interference of the diet and federal troops. Rude as is this state of affairs, we should not deal too hardly with the citizens of either canton. The intrepid manner in which they defended the country from French aggression proved that the spirit of Schwyz patriotism was far from being extinguished amongst them.

But it is not merely the political proceedings and relations of the people which are affected by the imagination, that bravery and military tactics are the last as well as the best resort, where a diversity of judgment has prevailed. Intolerance on the great cause of religion has characterised the multitude as well as the priesthood, the democracy as well as the oligarchy; and the truth of a proposition and the validity of a rite have been subjected to the fate of war just as much among the republics of Switzerland as in the principalities of Germany, or in the *ten kingdoms* of Europe. In Basel, an instance, a historical illustration, of this nature occurs. Containing a population of forty thousand, and a territory of twelve miles square, a conflict has been perpetuated for half a century; and though the struggle seemed to have been determined among the citizens a few years ago, I feel confident the question has not been settled. The parties have been arrayed as the civic burgesses and the rural citizens: I might rather say, the denizens of the town and the suburban members of the body politic;—the latter representing the less favoured, and the former monopolising the privileges of the more enfranchised. The city and territory, originally a part of the German empire, were admitted into the Schwyz confederacy in 1501; and, till 1798, continued a republic under the government of a civic aristocracy. The French revolution had insinuated its influences among the Basileois, and in January of that year the burgomaster and grand council enacted that all citizens in town and country should possess *equal privileges*.

On the overthrow of Bonaparte, in 1814, this decree was reversed, and the civic aristocracy resumed their domination, which, of course, was resented by the disinherited citizens. The political storm continued to lower till *the three days* in Paris, 1830 ; which brought the quarrel to the crisis of a civil war—the argument of the sword and bullet. In August, 1833, *the city* sent forth from its gates twelve pieces of artillery and several thousand armed bourgeois, to convince the *campagnards* that they should be subject ; but the countrymen thought they could employ such arguments too, and members of the same once happy family met in mortal combat, when one hundred men were left dead on the field and the civic forces routed. The diet decreed a division of the canton into two, leaving the city aristocracy to rule over inhabitants within the walls ; organising the rural district into a democratic canton. The issue of the bloodshed and division is, that they are in the diet a neutralised power—the Basel Compagne, or rural canton, with half a representative, in the Federal Union ; and the Basel Ville, or the bourgeois, with their half representative, which are counted each as a moiety in the diet when they agree ; and, when they differ, as respectively nullifying their suffrage and counting on neither side of the debate. They are internally as if they were two cantons, with separate governments and functionaries.

The occasion of all this was more than a mere question of secular politics. The aristocracy of the city would not admit the (mass of the) people to the same privileges with themselves. Hence, in Protestant, or civic Basel, at this hour the Roman Catholics are not allowed to open a shop, they have not the liberty of pursuing traffic, or seeking to benefit themselves, merely because they are Roman Catholics. The same principle would warrant the prevailing, the most numerous class in Manchester, whatever that class may be—Churchmen or Independents, the Methodists or the Roman Catholics—would warrant that class in

telling all the other sects, you shall not open a shop in Manchester; you shall not pursue trade in Salford. Now, in free Switzerland, in free Basel, in Protestant Basel, this is the fact.

The first day that I spent in Basel, I witnessed a scene which characterised the protestantism of that country, with all its glory about privileges, special and peculiar. I was sitting, waiting till I should hear an answer to inquiries whether there would be service conducted in a place that was said to be an English chapel, at three o'clock. This was a little after mid-day. I heard the noise of drums and other instruments of music—trumpets, flutes, and fifes. I looked out. The first part, as they approached, was a company of about eighty, or from that to one hundred young men, from fifteen to nineteen years of age—lads of all sizes, in hussar jackets and white trousers; a martial uniform. Their appearance and dress were neat and holiday-like—with knapsacks on their backs, carrying muskets—very light muskets. As fire-arms, they seemed only a little larger than children's martial toys. Immediately after them followed two brass cannons, drawn by eight horses; and four horses behind each, mounted with riders; various more aged and matured actors in the scene, as a sort of cavalry, followed. Close behind them was a cortège of the citizens. A more juvenile escort succeeded. About five hundred of the nicest, the most appropriately dressed, comely in their person, and pleasant in their manner, young persons, females, that I had seen during all my rambles on the Continent. They seemed to be dressed as the children of respectable people,—parents that could afford to dress their children in silks, and have these silks of the first fabric, and garments made in the most respectable or fashionable manner. They had bouquets of flowers; every one of them carrying a flag. At the head of each section was one bearing the banner of Zurich, Uri, of Geneva, of Underwalden, or Zug, &c.; these being the

names of the different cantons. Five hundred young boys, equally well dressed, closed the procession ; and they also were led in sections. While I was waiting till the whole cavalcade had passed, I conjectured, as a sort of apology in my own mind for this Protestant republic, that these must be the Sunday-school children—the pupils of the cantonal schools, and higher academies, which the republic upholds.

I thought, indeed, it was a strange way of showing their attachment to the Sunday-school ; and a practical mode of exemplifying the union of Church and State. I concluded it must be the Sunday-school children of the canton, that were going to the parish church, to have an address delivered to them by one of the head clergymen : for the government of the canton takes care, some say with judicious consideration, that no citizen shall grow up in a state of ignorance dangerous to the community. “ Parents are compelled, on pain of imprisonment, to send their children to school until their tenth or twelfth year ; and for those who cannot afford to pay, the education is gratis.” Well, I thought, here is the *beau ideal* of government care against *dangerous ignorance* ; and a most effective mode for influencing, if it do not “ improve the tastes and habits of the operative classes.” The religious governors of this republic were, indeed, teaching “ the young idea how to shoot ;” and taking occasion by the *forelock*, to well mix their compound of state education. My first impulse was, to follow the multitude—for examination—to inspect the whole process of this Utopian pupilage. If this were not Utica, still it was a republic ; and if there were no Cato to give it laws, there were French philosophy, and Prussian precedent, near to its grave and sapient senators. This was the process of reasoning in my own mind. Yet I paused. I thought, again, I may be going a wild-goose chase, if I proceed without preliminary inquiry and direction. I fancied it would be better to ask the Boniface citizen

of the hostelry. It was a very imperfect way in which I could put my questions. I must express them in English, or by signs and imperfect forms of words. I did not speak French fluently; I could not speak German well; and I must try to pick up the French answers to my English questions. However, at length I made out that this was the annual celebration of the day of St. Jacob. What is that? Is it Sunday work? Why, it was the day of the year on which the commemoration should be celebrated. On that day, some 400 years ago, the people had, by a glorious battle, achieved their liberty; and they were now enjoined to commemorate the victory of that day, although—or, rather the more, because—it was the sabbath-day. The answer of mine host savoured more of tradition than of history; but I was led to farther inquiry, and found the event among the Schwyz chronicles.

Zurich and Schwyz had disagreed about the partition of Count Zogenburg's inheritance. The latter had appealed to their confederate cantons; the former sought the alliance of Austria, and her confederate princes. Charles VII. of France, so successfully the antagonist of English aggression, thought to have extended his territories, and at the same time purged his domestic dominions from the Armagnacs. These were a banditti, whom misgovernment had, during Anglican subjugation, left to infest the highways, and ravage the country of his people. In concurrence with Austria, he now turned his designs against the land of the Schwyz. He enlisted the Armagnacs; and joining with them other French troops, placed them as a formidable army under the command of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., and sent them to penetrate the territory of Basel. They were encountered by 1,600 Schwyz, and disconcerted in their aggressive and unprincipled policy in the battle of St. Jacob, which was fought in the year 1444.

The pageant which I witnessed was connected with the fifth centenary of that desperate conflict, when these 1,600 peasants, waging mortal combat with French banditti and experienced warriors, ten times their number, resisted their progress, until all but ten of the Schwyz^{ers} were slain. The bravery and destruction of these devoted combatants are commemorated by a cross, about a mile and a quarter beyond the gate of Basel; and is regarded with great veneration as the Schwyz Thermopylæ. I should probably not so much have wondered, had I seen the demonstration on some other than the Sunday. Sergeant Talfourd witnessed, the year before, a sort of miniature representation of the commemoration. The mound was begirt by a motley crowd, whom he supposed to be "the pupils of a great school, playing at soldiers. A gentleman in black came forward, at the head of the young patriots, looking like their schoolmaster, and made a speech to the crowd, short, but vehemently gesticulated: yet, strange to say, it was productive of no applause." The profanation of the day of sacred rest, in this intolerant Protestant republic, excited my attention; and I said to my informant, "Is this exhibition according to the arrangement of the magistrats, or 'how is it?'" And his reply was, "Why, sir, every citizen's child, belonging to the schools, pays a certain sum monthly, as his subscription for a yearly treat; and they go out somewhere on the day of their entertainment. This year, the day of St. Jacob has been celebrated at Basel. It goes round the cantons of the confederacy in their turn; and it will be one year at Basel; another year at Schwyz; the next at Lucerne, &c.; giving, in this way, the several cantons their succession in the federal festivity." It was this year here. The processions of the people from the other cantons of Switzerland had taken place a week before; and the pavilions, booths, and platforms had been reared, to afford accommodation for their enjoyment. These structures,

platforms, canopies, and tents, and other subsidiary means of amusement, had not been taken down; and therefore it was determined the children should walk out to the commemorative scene, where their sympathies being awakened, they might enjoy the sight; and, having their holiday at this place, learn to cherish feelings of patriotism, veneration for the memory of the brave, and a determination to defend their liberties when attacked by the invader. I said, "Did the clergymen previously know of this arrangement?" "O yes; there are clergymen's children amongst these young people." Such, then, were the authoritative amusements prescribed for sabbath-day exercises among the juvenile population by magistrates and clergy. With some degree of anxiety I wished to ascertain the issue, and in what manner the sports of the day had terminated; and therefore endeavoured to see some well-informed and competent party who could more specifically inform me as to the details, or the principles on which the Basel authorities had proceeded.

I found that the amusements consisted of firing their cannons or pieces of ordnance at a target; that the young men and lads had sharp-shooting, both for amusement and practice, to demonstrate how steadily and direct they could take aim, and how adept they were as marksmen, if they should be called to fight another day of St. Jacob. The children were, of course, witnesses of these scenes, and were identified with these associations and sports. They spent the whole day, the whole of Sunday, till about eight o'clock. I saw them after the day's mirthful revelry, fatigued with their hilarity, or vaunting of their successes, returning to the residences of their families, and carrying to their domestic circles the tales of their own pleasure, or the traditions of St. Jacob's festival, and the bravery of the patriotic Schwyz. Now this is the canton that will not suffer members of the Romish church to open houses for business, because they are Catholics; and this is the Pro-

testantism of Basel, one of the principal cities or cantons of liberal and enlightened Switzerland, of the educated and democratic reform.

I walked through the streets, and examined the city, the public-houses, cafés, and restaurateurs. I did not see much drunkenness. I saw, indeed, very general, I might say universal drinking, but without inebriation. Whether it was that the stuff they drank did not produce intoxication, or that they took *temperately*, I cannot tell; they were boisterously merry, as if they were fighting the battle of St. Jacob over again. However, the entire aspect of society, of the city and its suburbs, had nothing like the semblance or memorials of Sunday.

The festival of St. Jacob had convened many hundreds, perhaps thousands, to its attendant games and pastimes, from most of the Swiss cantons. Rifle and target shooting seemed a special sport in the commemoration; the reason for which I cannot explain. But even from other countries competitors had assembled, and contended for the superiority. An English nobleman, *so called*, had been a conspicuous leader in the exercises as well as the festivities of the commemoration; and had discovered as great a disregard for divine ordinances or religious solemnities as the most latitudinarian sceptic among the Schwyz, ancient or modern, could desire. I was repeatedly reminded of my countryman, and told of his achievements; since, as I understood, the proprietor of my hotel had been mixed up in the entertainments: and I was assured that at the grand dinner or banquet on the previous Sunday, while this *noble* man presided, fifteen thousand bottles of wine had been drunk; much of which was the richest and most costly juice of the grape. The singular gluttony, or wine-bibbing feat, was duly proclaimed on the Rhine; and confirmed to me when I stayed at the hotel in Basel. There is, therefore, no room for cynical observations by an Englishman—as from a ‘holier than thou’ feeling—

upon the Basilians. I do not make the comparison between England and the land of the Schwyz; but I call to mind the early history of the Reformation among the mountains of Schwyzzerland; and deeply regret either the decline of primitive religion, or the lax principles which were then too generally avowed even by the chief and most active reformers in that once favoured land. I do not forget they abjured the perpetual obligation of the sabbath, and the morality of its entire observance. But they had only recently come out of Egypt: and, while they repudiated restraint and bondage, they served from love and enjoyment.

How changed from the time when the reformers found here an asylum and a sanctuary for truth and Christian devotion! Pope Pius II. had founded in this city a university in the year 1460, which has endured the vicissitudes of four centuries, and conferred inestimable benefits on each new generation. Connected with the learned scholars thus drawn to Basel, was the establishment of a press for the publication of scholastic and theological writings. Some of the greatest and most profound scholars of the period had chosen this city as their residence. Wessel and Wittembach gave lustre to the university by their connection and labours within its walls. Under the tuition of the latter, Ulrich Zwingli, who had already in this city pursued the study of philosophy, mathematics, and scholastic theology, till he was eighteen years of age, and taken his master's degree at the university, was led to the careful perusal and pursuit of Scripture truth. In the year 1505 Wittembach from Bienné, arrived in Basel where he attracted, by his open, sincere, and enlightened piety, a concourse of young men, who thronged to the university, to enjoy his prelections in the liberal arts, in mathematics, and on Holy Writ. Nor did he fear to proclaim, with prophetic sagacity, "the time is not far distant when scholastic theology will be abolished, and the ancient

doctrine of the church restored—the death of Christ is the only ransom for our souls.” Thus was justification by Christ alone preached in Basel before Luther knew it in Germany. Nine years later did Zwingli find another and more illustrious attraction at Basel, in the person of the learned and refined Erasmus, the prince of literature, and king of the schools. He took refuge in Basel as in a quiet city, the focus of literary enterprise; and, with the aid of Frobenius, the printer, he sought to act upon Italy as well as Germany, on Switzerland, France, and England: and around him had gathered Oswald Myconius, Œcolampadius, Capeto, Leo Juda, and Hedio. Myconius was a teacher, who always desired in humility to occupy the humblest position; but Œcolampadius and Zwingli, with their associates, laboured ultimately for the diffusion of Divine truth, as sedulously and with as much success as Erasmus wrote for fame or literary renown. Here John Calvin resided for a time, and, during 1536, published the first edition of his “Christian Institutes;” while others, obtaining the literary facilities which were thus concentrated in the young republic, printed and issued thence translations of the Scriptures, and original treatises on subjects of paramount interest, for the instruction and conversion of the French, the Germans, and the Schwyz. Luther widened the door; but it was thought by many that the Basilian Erasmus had first picked the lock of popish darkness and superstition. Anémond, Pierre Toussaint, and Vaugris, worked the presses of Basel for printing French books. Anémond sent from Basel to Farel all the useful books published there, or which arrived from Germany; and Farel was indefatigably active in introducing them into France, &c. &c.

Basel had long stood high in my esteem, because of its missionary institution. I thought, therefore, I would visit the Mission-house, and gratify a feeling which had been for years cherished in my bosom toward its tutors and

friends. I sent in my name to the principal, the resident tutor, who also was invested with the several offices of director, secretary, and inspector of the foreign operations as well as domestic government of the institution. He was most courteous, and so kind as at once to receive me, and entered frankly into explanatory conversation with me as a stranger. When we had conferred but a few moments, he asked me to repeat the pronunciation of my own name. I told him, "Massie," he said, "I beg you will pardon me; I know you very well." He then, rather abruptly, left me in perplexity as to the occasion of his movement. I wondered what might have caused his haste, as he hurried into another room: but, in the course of a minute, he brought back two volumes bearing the title, "Massie's Continental India;" showing how he had been acquainted with me; and that through that means he had been familiar with my Eastern rambles and religious opinions, as well as plans for ameliorating the condition of the people of India. He then proceeded to his own library, and brought down a book, and showed that he had extracted and translated a large portion of the chapter of that work, entitled "Woman in India," into German, with the design that hereby he might excite and encourage the ladies of Germany to exert themselves on behalf of the women of Hindostan. I was much gratified with this flattering testimony, of course; but I was pleased, also, to find that a scholar and man of Christian principles, who could be thus congenial with myself, was the president of so valuable an institution. They had about thirty-two students; and the directors of the society had undertaken, a few days previously, to receive sixteen more; so that they would have very nearly fifty students preparing for missionary work. The inmates of the Mission-house enjoyed also the advantages of the Basel university for literary, philosophical, and scientific studies, cheaper than if tutors were separately provided. The fields for their

missionary labours were principally designed to be in India; and several of the pupils anticipated occupying a station which I myself had visited in that country when no missionary had thought of permanently residing there.

I had the happiness, moreover, of meeting at the Mission-house a gentleman who had returned from labouring at that station, who knew the friends with whom I had associated. We entered into converse about the religious state of that province, the Malabar coast of India; and as we were both intimately acquainted with its locality and with its people, we had a sympathy with each other, and a talisman to secure reciprocal interest and affection. It afforded me sincere gratification to find in him a person so well qualified for the work, and so devoted to the most generous views of native claims and efficient co-operation. His visit to Europe was only temporary; and his return to India was not to be long deferred. Though a German, he had found the acquisition of the English language useful in the discharge of his official duties at Mangalore; and it was manifestly his strong conviction, that, as a means for Hindoo improvement, the introduction of Western literature to India would be of the greatest service. While he avowed it was essential to the success of mission work, that the convert should be treated as a man and a brother, and, while encouraged to respect himself, assured of the confidence and affection of his European brethren.

I wished to ascertain from Mr. Hoffman, the president, what principles, distinctively of sect or denomination, were inculcated on the mission students as to church government. His answer was indirect, and left me to uncertainty. I thought it indicated rather a spirit of compromise, and yielded to the weight of human authority and the rules of expediency, the administration of God's house; was likely rather to captivate the suffrages of the indifferent and undecided, than to secure the hearty and energetic support of the zealous, the faithful, and the believing.

His answer was made by expressing concurrence in the sentiment of an authority, quoted by him, that "whatever is best administered is best." I judged his borrowed maxim not merely unphilosophical, but mischievous in principle and vicious in practice. I should have questioned its accuracy, if falling from a private Christian's mouth, and left to forgetfulness and obscurity the occasion. But I deplored it as a rule of procedure for a master in Israel, for a father in one of the schools of the prophets. Apply it as a universal test, and what will follow? Let a despotism be administered, not violently or offensively, but more wisely than a republic: let a moderate papacy be prudently maintained, more judiciously than will many times be a Presbyterian oligarchy, or a congregational democracy: let the zeal of a Loyola be consecrated by the fervid piety of Xavier: let the end sanctify the means: let schemes of human prudence and forethought be substituted for the austere and unpopular principles of Divine revelation, with only a superior administration, and the consequences will demonstrate the unsoundness of such a dogma.

But its worst feature is the relation it bears to the positive authority of a Divine Lawgiver. Such expediency could only be warranted if the Lord Jesus had not been faithful in all his house; had he not, as a Son, even equalled Moses as a servant in the specific appropriateness of his precepts and statutes in the church. If that which was done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious: and, since the Spirit of Christ was given to teach all truth, can we add to or take from the commandment? I ventured to sound the missionary, who had been a labourer, and could from his experience testify what rule was safest and most abiding. I was glad to observe that his Indian sojourn and intercourse had taught him and his brethren that they must maintain their liberty as Christian ministers, and their equality with

certain other Puseyite pretenders under the guise of episcopacy and a dominant church.

The apartments of the Mission-house were variously occupied. The walls of one room were lined with portraits, not painted in the first style of art, of all the missionaries who had gone out from this institution. The society had formerly done no more than educate agents for other societies; but in more recent years they had undertaken missions of their own, chiefly in Western India; and their purpose, as far as funds could be realized, was to extend these stations and agencies. A printing establishment was also extensively maintained in the Mission-house at Basel, both for the training of pupils and for the supply of publications required by the society, whether at home or at their stations. The stock of tracts, periodicals, translations and copies of the Scriptures on hand, was large and appropriate. I had opportunity here of knowing the theological character of the city preachers, and the religious or practical standard of the Christian people in Basel. I shall be glad if they reconsider their sabbath occupation.

There is not in Basel a good street, either for width or uniformity. They are winding, close, and irregular. Many large stone houses, rising to a great height, stand contiguous to one another; the upper apartments commodious and retired, but the lower or foundation stories, occupied as cellars, stables, or dungheaps. Some modern buildings had been recently finished, and the upper part of the town gave tokens of intended improvement. The gate leading toward the railway station and St. Louis, conducted forth from a street rather wider than most of the central streets; but the buildings upon the river side were of an inferior character, and gave little indication of affluence: they are cottages rather than civic dwellings. The impetuous and rushing, I had almost said roaring river gives vivacity, and the idea of cleanliness to this part;

especially where the street fountains continue to pour forth their sparkling waters. In almost all, even the narrowest streets, there is an abundant supply of these ornamental conduits, gushing with jets of the purest and most refreshing water. The towns, or canton offices, the post-office, and the place for the departure of the diligences, or mails, were near together in the centre of the city: but I saw few of the liveried military or contingent troops provided by the state. I had great pleasure in rambling over and through the town; and especially in passing to the upper part, by which I was conducted to the walks along the walls and what had been the defences of the people. From these boulevards a complete view of the whole civic architecture and antiquarian structures is obtained.

On the towers of old ecclesiastical edifices I was interested in marking the *storks* which had either there built their nests, or formed their temporary retreat. This bird obtains great favour among the authorities of Basel. The battlements overgrown with herbage were falling into decay, or turned into gardens and retired walks for the citizens; several of the old churches, decorated with spires, stood in ruin, and appeared destined to remain as fragments of old time: the houses are, most of them, painted white, their windows either stanchioned or furnished with green jalousies, and surmounted with peaked, jagged ornamental roofs. The university was well situated, and had the most appearance of improvement in its locality. I crossed over to Little Basel, which is connected with the mother city by a wooden bridge of ancient appearance and long standing. This bridge has endured the shocks of the descending torrents from the melting snows of many lofty hills and tributary vales whence issue the spring tide of the floods. It is constructed of piles, or immense blocks of timber, resting on stone piers of ancient date. The appearance of Basel itself from this aspect is even more imposing than from its ramparts.

You stand on the bank of the broad rolling stream, its waters more shaded with light green than blue, and its flood sweeping hard by, almost so close as to pass under the foundation of the houses which line the sloping hill, and jut forth on the steep bank of the river, and you feel the scene lively and imposing. I was, however, tempted onward from street to street, and passed up and down examining the aspect of the Faubourg of Basel. I was pleased to see the cleanliness of the place—all Basel is clean—the waters of the Rhine seem to wash away whatever is filthy from the open spaces. The people of Basel are, perhaps, the most comfortable in pecuniary matters of all other parts of Switzerland. They are capitalists without land—brokers in money. The manufactures of neighbouring towns, and the commerce of distant places, are conducted on their capital, exerting an influence over even the distant exchanges of Paris and Amsterdam; they conduct their business on an enterprising but cautious scale. Not inflated with ideas of superiority or of security from territorial wealth, with its entailed succession, and unaccustomed to look for sinecure emolument from place or pension by aristocratic connections with the state, they live quietly and comfortably in monetary traffic; money-making being the principal pursuit of the educated classes.

The only trade in the way of manufacture, which is extensively followed at Basel, is the weaving of silk ribbons: they manufacture them in great perfection, equal to that of the French. Twelve thousand individuals are said to be thus employed, and the first impulse received by the people of Basel was when the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove many Protestant weavers out of France into other countries for conscience and liberty. Here they found a refuge, a home, and a market for trade.

From Basel you enter almost immediately the country belonging to the Canton of Berne; and the route by

Delemont, Münster, Savannes, Bienne, and Aarberg to Berne city, affords the delight of travelling, so far as you can be pleased with scenery, which surpasses any enjoyment you can imagine. It can convey no adequate conception to describe your path up the front of one hill, upon the ridge of a lofty mountain, and down the back of another; along the verge of this valley, and into the deep glen of that river. To attempt to delineate the objects from one variety of scenery to another, unless with a master's pencil, is altogether hopeless. This is the most enchanting country through which any traveller ever passed.

I traversed the road where stands the cross of St. Jacob once and again, in the vicinity of Basel, which lies encompassed by a few level fields between the gate of the city and the pass of the valley through which the murmuring and sometimes rapid Birs flows for many a picturesque mile. These fields are well cultured, and afford the traveller, as he approaches Basel, a good opportunity for looking upon the walls and telling the towers of this border fortress of the Schwyz. Not far from this point the Birs joins the Rhine, and, like many other tributary Alpine streams, adds to its wealth by mingling in its flood. The road speedily takes its direction along the course of the river, on whose banks meadows of rich verdure and fringed by fruit-trees attract and delight the eye for a few miles; but speedily they give place to low wooded hills, by the base of which, leaving craggy steeps clothed with herbage and blooming with wild flowers, the pellucid stream gurgles onward to meet the traveller and welcome his visit. These crags and acclivities are enlivened and animated by the shaggy goat or her more frisky kid, climbing and browsing upon the spontaneous plants or tender shoots of shrubs and trees. Leaping from rock to rock, and standing with an air of reckless indifference, as if nothing could turn their head or render their footing un-

stable, they look down upon the passing voiture of the lohn-kutscher, driving in his own carriage and pair, with all the *sang froid* of their wild and native mountains, and yet cheer him with an assurance that he is in the midst of homes and hearths where domestic comforts are enjoyed and personal security prevails. These low wooded hills, through which the track lies, are the outskirts of the Jura, which sometimes slope so gradually and undulate so gently that they seem to spread out a plain-like amphitheatre, and then again contract so abruptly in narrow passes that they form a succession of verdant and sunny circles connected with narrow alleys, cool and bright green retreats, supplying pasturage for the herd, and corn or roots for the peasant freeman who loves to haunt his sequestered glen, and hold converse with the mountain landmarks of his birth-place and his inheritance. The never-ceasing music of the many waters, whose voice constantly reminds him of the land of the mountain and land of the flood, fills his pathless solitudes with remembrances and associations which no lowland settler can understand.

Thus forward, musing and admiring, do we proceed through defile after defile, as they open and close in their depth and their grandeur; their lofty summits rising perpendicularly to the blue sky, and shutting in the pathway as if only it and the tumbling stream, with a few disencumbered fragments of rock, occupied the whole breadth of the pass. The forest clothing of the mountains corresponded with the region and the climate. Beech and coppice-wood, birch, firs, and pines, rose one above another, till on the highest tops the waving pine or solitary poplar indicated the feathery ridge of the mountain, and the region beyond which beauty and verdure declined. Still onward is our course, yet not with railroad speed, and far less in an express train, can we ascend those rocky and sometimes almost precipitous mountain-passes. A long summer day will show full many a winding stream and

many a lovely retreat bathed in sunshine or chequered with cloud and shade; and it may appear to the untravelled, that one would desire the light of mid-day always to glisten and the brilliant sun continually to beam in gladness upon the road, growing lovelier and assuming still more of magnificence in its wildest and noblest depths. But the shadows of the evening, the grey and dimming aspect of twilight, the gathering darkness of departed day, have their attractions and power.

“Night is the time to watch” the more awful and majestic forests of Alpine scenery and woodland solitude, the bluff, impending, and sombre features of the massive rock as it rears its head, not in the vale, but by the mountain torrent and amid the rugged paths of nature, and the hoarse and angry roar of the impetuous and falling cascade which you hear almost by your side, but do not see; being overshadowed by deep foliage and ledging rocks. It is at night, and in Switzerland, you can watch the pleiades, and catch the moon’s first beams in beauty and glorious effulgence as they gleam upon the reflecting stream, cast their tall shadows by the waving pine or the austere mountain’s brow, or sparkle in silvery brightness in the hours of silence and solitude. It was at night I ascended the winding and steep barrier of the Munster Thal, and was not aware of the scene till its wild and terrible grandeur, magnified by the sombre obscurity of night, burst upon me by surprise. I afterwards saw and passed through it by daylight; but I should prefer the night scene. The Birs, which had met me with the buoyancy of mountain vigour, and renewing youth as we approached nearer to its spring, had now ceased to sound its murmuring music; its accents, but the lisplings of river-infancy, were growing increasingly feeble as we pressed to the upward regions. We were passing a steep and abrupt ledge of rock, winding, as was necessary, in a slanting

direction upon the face of an almost precipitous hill; my driver, of his own accord, exclaimed, "Look here, sir!" I started from my reverie, and cast my eye up the face of the wild chasm. It was an arch, apparently natural, described as forty feet in height, and widened by man's work: on each side the solid rock fashioned by nature's art, and spanning the wide tunnel without artificial prop, rent, or flaw, and bearing inscriptions of Roman style and workmanship, and designated by local antiquaries Pierre Portius. I afterwards passed through this arch of nature by daylight from regions of pine-clad foliage, gently descending and looking downward, as through a framework, upon a glowing picture spread out in the valley, and in the interval of the next barrier of the Jura range.

The pale violet crocus plenteously sprinkled the meads and road-sides of the ascending hill; while onward, as we advanced from Basel, the minor beauties of Switzerland spread in their affluence. I borrow from Sergeant Talfourd words *fitly spoken*:—"The luxuriant shrubs; the patches and clumps of bright field-flowers; the joyous play of dazzling insects—butterflies of all sizes and hues, and dragon-flies of loveliest wings of gauze; the remarkable combination of a perfect sense of dryness with the green which seemed as if bathed in perpetual showers; the sweet scents perfuming without loading the air, blending in one charm the sense of luxury with that of freshness so exquisitely felt at early morning in Swiss valleys."

"We ascended another hill; and, reaching now the outermost rind of the Jura, beheld the range of the Bernese Alps, like clouds, but oh how different the solid fabric of this rock-built world—substance, not shadow, refined by sixty miles of air, and touched by the selectest influences of heaven. Above us the crown of our hill rose rough with beauty; beside our curving path sunk a glen, so deep that its stream was scarcely audible; below us

stretched the sunniest plains; beyond all the glistening snow-tops, with an icy precipice here and there slanting down amidst its own peculiar gleams."

• The glow-worm showed her attractions as we passed from one stern passage of the mountain-way to another, and cast her soft and gentle globular light from among the thick grass which fringed the road and the stream, if not with her lamp of love to lure and guide the gossamer sympathy of her winged mate, yet surely by her lustral power to show the glory of her Creator. The stillness of the night was sometimes broken by the workman in iron sounding his ponderous noises and intercepting the darkness by the sudden opposition of his huge forge-fire and the beating of his flaming lumps of red-hot iron. Neither was it all mountain-pass or verdant and secluded glen: the way to Delemont was over, or by the side of, a waste and expanded sterile region, which rose over a gradually-ascending heath-like wilderness. A sharp and angular turn over the Birs brought us to a steep and ascending causeway. The arched gateway of the solitary town suffered, rather than invited, us to enter its deserted streets, and wait till horses were harnessed, or driver was inclined to proceed.

Moutins, or Munster, standing in a wide and fertile region, alive with industry, and occupied by an energetic and honest population, presents the habitation of busy and cleanly labourers. Hence issue open valleys, narrow winding glens, alleys of rock clothed with black firs, the lucid stream fringed with ever-gladdening and living green. A little farther, and the valley of Tavennes, with its fertile meadows and oft-recurring cottages, lies under the deepening shade and shelter of the slanting hill. Onward still, and Aarberg, the scene of mechanical skill and assiduous enterprise, where the wheels of time and the motions of rolling years are notched and regulated, spreads itself on the margin of the Aar and animates the district, though

secluded and unseen. Here the manufacture of watches occupies many hundred skilled and industrious hands. Bienne, at the head of its own lake, imbedded by the most magnificent of mountain coverings, and beautified by the placid and mirrored surface of its waters enriched by its local manufactures, and rendered independent by the willingness to work of its industrious population engaged in all the branches of calico production, summons the notice and rewards the inquiries of those who take an interest in the progress of mechanism and the resources of industry. Mountain streams flow down, and, while carrying their contributory waters to the Aar, vary and beautify the wayside scenery.

The road from Bienne to Berne is, perhaps, more monotonous, but fertile, and giving the means of subsistence and enjoyment to the rural Bernese. But the banks of the Aar, as it flows from Schwarzenburg by Berne, Solothurn, Aaraw, and, till its confluence with the Rhine at Wallshut, receiving to its bosom in its winding course many subsidiary currents, are often diversified with the richest and most romantic scenery. In one portion of its progress it appears a broad, rushing, blue stream, bending in a graceful crescent toward another sweep; masses of wood hem and hide its power and beauty; and again, spanned by rustic and unornamented piles of stone, the traveller crosses it to ascend above its banks, and for many miles within sound of its noisy torrent, and climb hills darkened by thick woods of pine.

It is after such circuitous and obscured journeying, the city of Berne is approached. Standing on an isthmus made by a curve of the Aar, 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, and surmounted by a wooded summit, it bursts into view, to the surprise and delight of the tourist; and, encompassed by this blue girdle of water rapidly rushing on its three sides, its mass of piled buildings, heaped, turreted, and pinnacled, stands out to view, surrounded by

lovely and undulating pastures and gardens, rising like terraces, one after another, from the river to the tall houses above. The scene will more than gratify—it will startle the curious by its beauty and abruptness. From the ramparts, the Alpine attractions, in their distant snow-clad peaks, which invite to farther wanderings, appear in great grandeur. Were I to name more than the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, the Mönch, and the Schreckhorn, would be to bewilder the imagination amidst nature's richest magnificence; while the expanding banks of the blue and lovely Aar, curling and murmuring far below, contrast with the grey sandstone habitations of the citizens, which rise to the height of six or seven stories, with crowded inhabitants from cellar to garret. The new bridge, completed, gives a more modern and improving aspect to the city. More like a fortification than a republican town, it remains as a monument of the law of the strong hand, which prevailed in the times when Berne was chosen for defence rather than commerce. It is now the chief place for the residence of foreign ambassadors to the Schwyz Diet; and is the centre of the most populous and wealthy of the cantons. The chief part of the town is the main street; and its houses extend over the foot-pavements, forming pillared arcades similar to those of Chester, but less roomy. These arches are filled by shopkeepers' goods, as in a lengthened bazaar; and thus the street is almost an impassable thoroughfare. The only means of enjoying ventilation for the inhabitants, are their higher windows, which are furnished with cushions and balconies. The middle of the street is interscoted, from end to end, by a channel large enough to be called a rivulet, which is supplied with copious streams thrown out continually from the fountains, surmounted by figures of bears, and men in armour, which at intervals, from top to bottom, are placed in the Rue Grand.

The Bernese do not excel in the toilette. Their cos-

tume is simple, if not rude, and does not indicate a wide commercial intercourse with other lands. The women wear jacket and petticoat of coarse woollen, brown or blue, and the men have coat and trousers of the same stuff. The ordinary male and female attire, from head to heel, is made by themselves of home manufacture, excepting a few holiday trappings, which their shops furnish. The women wear on the neck a black cotton velvet lappet, bound loosely under each arm, from back to breast, by a steel chain; and decorate their heads with bows of black ribbons and broad black lace. The whole people are accustomed, men and women, to laborious country toil; and are cleanly, comfortable, and contented. The conjecture was warranted, that they make or mend their own shoes, as well as prepare the coarse fabrics for their clothing at their cottage fire-sides, by the exposure and purchase of pieces of leather at the market. Zeitglockenthurm, an ancient tower, stands in the middle of the main street, like Temple-bar, London; a tall block of masonry, dating from 1191, which had been a portal in the walls prior to the extension of the town. Its eastern side is furnished with the dial of a clock. The remarkable performance of its functions would not much interest those who treat such mechanism as *toyish*, rather than indicative of early progress: yet I will venture a brief description for my young friends. A strange whirring sound, a minute prior to the striking of the hour, gives notice of what follows. A variety of puppets, adjoining the dial, assume their functions; a cock flaps his wings, and crows; a king waves his sceptre; a troop of bears march round in procession; and the clock—strikes the hour. The crowing, flapping, waving, and marching, then again follow; and silence reigns for another hour.

Beyond the western gateway of the town, contiguous to the public promenade, is a well-constructed bear-pit, in which the fattest and largest bears, as sinecurists, are fed

and pampered at the state's expense. The Bernese authorities have always shown great respect for sinecure pensioned bears. I wish the English authorities had never kept or upheld any worse sinecured and pampered pensioners. The tradition of the bears is unique in Bernese history; but, "at the beginning of the last century, an old lady dying, without near relatives, bequeathed her fortune of 60,000 livres to them. The will was disputed by some distant relative of the deceased; but the cause of the brutes was so ably pleaded by one of the most distinguished members of the bar of Berne, that the plaintiff was nonsuited. The bears, declared the rightful heirs, were taken under the guardianship of the supreme council, who, treating them as wards of Chancery, or minors, administered their property. In order to maintain the succession to the estate, a pair of young bears was always reared, in case of the demise of the elders; and, to prevent too large an increase of the race, all that were born beyond this were fattened to furnish a dainty for the civic feasts of the Berne burgomasters. The bears, however, did not long enjoy their fortune. The French Revolution broke out; and its sweeping consequences, not confined to crowns and kingdoms, descended even to bears. The French army, having defeated the Swiss in several engagements, entered the town, (in 1788,) and immediately took possession of the treasury. Eleven mules were despatched to Paris, laden with specie found in it: two of them bore away the birthright of the bears, amounting at the time to about two millions of francs. The bears themselves were led away captives, and deposited in the Jardin des Plantes, where one of them, the celebrated Martin, soon became the favourite of the French metropolis. When, after a series of years, the ancient order of things was restored at Berne, one of the first cares of the citizens was to replace and provide for their ancient pensioners. A subscription was raised in consequence, and a small estate purchased;

the rents of which, though diminished from various causes, are appropriated to their support. The cost of keeping them amounts to between 600 and 700 francs per annum; and well-grounded fears are entertained that modern legislators, forgetful of the services rendered by Bruin for so many centuries, in figuring upon the shield of the canton, may soon strike him off the pension list."

That great deeds have been achieved by good men in war, I will not dispute; and that heroism, most purely patriotic, has inspired freemen on the field of battle, I must readily grant; though I consent not that the wager of battle is always or ever necessarily decisive of the question in dispute. I am reluctant to appear even to countenance, by narration, any sanguinary scenes which patriotic warfare has immortalised; yet I cannot pass the field of Morat or Murten, without an allusion to the encroachments of Charles of Burgundy, and the penalty his folly was made to pay. Into the canton of Freyburg we pass from Berne. I sailed upon the lakes here from one extremity to the other. I passed close by the Isle of St. Pierre, or, as it is marked for tourists, Rousseau's Island; since here, in 1765, he found a retreat, while an outcast from his native Geneva; and would have consented to imprisonment rather than pass into foreign exile. It is prettily wooded, and extensively cultivated; often visited for the sake of the strange and extravagant enthusiast who resided here.

In imagination I see before me now the shores of both lakes, as to me they appeared, clothed in verdure and foliage; but once clad in steel, and steeped in human gore, or strewed with the mangled remains of many thousand slaughtered Burgundians. Two battles were fought here by Charles the Bold: the one intended to revenge defeat in the other, but both equally disastrous. In 1476 this proud usurper attacked the fortified town of Grandson, on the farther or southern extremity of Lake Neuchattel, which he captured, with its eight hundred defenders,

whom he caused to be stripped and hung upon the trees of the forest. The confederate army of the Schwyz, two days afterward, hemmed in the Burgundians upon the shores of the lake; and rushing upon them from the lower slopes of the Jura, completely defeated them. The slaughter was immense: 50,000 men, with all his valuable equipage, were abandoned by Charles, who fled through the mountains, with only a few personal followers. The insane and defeated murderer meditated revenge, and assembled at Lausanne an army of 40,000 armed invaders. The battle-field chosen was about a mile south from Morat, on a sloping hill, with the expanded lake stretching to their right. The inhabitants of Morat, and six hundred soldiers, more successfully than the defenders of Grandson, arrested or deterred the progress of the Burgundians, till the arrival of their allies. Breaches had been made in their walls and towers, and the ramparts were giving way; but the courage of Bubenberg, the commander, and his compatriots, remained unshaken; and, while they endured the siege, they saw from their defences the arrival of confederates and allies from Bienne, Alsace, Basel, St. Gall, and Schaffhausen. Inclement weather and bad roads could not obstruct the Schwyz, who hastened from Argovie, Thurgovie, and Zurich, and the Sargans. John Waldmann, leader of the Zurichois, arrived at Berne on the eve before the battle, and, with his jaded troops, snatched only a few hours' repose. His bugle sounded for the resumption of their march at ten o'clock at night. Tables were spread before every house for the refreshment of the patriot soldiery; and while the city was illuminated, the route was taken for Morat amid the darkness of night, in the face of a storm of wind and rain. The Schwyz historian, Zschokke, graphically describes the onslaught and the battle scene.

“The day dawned: it was the 22nd of June: the sky was overcast with clouds, and the rain still fell in torrents.

The Burgundians displayed their vast lines before the eyes of the Schwyz, who numbered scarcely 30,000 combatants. Before giving the signal of attack, John de Hallwyl fell on his knees, with his whole army, to invoke the assistance of the Almighty in this trying moment for their beloved country. While they prayed, the sun broke through the clouds; and on the instant the Schwyz commander arose. Waving his sword aloft, he exclaimed, 'Rise, rise, confederated brethren! God smiles upon our coming victory!' As he spoke, the clang of arms resounded; the attack was made; and soon the battle raged from the heights to the lake. Hallwyl commanded on the left; on the right was engaged the flower of the Schwyz army, under the orders of John Waldmann; and Adrian de Bubenberg had the guidance of the troops stationed amid the trees on the shores of the lake. Hallwyl had to sustain a fearful struggle; and he did sustain it, till he beheld the appearance of the white-haired chief of Lucerne, Gaspard de Hernstenstein, on the rising ground behind the enemy. Death now rioted in the camp of the Burgundians. In front and in rear they were massacred; thousands battled obstinately; thousands fell; and thousands took to flight. The Duke, pale and dismayed, seeing that all was lost, fled with a train of scarcely thirty attendants, and reached the banks of Lake Leman. Fifteen thousand of his troops lay on the plain of Morat, in its lake, and in the town of Avenches. A great number, seeking to save themselves, had perished in the water and neighbouring marshes; the rest were completely dispersed. The tents, provisions, and treasures of the enemy, became the prize of the victors. The dead were thrown into pits, and quicklime and earth spread over them."

The bones of the Burgundians were collected; and attached to them was a chapel erected as monumental and monitory. During three centuries this memorial remained entire. Bonaparte visited the spot in 1797; and boasted

that his retreat would not be by *the lake*. A Burgundian regiment of French soldiers visited the place next year, and threw the bones of their countrymen into the lake, to be cast up at almost every succeeding storm ; and hence have they become a marketable commodity, sold to strangers, or even manufactured into the handles of knives. Among such bone-grubbers was the noble and poetic Byron. A tree of liberty—a linden-tree—planted and surrounded by a railing, and other attempts to commemorate the event, were adopted. But, on the 9th of January, 1821, the cantonal authorities voted a sum of 6,000 francs ; and a remarkably handsome obelisk has been erected, of sandstone, about forty feet in height, in an open gravelled space adjoining the public road, and within sight of the lake. The Latin inscription intimates, “ The Republic of Freyburg signalizes the Victory of the 22nd June, 1476, gained by the united efforts of their Ancestors, by this new Monument, erected in the year 1822.”

From Morat the road to Freyburg stretches along a comparatively tame and fertile region ; but in the environs of the cantonal capital the scenery suddenly changes into a picture of romantic brilliancy, the strength of the situation softened by the natural loveliness of the surrounding objects, while the wonders of the engineering art stamp the vestiges of dim antiquity with features of modern progress and improvement. Between the traveller and the object of his visit there is a great gulf, a chasm of separation, which only a fertile imagination could have spanned : a ravine of a thousand feet depth forms here the bed of the river Saarine, and, beyond the yawning precipice, the sharp grey walls and low square watch-towers of the antique town enclose its churches and Jesuits' college on the summit of the steep bank, unshaded by woods, and placed like a city on a hill, which cannot be hid. It is, indeed, a quaint, old-fashioned habitation of men wearing the garbs of former generations. The streets on the

lower part are occupied by rows of shops, and the market-place is adorned by brown-looking trees ; while flights of steps, narrow and steep, lead up to the loftier parts of the town where the collegiate buildings have been erected.

This ancient and venerable mountain eyrie, or eagle's nest, is now rendered accessible by other means than the hermit found in other days. "Lo !" says Talfourd, "a net-work, light as spider spun, seems floating in the air, and on your approach you find it denotes a bridge suspended over the chasm, substantial as the rocks that hold it, and airy as a fantastic German poet's lightest fancy. Our suspension-bridges—even that of the Menai—are vulgar and ponderous things compared with it : not only is the span of its suspension larger, and the height from the stream greater, but the absence of all visible buttresses, and of all assistant arches, leaves the magical effect more perfect. You enter upon it, and another kindred wonder of art appears—not so vast, but still more beautiful—for a ravine, opening to the left, yawns, walled by yet loftier banks ; and across it, and above you, high in air, floats another bridge of even lighter construction, which, diminished in the distance, might be thought the pathway of fairies." Art seems to have caught the beauty of the scenes it was privileged to sport, and to cast its own rainbows over the deep valleys."

The church of St. Nicolas, a handsome Gothic pile, and the principal ecclesiastical structure, is deformed by a hideous portal, whose illustrations certainly bespeak either a latent infidelity or the grossest imagination in terror-stricken man. The day of judgment is the subject of representation : the opening of hell is signified by a pig's mouth vomiting flames ; angels, all wings, flutter about ; devils are introduced with pigs' heads ; the process of *weighing souls* is represented in masses placed together in the scale of justice, a devil, slyly designing to add to the weight, hangs on by stealth ; while the adorable attributes

of the Eternal are caricatured as making the decision. I should not assert that this was not the conception of a gloomy fanatic; nor should I, as some, class the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young as hideous phantasms, and an attempt to render the spiritual grossly palpable and fearful to the lowest cowardice of the dullest sinner:—in illustration of the genius which suggested and deliberately sanctioned this grotesque and fanciful extravagance. But I would mark this representation as a work elaborately and vividly carved in marble, in the vestibule of a spacious and noble sanctuary, under the control of the learned and sanctimonious Jesuits: believing it bespeaks a debasement of the clerical mind, or a disbelief in the awful realities it debases. There is also a celebrated organ in this church, which has been admired for its power, compass, and tenderness; but which some who have heard it played the most scientifically estimate as possessing greater force than is compatible with the area of the building. It occupies the entire breadth of the church, and, when played with its fullest power, threatens to rend the roof with the tempest of its sound in the more boisterous passages; though capable of being softened into thrilling sweetness; and its gentler passages expressive of pleading, wailing, pitying, throbbing, and exulting, till its sounds are almost instinct with human feeling.

It was from above Neuchâtel that I obtained the first full vision of the Alps, and beheld, on the left, Mont Blanc, in its glorious sovereignty amidst its rugged brotherhood, twelve thousand feet above the ocean level. I do not remember any comparison by which I can convey my impression. Had I been elevated to the clouds and wafted by the wind above all terrestrial vapours, so high as to look down upon the rugged ridges and peaked summits of these everlasting hills;—which seemed to traverse a region of their own in mid-heaven, forming a momentary pavement on which winged cherubs might direct their

fleet courses, while the eye followed their progress undazzled;—I could not have had a more glorious survey. Covered with snow of perfect whiteness, contrasting with the clear blue lake, which interposed below between the peaks and myself, and the vivid green which clothed the surrounding vineyards, while peaked mountains stretched, jagged and rugged, in fantastic wildness as far as the eye could reach, the fulness of Alpine scenery displayed the majesty of the great Creator who formed all things for himself. The sky was of brightest azure, the atmosphere clear, and snow-clad mountains lay in outline, like crested and gigantic white clouds raised above the horizon, and spread out as on an airy or ethereal table-land, where it seemed for the moment no mist could reach, and no haze obscure. The sun was, indeed, intolerably hot, and the translucent lake threw back his vivid and fervent rays more intensely than I could endure in a state of exposure. But I shall never forget that moment of delicious expansion and measureless magnificence. The scene changed; our progress diversified the aspect, and the momentary vision passed almost as a dream; but it had imprinted so that memory will never surrender the features of its landscape beauty, and the mind will often delight to recall that surpassing wonder of panoramic unity and grandeur: it was a brief and transient gleam of immensity, partaking of infinitude and almighty power.

The lake is beautiful, as reposing amidst such gigantic scenes: it is embedded and embosomed among the vine-clad slopes of the Jura near its margin, which extend at least a range of forty miles in one uninterrupted series of vineyards; fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and nearly four hundred feet in depth: it is more than twenty miles in length, and is connected with the lake Bienné by a serpentine and widening river. The population of the canton of Neuchâtel is about forty thousand, under the principedom of the King of Prussia, whose sovereign

power is limited to the reception of certain territorial revenues and a few tokens of royal prerogative. The houses of the city are large, and in aspect the residence of the affluent in the French style of architecture, and of fine whitish sandstone. Justice is administered here so cheap, that the whole process of caption, confiscation, and imprisonment may be effected at the cost of 6s. 8d. : the charge of an attorney's letter in England. The clergy of the Protestant reformed church are state-endowed, and have salaries from 120*l.* to 70*l.*, or at an average through the canton of 83*l.* per annum. Education has been valued and promoted extensively by government and individuals. There is a college, or educational institution, of considerable reputation, to which is, or was, attached, as a professor, the zealous geologist, M. Agassiz. Several charitable institutions, handsomely endowed, provide relief for those who have been reduced to poverty. At a short distance from the newer part of the town the Hotel de Ville, a large and handsome edifice in Grecian style, is the seat of the civic and cantonal government. I had a frank and gentlemanly fellow-traveller in this part of my journey who spoke English well, and was a functionary, I concluded, of the Prussian government. He was most communicative, and left me at the gate of the ancient castle. This acropolis, to which the population, in days of feudal strife, crowded for protection, is perched on a prominent knoll, and commands the town beneath and an extensive view of the lake and the Alps. Surrounded with a wall, it consists of a few buildings strongly constructed, including a chapel and the house of the governor of the province, whom I conjectured my fellow-traveller to be. There were a few soldiers observable, but they were like Othello when his occupation was gone. The military art is not here much required.

I was much interested at Yverdon, at the extremity of the lake, and on the confines of the canton of Vaud, not

distant from Grandson, to trace the old chateau of Pestalozzi, in which he first attempted to realize his educational schemes in execution, and failed in his project. The quietude and seclusion of this little town pleased me ; but I was farther interested in my visit by the character, and accommodation of the hotel where I resided, the only instance in which I found the bed-rooms provided with a copy of the Scriptures. I did not think, with Chambers, that this was a dirty, though it had the air of a substantial town. My travelling companion hither was a Roman Catholic priest, a professor of a college in Alsace, and an agreeable as well as educated man. For a time he doubted whether I travelled *incognito* under an assumed designation, or whether he might treat me as a confidante. When at length his doubts on such matters were removed, either his religious predilections or his caution dictated greater reserve. We promenaded the rural and really genteel suburbs, and sauntered along the shores of the lake and up the banks of the river, under the shady avenues of trees planted in every direction around the town. The steamer which sails between Yverdon and Bienne affords a pleasant means of examining this and its sister lake on both sides. In former times it may have been, that the Neuenburger See and the Lake Bienne were but one larger and more spacious expanse of water, which has been gradually subsiding.

Switzerland is remarkable for the industry of its people, not for the extensive cultivation of their fields, or for their occupying much land as farmers ; they are what commonly we call cottage farmers in this country : and they also plant vineyards and gather the fruit of them, but not so as to produce such quantities of vines as are grown in France. The stormy weather, I suppose, breaks down the vines ; or, at least, the more tender and generous vines will not endure in the severe and sudden squalls which sometimes burst upon that country, in consequence

of the eddies and currents of wind which prevail from the mountain gorges near Lausanne.

I started from Neuchattel in the company of an American traveller glad to find an Anglican associate in the journey, and therefore disposed to make his convenience bend to his new companion. But the country was new to us both, and we more needed the information of a native than the garrulity of a conceited, though patriotic citizen of the transatlantic States. Lake Lemman was the *Ultima Thule* of our vision so soon as our route shut out the higher regions from our contemplation. Long and eagerly did I look for its mirrored surface and expanded bosom, and tediously slow did I fancy the progress of our Voiture. But by the road which we traversed we must first approach Lausanne. We had some steep roads to climb, and a flat vale, not peculiarly picturesque, though well cultivated, stretching away to the base of the clouded Jura; and though once and again sloping heights were surmounted, no shadow of the lake could be discovered till within a mile or so of Lausanne. Suddenly this noble sheet of water, the *Genfer See*, bursts upon the view, down in the basin, glittering and reflecting the intense splendour of a Schwyz sky and mid-day sun. The variegated and softened beauty of the northern shore spread itself at our feet—verdant vineyards, tranquil and white villas and cottages, the animated habitations of a free and thriving people, contrasting with the opposite coast, cheerless and dingy, partly because of the distance which obscures, and partly because of the despotic government which oppresses the inhabitants of the Savoy mountains. Villeneuve on the east, and Geneva on the west, the extremities of the bent bow—the huge rocky eminences, no longer a rampart but a cleft passage for the waters of the Rhone into the Lemman, and the intercepting flanks of the Jura similarly forced as an outlet for the Rhone below Geneva—guard the fascinating landscape, and present a

compass of forty miles, as rich in magnificence and tenderness as nature and culture have anywhere supplied. The first glance of the shores of Lake Lemman, with their unexampled combination of the sublime and beautiful, recalling and associating many truly interesting recollections, has been felt by others as well as myself, as more than the reality of fancies and dreams which hope had long cherished, and by which many of the enterprises of life had been inspired and sustained; but since it has not been the portion of many to realize them, a more demure judgment has had to banish them from the path and pilgrimages of the world in its realities and conflicts. But it is true that, once seen, these are scenes which cannot easily be forgotten or obliterated, and the era of existence will be recalled with emotion till the latest hour when a favourable Providence permitted indulgences so improving and captivating, which have no remorse and no accusation, no sting and no vexation. I twice visited Lausanne, and wandered with much gratification through its streets and among its antique or historical remains. I found my American companion as great a stranger as I was myself; but we both agreed in repudiating the *subjection* of the church to the state in this canton; though we could believe that the *principle* on which it is established, as declared by the Council of State, requires submission in its pastors. "The evangelical reformed church is national, guaranteed by the constitution, protected and salaried by the state, regulated by law, and consequently subordinate to the state; in the national church of the Canton of Vaud, the pastors hold their quality of ministers of the Gospel, from their ordination in conformity with the laws passed by the powers of the State, who are also the superior authorities in the church; therefore the pastors cannot publicly officiate but in conformity with the regulations and wishes of the Government."

CHAPTER VIII.

Historical scenes on the *Genfer See*—Literary Asylum—Refugee Reformers—Canton of Vaud—Evangelization at Lyons—Associations and characters at Geneva—Christian enterprise—Chamouni.

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LAUSANNE, built, it is said, on five, not seven hills, is the chief town of the Canton de Vaud, and contains about eleven thousand inhabitants. In the Canton of Vaud one hundred and eighty-five thousand people reside, of whom only three or four thousand are Roman Catholics. The population are industrious, enterprising, and seem to enjoy more of the comforts of life than I observed in other rural parts of Schwyzerland. With the comforts and intelligence, they possess a superiority in comeliness and feature. Even among the rustics of Vaud, and in the fields of the harvest time, whether of the peasant or the husbandman, I saw more sweetness and expression in the brunette countenance and hazel eye, the lines of beauty and the *air dégagé* of the people, than I had elsewhere noticed. The educational facilities throughout the canton have co-operated, no doubt, with the intercourse of foreigners, of whom there are about 14,000 resident in Vaud, and with the border influence of France. The literary influence of the university, and of educated men at Lausanne, has subserved the efforts of an intelligent pastorate, and a religion of the understanding rather than of forms and superstition, in diffusing and maintaining among the Vaudois this superiority. Lausanne has obtained as much notoriety as the residence of celebrated men as has done even Geneva itself,

while its proximity and central position to the Lake Lemman, have rendered it an easy pilgrimage, as it is a scene of great attraction to the tourist. Though it be more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is cold during the winter, its summers are long and bright, and its region fair and beautiful. The improvements of modern days in the erection of hotels, and the great bridge which connects the main street with the elevated grounds on the northern side of the town, at the cost of nearly 21,000*l.*, mingle fantastically with the remnants of olden times. From the town to the water side is a descent through lanes and hedges, or avenues, into the midst of the village of Ouchy. Here Byron, confined by adverse weather for two days, wrote his “Prisoner of Chillon,” the scenery of which, as is well known by all his readers, is laid in the old feudal castle of that name, about twelve miles nearer to Savoy along the shores of the lake. I must not suffer myself to be tempted to describe this old feudal nest of barbarity, as a castle built by Amadeus, Prince of Savoy, in 1238 ; its arched and gloomy vaults, the prison dungeons of Chillon ; or the last victim, Bonnivard, confined by its tyrant lord, the Duke of Savoy ! Of this relic of human ferocity Byron sung in melancholy strains :—

“Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for ’twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy co’d pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none these marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

A pillar to which this manacled captive was chained remains, wearing the ring which held him ; many are the names inscribed upon its face—Dryden, Richardson, Byron, Victor Hugo, and Peel, with many others : *sic manent* ! Not far from this castle, at a straggling village called Clarens, resided Rousseau, “the self-torturing

sophist" of Byron ; the voluptuary and hierophant of pollution in history ; the writer, whose base ambition was, "

" To make madness beautiful, and cast

• O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue,
• Of words like sunbeams, dazzling as they past."

Identified with the ecclesiastical history, or literary traditions of Lausanne, are many of the greatest names of the church, or of the world. I know not, but the conjecture is forced upon my mind, that Schwyzerland has derived more of her universal fame as the asylum for refugee patriots, exiled scholars, and persecuted Christians, than from her mountain grandeur, her domestic institutions, or the virtues or attainments of her citizens. Her stranger guests have repaid her hospitality. We have seen Erasmus, a native of Rotterdam, as a foreign prince in literature, adopted into her republic of letters, and enjoying greater freedom at Basel than was afforded in the Netherlands. We have witnessed John Calvin, a native of Noyon, in Picardy, expatriated from France, his native land, and excluded from Christian privileges; then unknown to fame or even by person to the citizen-rulers, publishing, while he resided in the same city, the first edition of his immortal Institutes; and subsequently passing off to other cantons, free to travel in the great highways of their intercourse, and welcomed to citizenship in other cantons. In Lausanne did he obtain respect and security, while in concert with Farel and other reformers, he contended in the cathedral church, before the citizens, in controversy with Rome's champions, for the great truths of Christian revelation. Here, too, in this city, did the learned, laborious, and honoured Beza, born at Vizelai, in Burgundy, and admitted into the reformed church at Geneva, occupy the chair of a Greek professorship, and read lectures in French to the refugees of both sexes on the New Testament, laying thus the foundation for his future translation and exposition of that sacred volume. A hundred years later in the

history of this canton, two parochial pastors became, in Divine Providence, the instruments of changes which had not entered into their own visions of futurity.

The pastor of Crassy, on the mountain range lying toward Burgundy, M. Curchod, had a daughter whose personal attractions, we are told, by a youthful though faithless admirer, were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. At first the object of the historian *Gibbon's* protesting love, and subsequently earning a hard subsistence for herself and mother, by teaching young ladies at Geneva, she afterwards became the wife of M. Neckar, prime minister of France, and the mother and preceptress of Madame de Stael. Of the same era with M. Curchod, was a pastor of Lausanne, M. Pavilliard, distinguished by good sense, temper, and knowledge of the human mind; his pupil affirmed he had acquired a just though superficial knowledge of most branches of literature. To him did the father of *Gibbon* intrust the rectifying and maturing of his erratic, supercilious, and misguided boy. The victim of ill-chosen company, late hours and inconsiderate expenses, of a vicious collegiate system, and a negligent tutor, he had plunged into the perilous mazes of controversy, and at the age of sixteen, bewildered himself in the errors of Popery, under the guidance of Middleton and Bossuet. To redeem his mind from such influences, and guide his inquiries, was doubtless the object of the elder *Gibbon's* parental solicitude. With undissembled gratitude, yet with much of the talent and sarcastic conceit of the historical fop, *Gibbon* acknowledges his obligations to M. Pavilliard, his tutor. At Christmas, 1754, professedly converted to Calvinist Christianity, he received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. "It was here," says he, "that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants." • •

Desultory and excursive habits of study now gave place to method and regularity. Greek, Latin, and French, poetry, history and philosophy, criticism, and antiquities, in their turn occupied his attention; Grotius and Puffendorff, Locke and Montesquieu, Pascal, Giannone, and La Bléterie were his favourite authors: while he corresponded with Crevier, of Bauvais; Breitenger, of Zurich; Gesner, of Göttingen; and Allamand, of Bex; and, admitted to the amusements of society, his evenings were devoted to *cards*, and conversations, and assemblies. But more than all these, his visits to Monrepos, in the suburbs of Lausanne, I imagine, tended to give the future tone, and inspire the lasting ambition of the stilted, stately, and theatrical historian. Here at sixty years of age lived for two winters the apostle of infidelity; a man that exercised more influence on the literature of the continent, and the eighteenth century, than probably any other writer of any era.

Voltaire, the autocrat of letters, regarded by Gibbon as "the most extraordinary man of the age," was pleased to admit to his familiar exhibitions the English student of Lausanne. Here private theatricals were performed under Voltaire's management, and by supplies from his prolific pen; and his light and insinuating irony, always the more pointed as it could sneer at religion or idolize himself, appeared graceful and was attractive to the young disciple, who continually betrayed his adoration of the patriarch by storing his memory with even the most fugitive compositions, allusions and repartees. The admiring imitator ceased to be a follower only as he became a fellow-labourer, who finally surpassed his model and master in historical fame, and acute and envenomed hostility to the Christian faith. At this time Gibbon trifled; he says, "I sighed as a lover, and obeyed as a son;" and renounced what he tells his reader his father designated a "strange alliance," with Mademoiselle Curchod. Nearly six years did he spend in this state of pupilage; after

which he left Lausanne for England. Many years afterwards he again sought the haunts of his youth, when engaged in the composition of his history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." During four years was he occupied here in the preparation of the last three volumes of his great work. I quote his own words, describing the event. "It was on the day, or rather the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." The antique French habitation in which he then dwelt still remains with plastered walls and dark tiled roof, only one storey fronting the street, but rising to the height of two in the rear, and situated in the vicinity of the "Hotel de Gibbon." Though inhabited by a private family, their privacy is not unfrequently invaded, and the garden scene is oftentimes the object of curiosity. I did not enter; but one who did, says, "No garden scene can be conceived more delicious than this little spot; a trimly kept walk shaded with green acacias in full leaf; borders of flowers and orange trees, enriching the air with their perfume; the walls of the house and terrace beyond, covered with vines and fig-trees, each with its clusters of fruit; above all, glimpses through the bushes of the long descending slope toward the lake, disclosing a universal vine garden, while in the distance the scene is closed with the chain of the Savoy peaks."

I visited the cathedral as the most attractive object in my historical associations, and wondered at its magnificence. I suppose it has undergone a lustration since it was originally consecrated or employed for its primitive purpose. I found that the Lord Bishop of Lausanne was an important personage in palmy popish times. His

achievements deserve a momentary record. In 1479, the country around Lausanne was, according to the legend, infested by insects which preyed upon the roots of plants, occasioning great loss. Frikart, the chancellor of Berne, reported the insect invasion to the bishop, and proposed that the intruders should be summoned before his episcopal tribunal, and be held amenable for their conduct. The bishop concurred; the historian informs his readers that an advocate recently *deceased*, who had sustained an infamous character, was appointed as their counsellor. The day of trial arrived, and the suit was called for hearing, the defunct lawyer did not appear on the behalf of his insect clients; and being declared contumacious, judgment went by default. They were excommunicated, proscribed in the name of the Holy Trinity, and condemned to banishment from every part of the diocese of Lausanne.

I entered the cathedral, one of the most ancient buildings of Lausanne, and which remains in good repair. The Roman Catholic remnants of cathedral architecture in the towns of France, Prussia, and Belgium, are not undeserving of notice, but are such as will offend puritan taste, and excite surprise by their tawdry and puerile ornaments and idolatrous usages: there is an entire freedom from everything like the relics of superstition, or of idolatry, as it may justly be called, in the Schwyz-Protestant cathedrals. Magnificent buildings they are, and free from any images or figures of any being canonized or reputed holy. They are distinguished by what may be called severe architecture. While I ranged the aisles, ascended its pulpit steps, and endeavoured to ascertain the compass of voice it required, I had the pleasure of feeling that I trod the ground where a Calvin and Farel, men of faith and power, had maintained the truth, and given a reason of the faith which was in them. I inspected the building; no alteration is said or appears to have been made since the discussion was held, when the people of Lausanne were agitated

by the events of the Reformation, and the excitement connected with the perils and the triumphs of their great and good men.

In the whole canton of Vaud, there are maintained six hundred and thirteen primary or parochial schools, seven colleges, and two academies. In Schwyzerland the last class of educational institutions rank the highest, and the academy of Lausanne sustains a very distinguished reputation. There are fourteen professors attached to it, and employed in the civil and moral education, not alone of the native youth, but also of foreigners, drawn thither by the celebrity of the tutors. The library belonging to the academy is also of a superior character, and many facilities continue to be afforded for literary pursuits. Several journals of a political and ecclesiastical nature are conducted with great ability and zeal, and are beginning to exert considerable influence beyond the boundaries of the canton. Literary coteries and associations stimulate and reward writers of the most erudite scholarship and the purest philosophy. While the *Semeur* at Paris has its correspondents residing at Lausanne, the local journals are sustained by the talents and reputation of such men as Professor Vinet.

To so profound a Christian philosopher and so eloquent a champion of religious liberty and ecclesiastical reform and emancipation I felt constrained to show gratitude and respect. I therefore visited Professor Vinet at his own house, where he was so kind as to afford me a cordial reception and a most gratifying interview. He was, as I understood, not a pastor of any parish, or, by ecclesiastical functions, subject to the tribunals or government of the established church of the canton. So far, therefore, as he had proceeded, there appeared no inconsistency in his taking the collegiate provision of his state in consideration for the *civil* services he rendered through his office in the academy. However, I imagine, if what I have understood

since my visit has occurred be correct, his views have changed as to the propriety, or some incompatibility has appeared to the ruling authorities, of an avowed, argumentative, and philosophical voluntary holding a professor's chair and teaching theological principles in a state-endowed institution. I have been informed that M. Vinet has from such considerations resigned his chair and office as a professor, but acts as commissioner to *remodel* the constitution.

The established church of that country is what is called the Calvinistic, or Reformed Church, each congregation being governed by a subordinate session ; and a commune or district of parishes being united by their subordinate rulers into presbyteries, with a sort of corporation or confederation of presbyters, so as to make a combined church, every parochial congregation having its own limited democratic powers administered by an oligarchy within itself, but still linked by government and endowment with the state. Professor Vinet, while in connection with this established church, occasionally preached, in the parish churches ; and I have in my possession several minor publications, copies of which he presented to me, in which he combats the principles involved in a church establishment, and shows them to be neither scriptural nor philosophical ; conducive neither to religion nor to civil liberty. He has written a more voluminous work on the duty of making a confession of Christianity, and of maintaining Christianity without suffering it to become any charge or burden upon the secular governors of the state ; or permitting the state, by its civil functionaries, to interfere with religious profession, or the religious liberty of the subject. It is one of the most philosophical and demonstrative works which I have read on what is called the voluntary controversy ; and, I believe that, practically and by principle, he is as thorough a dissenter as I myself am. To be consistent with his premises and arguments, I should also expect him to be a Congregationalist.

We had not the facility of much personal intercourse. He could not speak English, though he could understand it; and I could not speak German so that he could understand me. *Words* and *phrases* here and there were all that passed between us, which a little longer practice might have improved. But I had found a most efficient auxiliary in a young man, whom I would describe for your approval, and recommend for imitation by my young friends who desire to increase their knowledge of other lands.

A Scotch theological student had resolved that he should see Switzerland, Italy, and Prussia; and he took only the suit of clothes which he wore and a change of linen as much as would suit him for a fortnight; he assumed a cap rather than a hat, and carrying a staff six feet long, with a short iron probe at the end of it, in his hand, he had commenced and proceeded on his journey. Generally he eschewed the expense of the Diligence, placing no dependence upon the railway, and hardly ever availing himself of any other than the pedestrian's means of progress. He had traversed Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland; he had domiciled himself with the peasants; he had familiarly associated with the priests; he had walked through the aisles of famous cathedrals; he had examined not merely the ecclesiastical edifices, the architecture of Rome or of ancient Italy, but he had also approached the most sacred shrines of the Romish Church, witnessing her ritual in its pomp and parade, or in its tawdry superstitions, and contemplated the most elaborate paintings of ancient artists. He had explored the sweetest retreats of nature and the most magnificent wonders of Divine power. Italian rays had sunned his brow, and Schwyz breezes had invigorated his constitution; while neither papal or Savoy espionage had interrupted his travels. All this he had effected without incurring greater expense than a single young man could afford from a salary of seventy or eighty pounds; having two or three vacation

months which he might spend in visiting other lands, to return home with such a knowledge of the country, and such an acquaintance with the habits, opinions, moral feelings, and religious hopes of the people, as would make himself a wiser and a better man. His economy preliminary to such a journey would not be parsimony; and his few pounds thus expended would bring a rich return of culture as well as enjoyment. The people with whom he would associate would not merely be better known, but their intercourse would familiarise him with manners, and render intelligible to him language which, whether for study or commerce, would tend to increase his qualifications and efficiency. Compelled to learn the language of the people, because he had not a people with whom in his own tongue he could converse, my companion had made considerable proficiency.

He achieved this adventure not merely that he might extend his knowledge of the people and the country, but also that he might enrich his mind, and be able fluently to read the language of that country, and qualify himself still more for the purpose of instructing others. He accompanied me to Professor Vinet. I had the pleasure of being a pretext for his own introduction, and of listening to his modest description of his travels, and his anxiety and efforts to speak as a German student. Professor Vinet took much interest in his details, showed the kindest consideration for the young traveller's comfort, and evinced a disposition well suited to his own position as a teacher of youth. Though the conference was to me not quite in an unknown tongue, it was rather a matter of doubtful interpretation. I could not fully or freely comprehend the subjects of conversation, and deeply regretted my inability to converse without restraint in the communion of so expanded and masculine an intellect.

M. Vinet's style, as a writer, is described as resembling the prose of Milton, though not so copiously or poetically

inspired ; and while a severe and pure intellect intensely pervades his writings, a holy and devotional fervour animates his investigations, as he, with logical profundity searches into the deepest principles of his subject, and imparts so much the character of moral demonstration, as to determine the question. By the confession of some truly distinguished scholars in Geneva, he occupies the chief place among the *litterati* of his canton as a philosopher. Dr. H. Heugh estimates Professor Vinet, as the author of an "Essay on the Profession of personal Religious Conviction, and upon the Separation of Church and State considered with reference to the fulfilment of that duty," as deserving to rank probably in the highest position among living writers on the subject of which his volume treats. I had been one of the company who took what may have been^d deemed a rather adventurous and prominent task in the advocacy of kindred principles and arguments in the Anti-State-Church Conference only three months before ; and the Professor was as anxious to know as I was willing to explain to him, our relative position, and the prospect and duties of advocates of our great cause at such a time. I had with me, and afterwards sent to him, the first authorized publication of that Conference, and urged him to set us right before his countrymen, who had been misguided and made to misapprehend our position by the distortions or inventions of the *Record* newspaper, both as to the object and principle of our confederacy. I did what I could, but not so much or so well as I should have desired, and as such a cause deserved at such a crisis. My shortcomings and privations may, perhaps, serve to show, that if one desires to understand the people of a country, and to judge of their state, and to impart to them a just conception of what is passing in other lands, it is necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with their language.

I would cheerfully rehearse whatever passed on so

interesting a subject; and I feel assured M. Vinet would welcome the opportunity of being faithfully reported to his fellow men. But I may state, that as nothing more passed in our interview than what was confirmatory of his opinions already published, I shall most safely and truthfully represent him by giving an extract from his work, whose title I have expressed. Having proved that every human being ought to possess religious convictions, which I wish every nominal Voluntary would remember; and that he is under a Divine obligation to avow these convictions, he demonstrates that, for the civil magistrate, or civil society acting by the magistrate, to interfere with religion, is to interfere with the duty Divinely imposed on the individual, and is, therefore, to oppose human law to the law of God. Whatever be the form in which a religious establishment can be conceived to exist, and in all past experience of such human institutions, M. Vinet evinces its opposition to the will of God. He examines and disposes of every conceivable objection, and leaves his demonstration irresistible by argument or the principle of truth.

As a specimen of his logical processes, he argues: "No one assuredly will pretend to say that the duty of the individual being to declare his faith, the duty of society can possibly be to prohibit such declaration. To maintain such a position, we must infer that society and the individual were not conceived by the same mind, nor with the same design; that society and the individual are two distinct creations, totally destitute of mutual relations, whom a ridiculous chance has forced to dwell together; and that God, not being the author of one of the two, must of necessity be the author of neither; since his wisdom would certainly have suited society to the individual, and the individual to society: but such a thought would be impious. Let us, then, set out with the contrary supposition, and let us say that right cannot be opposed to right, duty to duty, necessity to necessity;

and that if it be the duty of the individual to profess his faith, it must be the duty of society to respect that profession. The one truth implies the other. When we shall have demonstrated that the duty of society is to repress all personal belief, and even to impose its own, we shall not be asked to prove farther that the duty of the individual is to conceal his religion, or to accept one ready-made from the hands of power; this would have been sufficiently shown. Let it be granted to us, then, in the present case, that our first demonstration renders the second superfluous." "Society, or, more strictly speaking, the State, which seems to have renounced the persecution of creeds, has not yet renounced their protection; and perhaps it will be expected that, having protested against persecution, we shall accept of protection with avidity. Yes, it is most true that we desire that the profession of religious convictions should be protected; but protected as the common right of all, and consequently without distinction of creeds. We are not desirous that any particular creed should be protected, nor, in general, believers to the exclusion of unbelievers. We deprecate protection for the same reason that we deprecate persecution. For the right of protection necessarily involves the right of persecution. Endeavours are made to limit this right, to prevent its exercise beyond where protection terminates; it may be forbidden to advance farther, but the limit is arbitrary; and it is impossible to conceive how, in sound logic, the State can be denied the right of persecution, after having been allowed that of protection. Yet the idea is a modern discovery. The times are not very remote, when the State, not, indeed, more reasonable, but certainly more logical than at present, arrogated to itself and exercised the right for which it now contends, in virtue of a distinction altogether gratuitous. If anything be needed to prove that this distinction was not then recognised, it is the fact, that whenever the persecuted sects became the established religion of the coun-

try, they were not satisfied with being simply protected by the civil power, but they made use of the authority with which the State invested them, to banish or to oppress all who differed from them, to such an extent as to induce a philosopher of the last century to say, with more asperity than irony, 'Religious liberty is only granting to every man the right of persecuting in his turn.' And how would the logic of facts contradict that of sentiment? Does not every privilege imply some exclusion? Can we put any honour upon some which will not be more or less an affront to others? And the faith which is not protected, is it not, by that very circumstance, persecuted, at least negatively? It follows, that for any religion whatever to accept protection, is to accept, as a consequence, the right of persecution.

"You tell us that you desire only protection; that you abhor persecution: but the distinction is idle. You condemn yourself to submit to it, and, what is worse, to make use of it. Yes, whatever the modesty of your pretensions, or the meekness of your disposition, rest assured you will persecute; every protected religion has ended by persecuting; nay, even when oppressed, even when trodden under foot, it has persecuted. It has received, as the price of its own liberty, the power of trampling upon other liberties, which in their subjection could yet eclipse it. And in either case, whether free or in subjection, it has never refused to persecute; it has ever been found that every protected religion has persecuted; it will not merely consent to persecution, it will claim it as a right, and the chief of its rights; it will regard it as the seal of its protection; and it will only consider itself efficiently protected, when it possesses the power to persecute. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. The more serious the religion, the more it is the result of conviction, the greater the importance attached by its followers to the knowledge and profession of its doctrines, the stronger will be the temptation. ❧

religion whose motto is, 'No salvation out of my pale,' is likely to become violent and ferocious by the slightest contact with the civil power. The sword of the magistrate becomes drunken, according to the expression of the prophet; this sword becomes blind and furious in the hands of power. No law can regulate its use; its use is an abuse from the commencement, because it is an abuse in principle; and the only way to prevent religion from injuring both itself and humanity with this dangerous weapon, is, not to leave it one single moment in her hands."

The mind which can thus calmly and effectually demonstrate the claims of conscience, and justify the ways of God to men, is well qualified to direct the studious inquiries of philosophic youth, and obviate, so far as reasoning will remove, the sceptical surmises of the ingenuous and inquiring; and I know that such success has followed M. Vinet's labours. Atheism is short-lived.

It could not be that such principles, arguments, and intercourse, as Professor Vinet affords in the canton of Val d'Aud, should remain as seed without fruit; or fail to elicit the sympathy and generous approval of the lovers of truth and integrity. Diffidence or hesitation might for a time, but not long, prevail; and as face answers to face in a glass, so the mind of the wise and the virtuous will be reflected in the transparency of philosophic and divine wisdom. Monsieur Vinet does not stand alone in conviction; neither is he solitary in action, even in his own canton. Several pastors had gone forward in the advocacy of the same principles, and in declaring their adoption of his views as Christian and obligatory; and had urged their recognition. Recently many have gone farther; feeling it incompatible with Christian liberty to be the functionaries of a church which has succumbed to State vassalage, they have resigned their pastorates, and withdrawn from communion with the Established Church. A leader among such was M. Burnier, who, having shown

his entire acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the character of the system; and by an analysis of its principles, and exposure of the evils, practically as well as theoretically, arising from statutory provisions by secular governors, has appealed to the consciences of his brethren, the ministers of the National Church, as to their duty." He has perseveringly argued the case with the fellow-citizens of the republic, importuning them to establish entire ecclesiastical freedom by effecting a total separation of the Church from the State, and securing the legitimate support, whether of one ecclesiastical system or of another, in the willing contributions of their respective adherents. Others, again, carrying out the opinion of the absolute independence of the church, have not only declared themselves dissentient, but founded a new church. Exercising the double right of the citizen of a free commonwealth, they have first examined the objects of their belief, and then sought to profess their faith in peace.

There are Dissenters in the canton of Vaud, who, from conscientious influence, have renounced the national church; and, though suffering for a long time severe persecutions for the maintenance of a principle which they regard as fundamental, they have completed the organisation of separate churches. In their efforts and sacrifices they have, however, encountered difficulties and obstructions from parties who, willing, no doubt, to propagate the truth, and judging they have found the most excellent way, are eager to profit from the mental commotion and prevalent inquiry among the people. I cannot avoid my regrets and apprehensions in reference to the hollow plausibilities and superficial sophisms which characterise the jargon of the Plymouth brethren—for what they lack in weight they compensate by expansion and attenuity; and where they fail in comprehensiveness and solidity, they substitute a tenacity and dogged obstinacy and over-

weening pretension to piety, fervour, and devotedness. While I was at Lausanne, a chief ruler in their synagogue, (the late Rev., and, earlier in life, the learned) Mr. Darby was engaged compassing the lake and the mountains, to make proselytes, and associate the brethren in the unity which they call Christian. The first impression I had was, that *the brethren*, who have little claim to fraternal sympathy or affection to other Christians, would grieve and divide the company of believers, and obstruct the onward progress of evangelical dissent in the canton. Creeping into houses, and leading captive silly women laden with iniquity, has been, from the beginning, a favourite expedient, and is often for a time successful. But the parties who could appreciate the teaching of M. Vinet and his coadjutors, or the community among whose members such instructions would have influence, are not likely to be long, if ever, hoodwinked or misled by the pietism or the whimsical crudities of this sect. Discussion will serve as a winnowing instrument for the opinions of the people, and principle will develop its energy, and acquire vigour, by the time of trial; while the men for the times whom the Lord of the church has raised up will soon discern the face of the heavens; and the faithful watchmen will not fail to sound the alarm, and warn the men of their coasts, so that such things will tend only to the furtherance of the gospel. Offences must needs come; but woe to him by whom the offence cometh!

It was not my privilege to visit the ancient and populous city of Lyons, or its more celebrated metropolitan, the city of Vienne; and I shall not have another opportunity of alluding to the work proceeding there, which is doubtless receiving much of its impulse and character from the moral and ecclesiastical agitations of Schwyzerland. I shall therefore introduce here a brief sketch from the pen of the Rev. G. Fisch, pastor at Lyons, of its former position and present aspect for evangelical efforts.

“We believe that it is not estimated too highly at two hundred and forty thousand of a population; it continues to increase with astonishing rapidity, and has nearly doubled since the beginning of the present century. Situated between two large and navigable rivers, in the centre of three important departments, the city itself belongs to the department of the Rhone; the suburb of St. Clair extends to that of the Ain, and the suburb of the Guillotière to that of the Isère; so that Lyons is really the principal town in a district, the united population of which is one million four hundred and sixty-eight thousand souls. The steam-boats on the Saône bring daily hundreds of travellers from the important and populous provinces of the Maconnais, Burgundy, and Franche-Comté; those on the Rhône, below Lyons, afford the easiest communication with Dauphiny, the Vivarais, and the south of France generally; those of the Upper Rhône unite Lyons to Switzerland and Savoy. It is even still more marked as the point where the populations of the north, the south, and the centre of France all meet, and as the great route between England, Switzerland, Germany, and the Mediterranean Sea.

“In the first century of our era, as soon as the gospel was preached in Gaul, the Church of Lyons became the most flourishing and persecuted one, and was the great centre of missionary action; it is thence the Archbishop of Lyons retains the title of Primate of Gaul. When this first revival was extinct, it pleased God to set up in the darkness of the middle ages a great light which shone to the extremities of Europe. What centre was chosen for the great revival of the eleventh century, which, individual, humble, and purely evangelical, most resembles the revival of the present day? It was the city of Lyons.* At the period of the Reformation, it was from Lyons that the colporteurs, who propagated the gospel in the neighbouring provinces, went forth; and at the pre-

sent time what distinguishes it? Lyons, which has always been the most catholic city in France, is become the centre of action of the Roman Catholic Church. Its Society for the Propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith is the concentration of all the efforts of which Rome is capable, and collects annually four millions and a-half of francs for the purpose of commissioning its emissaries to India, Oceana, America, China, and even to Protestant countries themselves. In this centre of popish energy the Lord has been pleased to open the largest door in France, by which the gospel may penetrate amongst the Roman Catholics, and the church formed here seems especially destined to become the centre of the religious movement which is daily extending in the neighbouring departments.

“ The class of people most accessible to the gospel are the silk-weavers, of which there are as many as seventy-two thousand individuals, resident inhabitants. The Lyons weaver is mild in character, intelligent, desirous of receiving instruction, and grateful for marks of affection and sympathy. This class is generally impoverished and humbled by suffering, and is but slightly attached to the Church of Rome. The largeness of the parishes prevents the domination of the priests, and the extent of the city allows entire liberty of action. This interesting population, so accessible to the gospel, is eminently useful for communicating it externally, for it is mostly composed of individuals from the neighbouring departments, who, although attracted to Lyons by the employment which the silk manufacture affords, have still preserved the most intimate connexions with their native districts where the largest portions of their relatives still remain. Seven-eighths of the members of the Evangelical Church are in this situation, and as soon as they are brought to a knowledge of the truth, their first desire is to communicate it to their relations, and they seldom visit

their families without conveying to them the Scriptures, tracts, &c. ; by this means the gospel has been introduced into places where the colporteurs had not yet penetrated. One of these converts from a neighbouring country, where the dissemination of the Scriptures is strictly forbidden, never goes there without one or two New Testaments : he announces the gospel from house to house, and his efforts have not been in vain. In a contiguous department, where the colportage is interdicted, two brethren had announced the gospel to a friend who still resided in their native village : this good man, a true Nathaniel, is now become a missionary himself, and regularly visits, and has taken upon himself the spiritual care of nearly a dozen families that he has evangelized in different villages ; there is also a promising religious movement in his own.

“ The ordinary congregation is from four to six hundred persons ; but it may be estimated that the chapel is frequented by not less than twelve hundred individuals, as but few of the same persons attend at both services ; and it should be observed, as especially worthy of notice, that five-sixths, at least, of this number were, or still are, Roman Catholics. The number of admissions from the Romish Church continues proportionally to increase. At the establishment of the Evangelical Church in April, 1832, it was composed of two-thirds Protestants, and one-third Catholics ; now the persons admitted are nearly all from the Romish Church, and the Protestants form but rare exceptions.”

From Lausanne I proceeded on my route to Geneva. I had associated much of the romance of this republic with the progress of continental civilization and the liberties of Europe ; but my chief interest originated in Calvin's peculiar ascendancy and the influence of his system. I fear, like many others, I had been wont to do Calvin's memory injustice. I knew it had been the scene of that great reformer's labours, and that, as a minister, he had

contributed to the formation of its historical character, and I fancied by his moulding influence the politico-ecclesiastical administration of its government had been organized, and, as it appeared, the church and the state had been completely identified, giving the magistrate the appointment of the church pastors and the duty to provide their sustenance, and investing the executive of the state with the prerogative of punishing spiritual offenders against the church. I ascribed the uncongenial admixture to the teaching and theocratic doctrines inculcated by Calvin and his reforming associates. To his influence had I, perhaps too hastily, imputed the encroachment of the secular upon the religious, the human authority upon the Divine, when the province of judge and avenger was assumed by the syndics against any individual presumed to have offended the church in her creed and observances. I thought his policy and the Geneva practice had been coincident; and that the state acting in the church, and the church acting in the state, and both of them interweaving their influences and working by a combination or a subordinating of their authority the one with the other, formed the advent of his system and the consummation of his wishes. Like many other superficial observers of his influence and connections, I had imagined that the natural and desired result of his theory had been realized in the disastrous and humiliating catastrophe of the death of Servetus; and that Calvin had laboured to effect the destruction of Servetus as a blasphemer because he denied the doctrine of Christ's divinity, and refused to recant his opinions though strenuously urged. Calvin had, indeed, previously corresponded with the Spanish physician, and sought to convince him of his error, and remonstrated against his visiting Geneva, where the authorities, obeying the popular clamour, would mark his heresy with burning.

Much eloquent indignation has been manufactured and poured on the reformer's memory by men who are

very catholic and very charitable to all but to those who differ from themselves. I can hardly name the author who writes, and publishes too, such expressions as, "We did not search for the pulpit whence Calvin dealt out damnation; nor for the house in which he ruled and died; nor for the spot on which he perpetrated the murder of Servetus:" and, "For Calvin—not the architect of a great theological system, but the exhibiter of its sternest aspects—few can cherish any strong sense of personal admiration and gratitude; because, even to the most devout believer in his creed, his image is associated only with its severities and terrors." I believe verily, had the writer of such sentiments *inquired*, and applied his usual tact in sifting evidence, he would have come to another conclusion, and have admired where he now inconsiderately abhors. Calvin had not such influence at that time as has been ascribed to him; he could not obtain even a commutation of the martyr's mode of death; he had warned Servetus against seeking refuge in Geneva, intimating the law of the state and the disposition of its rulers. It was a punishment awarded in other states for the same heresy; it was a remnant in the Geneva code from popish times; and an envoy came from the archbishop of the diocese in which Servetus had published his opinions, to Geneva, demanding the heretic, that he might be burned under the archbishop's direction. So far as Calvin held the sentiments that heretics should be punished, he acquired it as a disciple of Rome, at Noyon. I felt it was to be deplored, however, that such intolerance, and, worse, such intrusion upon the Divine prerogative, should have been practised.

Servetus arrived in Geneva, was seized as a blasphemer, tried and declared guilty: he would conceal no point of his doctrine, nor abjure any of his sentiments, and was burned to death by the civic authorities of the state—the people, the citizens of Geneva, being thus aiders and abettors in the intolerant murder. The crime

of these rulers was legal, and the death of the martyr was in fulfilment of the principle that makes man responsible to his fellow-man for that of which he should alone give account to God; but it is the foulest murder and the grossest presumption for one man to judge another and inflict such *punishment* for religious opinion. The crime of religious persecution is perpetrated, and the principle which would inflict murder is recognised, when a man is made a sufferer in any degree for his avowed opinions or his supposed creed. The church is not the only persecutor; nor is the guilt of murder only involved when a fire consumes or the guillotine decapitates the victim of intolerance. The transition of opinion has been complete, but the authorities are, so far as they have been the election of popular suffrage, the representatives of intolerance still—only Trinitarians are now the victims in their turn. The Syndics are Unitarian, the venerable company, the consistory, are all leagued to propagate Socinianism, and suppress by persecution the creed of Calvin. The revenues of the church, or rather of the republic for the church, which Calvin organized, are now administered for the propagation of Socinian dogmas and the suppression of the principles which Calvin inculcated; while denunciation and deposition follow those who adhere to Calvin.

The mountains round about Geneva recall the adventures of Hannibal and his hosts, of Cæsar and his legions, and gave security to the fastnesses and valleys where dwelt the hardy tribes whom Roman conquerors found it so difficult to subdue. But in Geneva itself the moral grandeur of religion and the enduring vestiges of gigantic intellect and generous enterprise are associated with names which defy the inroads of time or the vicissitudes of political change—the kindred spirits with whom Calvin associated, the Knoxes and Bezas, the Farel and Zwingles, armed for, and waged here a noble warfare, and won triumphs more pure and sublime than did ever any war-

rior whose garments have been rolled in blood. Once inherited as a possession of the Savoyard duke and bishop, and the enfranchised city of imperial Germany, it maintained the feud between ducal dominion and plebeian democracy for many years. In 1524, aided by the Schwyz, the citizens expelled the princely government, and soon after set aside the episcopal power. After many vain struggles to renew the ascendancy, the dukes of Savoy abandoned, in 1603, their hereditary claim, and were succeeded by the organization of a prevalent aristocracy. In 1781 the democratic myriads revolted, and were quelled by French intervention: many of the most industrious families then emigrated to transatlantic as well as other countries. The French revolution spread to Geneva, when cruelty and revenge raged in horrible tumult till 1798, when the city was incorporated with France. Its independence was restored in 1814, and Geneva now ranks as one of the twenty-two cantons in Schwyz confederation. The length of its territory extends almost eighteen miles, with a breadth of about nine; and the population is nearly sixty thousand, inhabiting the city and the rural portion in about equal parts. Thirty thousand strangers pass through the town yearly.

In 1841 a new form of government was adopted amidst some but not obstinate resistance, when, as a fundamental principle, the people of Geneva decreed, that "the sovereignty resides in the people; that the form of government is a representative democracy; that all Genevese are equal in the eye of the law; that individual liberty is guaranteed; that home is inviolable; that the liberty of the press is sacred, while the law represses the abuse of this liberty; that liberty of industry, of instruction, of petition, are all secured under arrangements. The male population who have attained twenty-one years choose the *great council*, in number 274, for four years, one-half retiring for re-election, or otherwise, every two

years, and any citizen being eligible who has completed his twenty-fifth year. The *council of the state*, in whom is vested the executive power, is a board of thirteen persons, chosen by this great council from its own body. These thirteen also retain their equal membership in the great council. From the council of the state two office-bearers are chosen by the great council to hold office as president and vice-president, and are of the council of thirteen. These officers, called *syndics*, cannot be re-chosen till one year after their term of service has expired; but they are, during the first ensuing year, as the *elder syndics*, members of the council of state, and constitute, with the acting officers, the college of *syndices*." A salary of 120*l.* per annum is paid to each syndic, while 100*l.* per annum is also granted to each other councillor of state.

This constitution vests in two bodies—the venerable company of pastors, and the consistory—the government of the church: the first including all pastors in town or country—the professors of theology, the senior pastors, having withdrawn from active duty—and the ordained ministers not yet appointed to charges. Their entire number is about fifty, of whom forty-two are engaged in active service: their meetings are weekly. The consistory is composed partly of clergymen and partly of laymen—fifteen and twenty-four. The consistory exercises a general superintendence over the interests of the church, makes or controls regulations for worship, administration, boundaries, and number of parishes or ministers; while the company direct religious instruction and theological teaching, decide on the admission and ordination of ministerial candidates, name the professors of theology, and exercise a general supervision over the conduct and condition of its own number. Of the Protestant establishment, there are five places open for worship in Geneva, including the old cathedral of St. Peter's.

But there are also the reformed German church; the Lutheran church; the Evangelical church; the chapel of Pelesserie, an Independent church; the chapel of Dr. Malan, a kind of Presbyterian Independent congregation; the Jewish synagogue; the Anglican worship; and the Catholic established church. For this last, twenty-one curés are employed in the rural districts, and one curé and three vicars in the city of Geneva, at the charge or expense of the state: his highness the bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, is their superior, and the whole is placed under the authority of the council of the state: who must give their approval before the appointment of its curés. The constitution guarantees the support, the free exercise, and the maintenance of the Catholic worship to the citizens of the territories united to the canton of Geneva, by the treaty of Paris, November 20, 1815, and by the treaty of Turin, March 16, 1816. Dr. Heugh demands concerning all these authoritative arrangements by the state for the church, "When do they (the people) assemble to ask in prayer, a minister from the Lord; to consult together respecting some pastor according to God's own heart, who shall feed them with knowledge and understanding, or to invite such an one, when they have found him, to break among them the bread of life? These rights and privileges of the Christian people, this healthful exercise of the judgment, piety and affection of Christians, have no place here. Alike unthought of by rulers and ruled, the former do not give what the latter do not ask; and when death has removed one pastor, the people are as passive in regard to his successor, as the Italians for the next pope, or the Austrians for the next emperor. How bad usages, fixed and perpetuated by law, often spread death over whole communities!"

I entered Geneva with peculiar emotions, watching every countenance, and observing the manners of every person as I passed and approached to its central streets.

Imposing by its surrounding scenery, by its lake, by its sounding Rhone, its attractive suburbs, and elegant buildings of modern erection : I yet felt much more emotion in looking upon its citizens, clustering and animated in their converse, and showy in their exterior movements.

The main streets present a contrast between modern architecture and antique structures. Lofty storied buildings, and booth-like arched piazzas ; narrow and winding, dense, and not always clean, old and decaying habitations ; and spacious and elegant, improved and ornamental edifices, exhibit the conflict between past and present ; the lingering tenacity of the former, the encroaching and aggressive conquests of the latter. The most modern buildings skirt the lake ; while the old town, rising from the sloping banks to a higher level, is a congeries of crooked, irregular, narrow, and steep buildings, showing both in their structure and condition, plentiful tokens of the olden time. In the higher parts of the town, whither I strayed in musing and curious research, I found massive edifices, large gateways and square courts, which indicate the wealth and station that once, if not recently, resided here. Industry and intelligence, even in the narrowest and most antique streets, remind you of the handicrafts and free citizens which occupy the dwellings. The house, in which John Calvin lived and died, is so situated ; and the Gothic St. Pierre, the relic of eight centuries, which the Reformer purged from superstition, conspicuously crowns the rising eminence ; here you think of the pale face, which daily looked from that pulpit, and the solemn voice which echoed in these arches, with the profound and laboured sentences of the studious and eloquent lips, now thinned and quivering in the physical exhaustion of wasting vigilance and constant toil : here, you remember, Knox listened to the thunders of Calvin, or studied that polity and theological system which he was to transplant to his native land. As you proceed along the streets, monuments or

vestiges of the Reformation, recall the memory and hopes of the confident heralds of the truth : and while you read, "*post tenebras lux*," you long again that the true light may yet chase away the darkness ; and while on one side the college which was instituted, and the library which was formed, and on the other the hospital which was erected in that golden age, remind you of their assurance that *truth was great*, and love was practical, and faith wrought by works ; you sigh, "How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and avenge thy saints ?"

The town is furnished, not fortified, with ornamental ramparts, supplying healthful walks and scenes of recreation, where the form rather than the substance of protection, as by modern warfare, is exhibited ; as if to show that liberty is her own best guardian, and that free citizenship requires no bulwarks beyond the loving bosoms, and the cordial, and mutual good-will of man with man, and the performance of such relative duties as peace and good fellowship would dictate. Behind and above the town, a piece of table-land spreads out into a verdant and grassy common ; wild flowers luxuriantly diversifying the scene ; while their fragrant odours breathe a wholesome perfume, which serves as a platform for exhibiting the fascinating environs of Geneva. I ascended the winding slopes, and roamed round the zig-zag ramparts, leisurely, to survey the glorious panorama. Seated on one of the double benches, which municipal care has furnished, I indulged my own reflections, and thought of scenes and times long gone by, though not without remembrances of Old England and her tourist children. A company drew near, loitered round, and communed, I will not say with the *légèreté* of flirtation, but, with a little of the pathos and sentimentality of *young love*, and indicated the *dreams of hope* with more distinctness than, perhaps, they would have wished an *old* man, or contemporary, rivals to perceive ; and certainly with more significance than I wished to espy.

Let tourists beware, their speech may bewray them ; and English is not everywhere an unknown tongue.

The antique buildings of the citizens, their odd roofs, mingled with the lowly turrets of the old cathedral, contrasted with the rural residences of the wealthier inhabitants, amidst gardens and groves. The lake, like an inland sea, stretching peacefully and in azure splendour, to the distant bases of elevated mountains, reflected its sloping banks, planted thickly with villas; hamlets, vineyards, corn-fields, and minor towns ; in the midst of which mirrored picture, reposes in majestic placidity, the stupendous mass of snow-clad peaks, towering *downwards*, the shadows of fifteen thousand feet, in the distant view of Mont Blanc. The brilliant white of the glaciers reposes along the unsullied surface of the lake, refracted only as it mingles and is lost among the blue spray dashed up by the paddles of some pleasure-seeking steamer. The rushing of the impetuous Rhone, as it makes for itself a broad deep current through the congenial flood, seems to threaten a speedy exhaustion of the lake, which yet is always full. The horizon in every direction is only bounded by the vast mountain ridges which are the glory of Schwyz scenery. Salève rises abruptly behind, and within two miles of the rampart, to the height of four thousand feet above the sea. The long mountain track of the Jura presents on the left its dark sides and rocky heights, two thousand feet higher. Other mountains still loftier, repose in grandeur more to the front ; while toward the right, in the distance of a vast recess, Mont Blanc towers above the snowy sides and summits of the great Alps ; shooting up like frosted and immense piles of silver, above the clouds. No wonder the minds and conceptions of the citizens of such a glorious region are characterised by, sublimity, expansion, and freedom ; generous and noble daring.

To an affectionate and reverent descendant of the first pair, whose home was paradise, and whose youth was con-

secrated to devotion in Eden, amid scenes of garden loveliness and mountain grandeur:—to the poet Milton what would be the associations and reminiscences excited by a visit to the pristine birth-place of the human family? While nature still revelled in her beauty, and clothed her giant forms in unveiled sublimity; but showed her deserted paths overgrown with noxious weeds, her tree of life plucked up, her streams converted to stagnant pools, whence exhale deadly vapours; and her domestic retreat no longer tenanted, but the first patriarch driven forth an exile, and his children doomed as vagabonds to beg in ignominy and wretchedness: what sombre and melancholy reflections would force themselves upon the wanderer's mind! I have looked at nature, but what are the conventional aspects of society in Geneva? I have gazed upon the outlined features, but in what condition is the heart of this time-honoured republic? The intolerance of religious toleration is more than a philosophical paradox, but I cannot here unfold its mazes. The Catholic liberality of religious indifference is wonderfully forbearing till its own quietude is disturbed; and the relaxation of innocent indulgence from the demure and austere demands of a rigid Calvinism, can plead many wise *saws* about health, the happiness of mankind, and the honour of religion, till experience has tested the expediency of man, and the wisdom of God. Geneva has been the capitol of rationalism, and the vatican of the Poloni Fratres, where the *Bibliotheca Polonorum Fratrum*, and the *Racovian Catechism* have been ordained as institutes, and published as decretals for the unity and liberty of the empire of reason.

What surer guarantee is found here, then, for freedom than Calvinism afforded? what more equal religious liberty is here enjoyed, and what more lovely and consistent fruits of practical godliness prevail amidst the immortal and intellectual citizens of this rational republic, than when rigid Calvinism inculcated spiritually, heavenly-minded holiness,

and zealous watchfulness against papal dogmas, and superstitious rites and observances? Calvinism was authoritatively relaxed in 1725. The company of pastors, and the council of state then prescribed for ministerial candidates nothing more than a promise to preserve the doctrine of the prophets and apostles contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, as abridged in their catechism. In 1820, the church of Geneva had declined from the faith, as taught by Calvin, through successive gradations by Arminianism, Ariapism, and Socinianism; through the influence of J. A. Turretine, Professor Vernet, and their followers. The discipline in form was retained, and the spirit and power were expelled and exiled. Subscription to a public confession of faith had been required by Calvin and his coadjutors or followers; this was set aside; a catechism, established as a test of truth and means of instruction, had been changed gradually in sentiment, but enforced in usage; barriers, vainly set up by Calvin to prevent the inroad of false doctrines, had been broken down or rendered a defence of error. The authorized translation of the Bible had been authoritatively, though progressively, revised; and the tone of public instruction gradually sunk, till the doctrines of original sin, of the atonement, and of the influence of Divine grace, were obscured in verbiage, and overshadowed in doubtful phrases. The consubstantiality of the Son with the Father was denied, and the high and holy principles of the Gospel were superseded by a system of barren ethics. The company of pastors of the church of Geneva, in the year 1817, with great deliberation had issued their decree declaring themselves “penetrated with a spirit of humility, of peace, and of Christian charity; and convinced that the circumstances in which it finds the church committed to its care, demand on its part measures of prudence and wisdom, decrees, without pretending to pass any judgment on the ground of the questions following, without interfering, in

any manner, with liberty of opinions, to secure, whether in regard to candidates who ask to be consecrated to the holy ministry, or in regard to ministers who shall aspire to exercise in the church of Geneva, the pastoral functions, an engagement of which this is the tenor:—

“We promise to abstain while we reside, and when we preach in the churches of the canton of Geneva, from establishing, whether in one entire discourse, or in a part of a discourse directed to this end, our opinion,—

“1st. On the manner in which the Divine nature is united to the person of Jesus Christ.

“2nd. On original sin.

“3rd. On the manner in which grace operates, or on effectual grace.

“4th. On predestination.

“We also promise not to oppose in our discourses the opinion of any pastor or minister on these matters.

“Finally, we engage if we shall be led to utter our thoughts on any of these subjects, to do so without enlarging on our own opinions, avoiding expressions foreign to the Holy Scriptures, and availing ourselves as far as possible, of the terms which they employ.”

If from Ferney and Neuchattel the poison distilled by the malignity of a Voltaire, and the licentiousness hatched and sent forth in the viperous brood of the voluptuary Rousseau, insinuated their influence unresisted by state-paid priests in the delirium of revolution; what could be expected where faithfulness and truth were to be thus fettered, cribbed, and hoodwinked in the congregations of the land! That all religious belief and practical morality should become a byword and a dream; virtual infidelity co-operating from within, in the assaults of professed infidelity from without the church.

Such was the manner in which the spiritual husbandmen promised to sow the seed of the kingdom, and resolved to cultivate the minds of the flock intrusted to their care.

It will be no unjust test to apply to their efficiency, if I adduce the picture of a Geneva Sunday, and the observances of a Genevan state church congregation. We shall not look for the stream of citizens' families in the street, so remarkable a feature in every Scotch town, when the bells are tolling to church; family after family, all so decent and respectable in their Sunday clothes; the fathers and mothers leading the younger children, and walking silently churchwards; or expect the quiet, the repose, the stillness of the sabbath morning, so remarkable in every Scotch town and house. Though Geneva was the seat and centre of Calvinism, "the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow; the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our Presbyterian doctrine and practice," has fallen lower from her own original doctrine and practice than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition; Geneva has not even that semblance of religion. In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of 25,000 (30,000) souls, at the only service on the sabbath-day—there being no evening service—I sat down in a congregation of about two hundred females, and twenty-three males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or boy, or working-man among them. A meagre liturgy, or printed form of prayer; a sermon, which, so far as religion is concerned, might have figured the evening before at some geological society, as an 'ingenious essay' on the Mosaic Chronology; a couple of psalm-tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with; were the church service. In the afternoon, the only service in town, or in the country, is reading a chapter of the Bible to the children, and hearing them gabble over the Catechism, in a way which shows they have not a glimpse of the meaning. A pleasure tour in the steam-boats, which are regularly advertised for a Sunday promenade round the lake; a pick-nick dinner in the country; and overflowing congregations in the theatre,

the equestrian circus, the concert saloons, ball-rooms, and coffee-houses; are all that distinguish Sunday from Monday," &c.*

- I can now in some measure appreciate the motives and the benevolence of the late Robert Haldane, Esq., in the efforts which, solitarily and energetically, he so long sustained at Geneva. In the year 1821, I was one of a company whom he was kind enough to meet on his return from the Continent, and to whom he detailed the process of his evangelical labours in the city of Geneva. He then presented to us the summary of his Expositions of the Epistle to the Romans; and narrated with much reserve the measure of his success. I give his own written statement.—

“For many years I had cherished the idea of going to France, with the view of doing something to promote the knowledge of the gospel in a country in which I had been three times before as a traveller. Accordingly, when the return of peace rendered my design practicable, I went to the Continent. Being, however, unacquainted with a single individual there, and therefore unable to arrange any particular plan of action, I feared that my object might prove abortive; and, in consequence, when asked, before I left Scotland, how long I expected to be absent? I replied, ‘Possibly only six weeks.’ The Lord, however, was pleased to open a wide and effectual door, leading me in a way that I knew not; and my residence abroad continued about three years.

“On arriving at Paris, involved, as it appeared, in Egyptian darkness, I soon perceived that I had no means of furthering the object of my journey in that great metropolis. Unexpectedly, however, I met with Mr. Hillhouse, a gentleman from America, of whom I had not before heard. He had landed at Bourdeaux; and, travelling

through the south of France, had gone to Geneva, and thence to Paris. Having passed through Montauban, where the French Theological Protestant Faculty was founded by Napoleon, he had there, and in other places, inquired respecting the Protestant ministers; and he communicated to me all his information on the subject. He told me, that at Geneva there were only two individuals to whom I could have access; the one a pastor in advanced years; the other, not a pastor, but what is termed a minister; and that nearly the whole of the other pastors were Arians or Socinians.

“ Finding no opening at Paris, I immediately set out for Geneva; hoping that something might be done through the two individuals referred to by Mr. Hillhouse. On my arrival, I called on the pastor alluded to, (the late Mr. Moulinié,) and conversed with him on the gospel. He was very kind; but appearing to acquiesce in all that I advanced, discussion on any point was out of the question, and no progress was made. Being, therefore, unable to discover means of usefulness at Geneva, and finding, on inquiry, that the young man (also spoken of by Mr. Hillhouse) had some time before removed to Berne, I repaired to that city, where I found he had been ordained a pastor. He was not an Arian or Socinian; but, although very ignorant respecting the gospel, he was willing to inquire and hear concerning the great truths which it reveals. I remained at Berne about eight days; during which he came to me every morning at ten o’clock, and continued till ten at night—in fact, as late as it was possible for him—the gates of the city, beyond which he lodged, being shut at that hour. During the whole day I endeavoured to set before him, as far as I was enabled, everything relating to the gospel; and have good reason to believe that the word spoken was accompanied with the blessing of God. I was afterwards informed, that, subsequently to my departure, he conversed with his colleague, the other pastor of the

church, on the subject of our discussions; and that, in considering what had been advanced, they arrived at the conclusion that it must be the true doctrine of salvation. I hesitated whether I should return to Geneva, but at last resolved to do so; having heard of two Prussian clergymen, who had recently been in England, and were passing through that town, with whom it was supposed I might have an opportunity of conversing on the gospel; and also of a pastor, at a little distance in the country, who, my new acquaintance at Berne informed me, would listen to my statement, but would 'draw himself up, and not answer a word:' to Geneva I accordingly returned. With the Prussian clergymen I found no satisfaction in conversing; and although I subsequently did not experience the reserve I anticipated in the pastor just referred to, yet I had not the gratification of meeting him till after the lapse of some time. I, however, again visited M. Moulinié, with whom I had before conversed, who, as formerly, was very kind, but with whom I could make no progress. From all I could learn from him, Geneva was involved in the most deplorable darkness. It was, as Mr. Burgess observes, 'an unbroken field of labour,' with a 'fallen church.' Calvin, once its chiefest boast and ornament, with his doctrines and works, had been set aside and forgotten; while the pastors and professors were, in general, Arians or Socinians. Some exceptions among them there were, including M. Moulinié, who held the divinity of our Lord Jesus, and, I believe, loved and served him according to their light; but that light was so obscure—they were on the whole so ignorant, so incapable of rightly dividing the word of truth—that their preaching was without fruit. They preached neither law nor gospel fully; and their doctrine did not seem to affect the consciences of their hearers. A small prayer-meeting had for some time been held, in consequence, I believe, of a visit of Madame Krudener to Geneva; and, by our be-

longing to it, I was told that, sensible of their want of knowledge, they had prayed that an instructor should be sent to them; and that their prayer, they now believed, was answered.

“Being unable to meet with any other person with whom I might converse on the gospel, I resolved to quit Geneva without delay, and proceed to Montauban. The Lord, however, is often pleased to overrule our purposes by occurrences which in themselves appear trifling, and thus to bring about results that could not have been anticipated. M. Moulinié had politely offered to conduct Mrs. Haldane to see the model of the mountains, a little way out of town; and with this object he promised to call upon us the following day. In the morning, however, we received a note from him, saying, that having suffered from a severe headache during the night, he was himself unable to come; but had sent a young man, a student of divinity, who would be our conductor. On this providential circumstance depended my continuance at Geneva, which I had been on the point of leaving. With this student I immediately entered into conversation respecting the gospel, of which I found him profoundly ignorant, although in a state of mind that showed he was willing to receive information. He returned with me to the inn, and remained till late at night. Next morning he came with another student, equally in darkness with himself. I questioned them respecting their personal hope of salvation, and the foundation of that hope. Had they been trained in the schools of Socrates or Plato, and enjoyed no other means of instruction, they could scarcely have been more ignorant of the doctrines of the gospel. They had, in fact, learned much more of the opinions of the heathen philosophers, than of the doctrines of the Saviour and his apostles. To the Bible, and its contents, their studies had never been directed. After some conversation, they became convinced of their ignorance of the Scrip-

tures, and of the way of salvation, and exceedingly desirous of information. I therefore postponed my intended departure from Geneva. The two students with whom I first conversed brought six others in the same state of mind with themselves, with whom I had many and long conversations. Their visits became so frequent, and at such different hours, that I proposed they should all come together; and it was arranged they should do so three times a-week, from six to eight o'clock in the evening. This gave me time to converse with others, who, from the report of the students, began to visit me, as well as leisure, perhaps, to prepare what might be profitable for their instruction.

“I took the Epistle to the Romans as my subject; and this portion of Scripture I continued to expound to them during the winter, and to dilate on the general doctrines which it unfolds. After having proceeded in this manner about a fortnight with these eight students, I was earnestly solicited, in the name of the other students, to begin anew; in which case I was assured that the rest of them would attend. I accordingly complied with this request; and, during the whole of the winter of 1816-17, and until the termination of their studies in the following summer, almost all the students in theology regularly attended; and God was graciously pleased to accompany his own word with power. In addition to the general knowledge which all of them acquired, a goodly number soon appeared to be turned to the Lord. Some of them have now finished their course with joy; and, like MM. Rieu, Gonthier, and Henri Pyt, have left behind them the blessed assurance that they are now in the presence of God and the Lamb; while others have, in like manner, evidenced the reality of the work of grace, by the steadfastness of their faith, and the abundance of their ministrations.

“Besides those who attended regularly, some who did not wish to appear with the students came at different

hours, and in conversing with them at those times, or after finishing the public course at eight o'clock, I was often engaged till near midnight. Others of the inhabitants of Geneva, unconnected with the schools of learning, and of both sexes, occasionally visited me in the afternoon to receive instruction respecting the gospel.

“The impression produced at Geneva was, by the blessing of God, so great, that discussions became frequent on the great truths connected with salvation. The pastors and professors of the faculty heard of the doctrines I was inculcating, and the manner in which I spoke of their false doctrine. They began to preach openly against what I taught, and I as plainly controverted what they taught, collecting their arguments, setting them before the students and others to whom I had access, comparing them with Scripture, and labouring to refute their destructive heresies. They insisted that men were born pure, and spoke of the Saviour as the first of created beings; and I opposed and refuted such errors and blasphemies. They taught that the gospel was useful, but not indispensable to salvation, and adduced the case of Cornelius as an example of a man accepted of God without the knowledge of the gospel. I proved that this was an egregious misrepresentation of the fact, and that the history of Cornelius formed no exception to the uniform doctrine of the Scripture, that there is no other way of salvation but by faith in the Saviour.

“It was not, then, by avoiding controverted subjects and simply dwelling on truths common to the professing Christians, as some good men have recommended as the proper course to be pursued on the Continent, that I laboured to raise up the fallen standard of the gospel at Geneva. It was, on the contrary, by not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, so far as I was enabled to do so; it was by dwelling on every doctrine of the Bible, whether it was controverted or not, or however

repulsive to the carnal mind, and by confronting and bringing to the test of Scripture every argument levelled at my instructions by both pastors and professors. In this manner matters proceeded at Geneva till the middle of the summer of 1817, the period which terminated the studies of the theological students. The pastors attempted to instigate the government to banish me from their canton; and when this proved unsuccessful, it was proposed in the 'venerable company,' that I should be cited to appear before them, to answer for the doctrines I was inculcating on the students. On this it was observed by one of them, 'Vous ne gagnerez pas grand chose par cela!'—(you will not gain much by that!)—and the matter dropped. At the same time they did all in their power to prevent the attendance of the students. I have since that period conversed in this country with M. Gaus- sen, and in answer to my inquiry, 'How is it that the pas- tors failed in this attempt?' he replied, 'that it was the first blow that had seriously affected them; and although they were anxious to adopt every means in their power to pre- vent the students from coming to me, yet they found it impossible, because if strong measures had been resorted to as the penalty of disobeying the prohibition, the stu- dents had resolved to leave their professors.' The pastors, however, did not cease to labour to counteract the effects of the change that had taken place in the minds of so many of the students, and particularly by framing the 'Regimens' of May 3rd, 1817, consisting of certain articles which every student was ordered to sign before he should be 'consecrated,' and which were intended to exclude from the pulpits of Geneva the doctrines which they so violently opposed, and particularly the doctrines of the godhead of the Saviour, of original sin, of grace and effectual calling, and of predestination. In spite of all their endeavours, the light was diffused to a very remark- able degree in Geneva, which, through the ministration

of these Socinian, Arian, and Arminian teachers, had fallen from the glory which once belonged to it, and instead of being the centre of illumination to Protestant Europe, had become a synagogue of Satan, and a citadel of ignorance and darkness."

The language of Mr. Haldane may be thought strong, but it is confirmed by the testimony of Drs. Gaussen and Merle D'Aubigné, who describe the standard of Arianism above the chair of dogmatical or systematic theology in the Genevese Academy; and the Unitarian doctrine as sitting in the chair of the Theological Institution, which was distinguished by Calvin, Beza, Diodati, Benedict, F. Turretine, and B. Pictet. The ecclesiastical elections they declare are monopolised by Unitarian doctrines; for from May, 1817, to 1831, there were twenty-two elections of pastors or professors of theology, and in every case, whether for the parish or theological chair, ministers were carefully excluded who professed, in regard to the divinity of our Lord, the doctrines of the Reformation, and were, therefore, compelled to seek for places in foreign churches, and to exile themselves from their country.

The impression produced by Mr. R. Haldane's narrative will not soon be forgotten. It is recalled to my remembrance whenever Geneva and its associations occur. I felt convinced that this was the development of providential arrangements, and that, as the servant of God, Mr. Haldane had been led by a way which he had not known, and into fields of labour which required such an agency. He was a man who had willingly offered and had largely contributed in his earlier days to the service of religion. My intercourse with him had been in the circle and association of families, some members of which had been ready to join in the generous sacrifice of themselves to the evangelization of India. The possessor of one of the finest estates in Scotland, he prepared to abandon it and all the luxuries of affluence, ease, and

society, that, in company with such associates as Dr. Bogue, Dr. Dods, and Rev. G. Ewing, he might proceed to Benares, or some other sanctuary of Hindoo idolatry, and there found and maintain an evangelical seminary for the preparation of ministerial and itinerating, or missionary agents; who should labour in the country for the conversion of the heathen. I understood their plan to have proceeded so far, that his estate was sold, and his money funded, that it might be available for the mission, and negotiations opened for the selection of Benares as the seat of their theological academy; when the authorities at the India House, and of the Government, refused permission to men who were scholars, Britons, philanthropists, and Christian ministers, to proceed to any part of British India for purposes of benevolence, religion, and truth. The odium and guilt remain with the men whose intolerance and unrighteous policy denied to India such benefactors, and did what they could to obstruct the extension of pure and undefiled religion. But God honoured the men in whose heart the desire to render the sacrifice prevailed, and gave them fields of labour elsewhere.

Mr. Haldane's property increased by investment and fluctuations in the funds. His profits being some years as much as twenty thousand pounds, he was able without depreciating his capital, to devote large sums for religious purposes at home; and to him, his seminaries, his coadjutors, and his agencies, Scotland owes much of her present religious fervour, evangelization, and zeal. Mr. Haldane, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Innes, and their fellow-labourers in the gospel, were the founders and fathers of the Scottish Congregational and Baptist churches in Scotland, and provoked to love and to good works the originators of the present movements in the Secession, the Free, and the Established churches of Scotland. Though the contention was once so sharp between Barnabas and Paul that they departed asunder, the one from the other, yet Barnabas took Mark

and sailed unto Cyprus, his own country, and Paul chose Silas and went through Syria and Cilicia; and while the brethren commended Paul to the grace of God, doubtless the Lord of the church bestowed his blessing upon both, and gave them many proofs of his love, his grace, and support. So was it with Mr. Haldane, and some of his earlier coadjutors; and at length we have followed him in his journeys to Schwyzerland, and other countries, diffusing the savour of his Redeemer's name, stirring up and awakening churches, and exciting to labour and prayers, devotedness and zeal, brethren in the Lord. The direct result of his labours may be seen in the ultimate formation of the Evangelical Society, and Congregation of the Oratoire, in Geneva; the effusion of a devout spirit among many Christians; the extension of evangelical work, and enlargement of the kingdom of Christ throughout Schwyzerland and proximate countries.

The national church of Geneva is intolerant, as every established church must practically be; though for political purposes it fawns upon the papacy of Rome, and seems willing to share the spoil with those who advance angels, saints, and,——to a higher honour than Rationalism assigns to the Lord Jesus Christ. But its spirit has been most bitter and relentless against Momiers, Evangelicals, and Dissent; and the Government which sustains it has been guilty of the most serious violation of civil liberty in countenancing its infractions of the freedom of conscience: for whether he be minister or layman who adopts evangelical views while living within the bounds as a citizen of Geneva, he must leave the church, resign all connection with the temporal revenues of the state, as controlled by the venerated company of pastors, or appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes. The consequence is, that nothing like what we would call toleration for evangelical doctrines is sanctioned. The tables are completely turned against professors of the Calvinistic creed. Oppression and perse-

cution of the rankest kind have been practised against those who have become adherents to the truth that Jesus Christ is Lord and God, and who labour to make him known as a Divine Redeemer. In not a few most conspicuous cases this has occurred. But state-endowed and dominant Unitarianism has not been beheld by English Christians in their own land.

The Rev. C. Malan, D.D., now the pastor of the congregation assembling in the chapel Au Pre-l'Eveque, was a licentiate of the church established in Geneva, and a teacher and regent in the college; one of the higher schools of the Canton. Mr. Malan was an ordained minister before he was a converted character; but near the beginning of 1816, he embraced evangelical views, and frankly confessed them, preaching them with great fervour. In the month of March, 1817, he offended the people and their spiritual rulers by a faithful discourse, in which he preached Christ and him crucified. After a long series of persecutions; first interdicted from all such discussions in the pulpit, and then debarred from entering any pulpit in the city; he was compelled to retire outside of the gate of Geneva in quest of a refuge for worship and liberty of conscience. By the grace of God he has been enabled to maintain a life and conversation in much zeal and godliness, to exhibit a most interesting character, and amidst many privations, to uphold a life of ministerial faithfulness. I saw him at his own retired and enchanting residence, and enjoyed worship at his family altar, rejoicing in this communion of saints. He had given offence to clerical adversaries by using the Bible in the religious instruction of the youthful pupils of the college, and was imperatively required to follow the catechism, received and prescribed for such purpose, and to abstain from such *comments* as might inculcate that the Lord Jesus Christ created the world. He had taught that there is but one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; that man is born in a state of

sin ; that he cannot be delivered from it but by the new birth, the operation of the Holy Ghost ; that the salvation of man is a gift absolutely gratuitous, which God bestows by his Son on the sinners whom it pleases him to save ; and that our good works are the evidence of our gratitude to our Saviour, and have no merit to redeem our souls.

But he was apprised *these doctrines must not be taught*. The Academical Company thought it “ most extraordinary that any one should take for the foundation, not only of the religious instruction he gives to young children, but even of the moral exhortations he is in the habit of addressing to them, the most abstruse and delicate questions of theology, and those on the solution of which the doctors have not yet arrived, and will probably never arrive at an unanimous agreement. A method of instruction so disproportioned to the tender age of those to whom it is given, has a tendency to break the spirit of children, and fill them with alarms, the possible consequences of which one cannot calculate without apprehension. This method, Sir, is directly opposed to our customs, and to the species of instruction which was prescribed to you when you were intrusted with the care of the fifth class. The academical company charges me then, Sir, to declare to you expressly its desire, that whether in your religious instructions, or your habitual exhortations, you will not advance to your pupils any of the propositions stated in the confession of faith contained in your letter ; and on which the catechism it is your duty to hear the children repeat, in no respect obliges you to explain your sentiments. This book furnishes sublime and irrefragable truths enough to form the young minds who study it to piety and virtue. You will be pleased, Sir, to inform me within fifteen days, whether you are disposed to conform to the rule the academy has charged me to prescribe you.” Such were the mandatory obligations and restrictions of “ the Rector of the Academy,” by the command of the Academical Company of

Geneva. I wonder how many of the advocates of national education in England would approve of the official injunctions which were vainly attempted to be enforced on M. Malan; or how long a minister of instruction would hold his office in Whitehall till a spirit of limitation and intolerance would begin to prevail among latitudinarian utilitarians. I might, perhaps, rather wonder whether such negative instruction as the rector enjoined, or such positive doctrinal dogmas as the regent resolved to impart, could be enforced without religious interference; and whether national education would be safe subject to such administration. Let a regent in one of the Irish government colleges adopt such a course, and what must follow? Give us the same in England, and who can foresee the issue? The controversy did not long wage at Geneva. A few words closed the debate. "The venerable Academical Company desires the principal to notify to Mr. M., that the noble Council of State has declared his office vacant; to permit him, if he wishes, to read the extract from the registers of the council; and to provide after to-morrow for the provisional supply of the regency of the fifth."

The catechetical instructions of the youth of his parish occupied the mind of another Genevese minister, M. Clausen, pastor of Santigny. He found the authorized catechism erroneous, abstruse, and dry, calculated to produce disgust of religion in youth, and failing to speak to the heart; and he ceased to use it as the basis of his public catechetical discourses. He was interrogated and required to restore this objectionable formula to its supremacy; with questionable deference to such dictation he complied for a season, having permission to supply his own classes. He publicly notified his course of procedure, and was then constrained either to retract his publication, or resign his pastorate: first he was suspended for a year, and then because of his confederacy with evangelicals in Geneva, to which he yielded without the design of dissenting from the

established church, the venerable company passed their *arreté* on the 30th September, 1831. "1st. To recall M. Gaussen from the functions of pastor of Santigny. 2nd. To interdict Messrs. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, from all the functions of the pulpit in the churches and chapels of the Canton." From that day till now the venerable company, or its more powerful consistory, have never attempted to restore Messrs. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, to the functions of the pulpit.

Dr Merle D'Aubigne, of Geneva, author of the historical work on the Reformation, which has obtained such celebrity, and excited such universal interest in the subject of his narrative among all denominations, was also a clergyman of the same church. His course as a teacher of evangelical doctrine originated elsewhere; he having officiated previously both at Hamburgh and at Brussels, as a minister of the truth: in the latter as chaplain to the king of Holland. But he dates his experience of the spiritual power of the Gospel, his submission to the Divine claims of Jesus, and his surrender of himself to the constraining influence of a Saviour's love to the beneficial operation of Mr. Haldane's labours, and the blessing of God accompanying the intercourse of that good man with the students in the academy at Geneva. He was probably admitted to a status in the church of the canton before its governing authorities knew the opinions and spirit of their prospective colleague. His evangelical doctrine rendered him odious, and his steadfastness was obnoxious to their policy. The formation of the Evangelical Society of Geneva was designed for the preservation of evangelical truth in its purity, by means of preaching the gospel in the city, and the establishment of a theological institution, in which pious youths might be prepared for the ministry without being exposed to the contagion of the Genevese academy. M. Merle was chosen, in company with Messrs. Gaussen and Galland, as tutor; and he, too, was separated and

cast out for the name-sake of Jesus Christ; was made to share the blessedness of suffering reproach in company with prophets and righteous men, and now he occupies the place of a tutor or professor in a Dissenting college.

The Institution with which he is connected is the seminary instituted in 1831, for evangelical students who wish to prepare for the ministry of the gospel on the Continent, whether in Schwyzerland or France, in Belgium, Spain, or Italy. Some Prussians and Italians, not a few converts from popery, and especially such as have been natives of despotic countries, where liberty of conscience is denied, have resorted thither. In the seminary of the Evangelical Society, they have the advantage of the literary and academical facilities provided by the state in Geneva at a small charge, and enjoy the lectures of Dr. Merle and his colleagues, during three sessions of nine months' attendance each. a more extended theological curriculum than prevails usually in national universities. I think the number of the students is now forty. Other tutors of eminence have been associated; while Dr. Merle is the professor of ecclesiastical history and homiletics, Dr. Gaussen holds the office of professor of systematic divinity, M. Pilet officiates as lecturer in the hermeneutics and exegesis of the New Testament, and M. La Harpe performs the same duties on the Old Testament, and gives instruction in the Hebrew tongue. This consecrated and honoured band have been joined in suffering and in testifying on behalf of Christ Jesus. I had the pleasure of a personal interview with Dr. Merle at his own dwelling, where M. Molan, junior, in the absence of his venerable father, introduced me. A feeling of profound respect and affectionate esteem was generated by this interchange of Christian sympathy, which has been cherished by subsequent intercourse, and the better knowledge of the mental character and religious tendencies of the historian of the Reformation. I feared he had been misled by the mis-

chievous misrepresentations of a *quasi* religious, I will not say Jesuitical, though establishment Journal, whose policy has been most frequently to malign and accuse liberal Dissenters, especially in their voluntary associations, and anti-state-church movements. I was surprised to find that Dr. M. identified the London *Patriot* with licentious liberalism and radical anarchy, while he seemed to deprecate the conference of anti-state-church advocates as ill-timed and irreligious. He heard and yielded his considerate attention to my reclamation, and has since indicated a clearer and more correct appreciation of the demands of the present crisis. His recent visit to this country, and the extended circles of friendship and Christian society among which he has moved, will have counteracted the pestiferous bigotry and pestilent falsehoods propagated by the unscrupulous Journal which was too long Dr. Merle's organ and oracle of intelligence and communication.

The Evangelical Society of Geneva pursues its original objects with singleness of purpose and perseverance. Of pious colporteurs employed for Bible and tract distribution, as well as conversational instruction and prayer, and of itinerating ministers and pastors of newly formed churches, they have an agency of at least eighty individuals, besides the students, who are dependent on gratuitous education and support from the funds of the Institution. Most of its adherents in Geneva worship in the Chapelle de l'Oratoire, to which two preachers are attached, besides Dr. Gaussen, as expositor of the catechism which the pastors and professors have substituted for the heterodox formula of the establishment. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne occasionally preaches here also, and the congregation with which they worship entertains the peculiarities of Presbyterian doctrine; I mean as to church discipline, they conform precisely with the government of the established church of Geneva. Nevertheless they seem, from some consideration which I cannot explain, to be denied the

liberty of carrying out their principles in the discipline of their congregation. I was assured they had what would be designated a session, but they could not administer discipline over the communicants. This phenomenon is noticed by Dr. Heugh as "a serious defect." "It has," he says, "no ecclesiastical organization. It is neither Episcopalian, Presbyterian, nor Congregational. It is, in fact, not a church. Yet, strange to say, not only are those ordinances administered to which I have already alluded, but baptism and the Lord's-supper also; and, as far as I know, to all indiscriminately who choose to apply. They have no discipline whatever, either as to the admission, the supervision, or the exclusion of members: they have no members, no flock, no pastor. It is not for me to determine whether all this arises chiefly from a reluctance formally to separate from the established church, and a desire and hope of returning to its fellowship, should an improvement in its doctrine and administration be brought about; or whether it arises from a diversity of sentiment among the more influential brethren of the Oratoire on the important heads of church order and discipline, or from both these causes." I had understood the cause to be the want of liberty under the secular government. Perhaps I misapprehended the statement of my informant. But I so affirmed it in my lecture; and in consequence received a letter from Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, of which the following is a copy. To the same subject he afterward adverted in personal intercourse. I shall again probably notice the matter, and consider the substance of the work to which he called my attention.

" *Genève, Oratoire, le 2de Novembre, 1844.*

" Monsieur et cher frère en Christ,

" Je pense que c'est à vous que je dois le *Manchester Times*, du 19^{me} Octobre, où je trouve un récit de votre voyage. Recevez en mes remerciements. J'espère que

vos lectures serviront à réserver les liens qui doivent unir tous les Chrétiens. C'est dans ce désir que je dois vous signaler une erreur. Vous dites en parlant de la congrégation de l'Oratoire,—‘A Presbyterian church not permitted to administer its discipline in Geneva.’ Vous m'obligeriez beaucoup en me faisant savoir *sur quoi* est fondé ce jugement. Il est entièrement faux. Vous prévenir dans un petit écrit intitulé *Luther et Calvin* que viennent de publier, Monsieur Blackie de Glasgow, que est mon sentiment sur la discipline.’

“A present, Monsieur et cher frère, mes chrétiennes salutations,

“MERLE D'AUBIGNE.”

The Rev. C. Malan felt the importance of organization and confederacy, and wished to possess the privilege of observing ordinances; obeying commands; preaching the gospel, and enforcing the principles thereof in church government. He became identified with the United Secession Church of Scotland, and in that connection obtained liberty as a foreigner to worship outside of the city gate. A venerable Christian and distinguished scholar and citizen, became by relation a foreigner in his own country, that he might enjoy liberty to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ; but this he could only obtain beyond the walls of the city where Calvin had preached, and the refugees of many lands had found asylum and consolation when exiled because of faith and liberty. Besides the *Oratoire* and the *Pres l'Eveque* congregations, there is the Pelisserie Chapel, which I understood was Congregational and Independent, and claimed neither kindred nor similarity with the dominant churches; they were represented to me as purely evangelical in their doctrinal sentiments; and I presume, owe their origin as a body to the operation of those principles which Mr. Haldane inculcated. I am not sure that they meet with that sympathy from English visitors to

which their principles and position lay claim. They are modest, unpretending, and retiring; but I believe are highly esteemed by such Christians as know their character and manner of life.

The members of these voluntary congregations are not satisfied with a name to live. A dispensation of the gospel has been committed to them, and they generously seek to fulfil their mission. During the past year they contributed 4,000*l.* for the extension of Christian principle, and to help those who are proclaiming glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men, throughout Schwyzerland, upon its confines, and in the proximate provinces of France, upon the Rhone, and in Burgundy, at Lyons, and throughout the south. The Evangelical Society is almost their only corporate organization; but ephemeral though its constitution be, it supplies the bonds of brotherhood, and the basis of confederate action and enterprise. While, doubtless, they are as a light, or a city set upon a hill; a model for other Christians to contemplate, and as far as truth and circumstances permit, to imitate in faith and love.

There is no moral which our recollections of Geneva will more emphatically impart, or which the progressive history of that republic will more clearly develop than the utter incompatibility and impropriety of one man attempting to judge for his neighbour, or to overrule the opinion and freedom of conscience of his fellow-men in reference to religion. In the liberty of the people of Geneva, and in the general prevalence of civil freedom of the inhabitants of Schwyzerland, it is manifest there may be political liberty where there is no religious freedom. Political liberty and heroic achievement, connected with social liberty, may be exhibited and maintained, whilst the cause of practical and enlightened Christianity does not prosper; and the noblest enjoyments of intelligent beings, in a moral and spiritual sense, are not promoted. I should be

more than sorry, I should be grievously disappointed, if such reflections had any tendency to render us favourable to any restriction upon the liberties of the social fabric, or inclined to sneer at the pretension of popular, republican, or even democratic institutions, or to regard with any favour the encroachments of despotic power, or aristocratic ascendancy. A just estimate of the defaults and inconsistencies of liberal pretenders will not dispose a wise man to withhold his efforts for the promotion of equitable and expansive, of religious and social liberty. But such a man will at the same time not rest satisfied with a philosophic, a utopian, or even a practical theory of liberal government.

The liberty which a knowledge of oneself, and of human nature at its best estate, will inspire a value for, and the desire to enjoy, is that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. Then only are we free indeed, when from fear and appetite, moral obliquity, and the chains of ignorance, a spirit of covetousness, and the power of temptation, we have obtained emancipation; when, not as the mountain and rock-bound lake, which has no outlet, but whose waters are fretted, dashed, and broken, in eddying waves and momentary agitation by the sweeping tempest, or the rushing whirlwind; but as the light of the morning, the mountain current, and the Alpine scenery, we can rise superior to the restraints and limited visions of a murky and agitated region, and survey the wide and majestic empire of nature's Creator and God. I cannot think of the mighty torrent, the rolling and resistless stream, which, from the lofty Savoy mountains has burst upon the Lake Lemán, at Villeneuve, and continually, impetuously, and with a teeming flood, pours down its purest waters from amidst the eternal snows, and out of the exhaustless, the ever gushing fountains of untrodden grandeur, without an allusion to the blessings and the fulness of the Christian religion, which issues and flows forth from the throne of God. Here are the streams of

that river, the waters of life which make glad the city of our God; designed to encompass the nations of the earth, and of which it has been said, they "shall go out from Jerusalem: half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be." We may still speak of them and remember that exhaustless as are the perpetual snows, and ever flowing as are the streams which come from beneath them, so is the fulness of Divine goodness, so are the riches of Divine love. It will be no impiety or profanity to lift our eyes to the Mediator, to Him who is higher than the everlasting mountains; and while we look to him believe that his goodness is as a flowing stream continually; and that as surely as he is the eternal God, so shall we have the richest enjoyments while we trust in him.

One scene, and only one of such attraction as I should not willingly have neglected, did I leave behind me unexplored. My anxiety to traverse Saxony and Prussia, constrained me to forego the pleasure of a visit to Chamouni. A party was to start next morning from the house where I spent the evening: I was urged to join the company, and such company as I loved, and in whose fellowship I could only anticipate the largest and most profitable enjoyment. Their knowledge of the region was that of natives, and their ability to appreciate its beauties was that of the scholar and the poet. Next morning at three o'clock they were to start, and would I go? Three or four days would cover the excursion—what a temptation! I do not regret I resisted it. I wished to roam through the fatherland of the Reformation. It was my heart's desire to go on pilgrimage to the scenes and symbols of moral grandeur identified with Luther's name, labours, triumphs, and reward; the power and majesty of truth, the might and mastery of faith and obedience; and I left Chamouni behind me. I do not know that I should have had such virtue or resolution had I been able to imagine the reality

of this gigantic altar to nature's God, which was raised by God's own hand. But when I read Hcugh and Talfourd, and recall what M. Malan said, and others have acknowledged, they felt I must admit my visit to Schwyzerland is still incomplete, and my recollections can only idealize what is Chamouni.

Had I the ability I should certainly make the attempt, even yet, to sketch a Chamouni for myself; but in nothing have I ever been so mortified or disappointed as in vain experiments to sketch nature, or *illustrate* beautiful passages. Sergeant Talfourd has done more than would have been the ascent of Mont Blanc, which he thought he might accomplish. He has described Chamouni, and *the mountain* too, and spread a charm over even his own "inglorious return," which is certainly more enchanting to the reader of his volume than ever could have been his own pleasure, had he risen to the height of his ambition—on the snowy Alp. I shall not dispute the other *heights* to which his ambition may honourably aspire, more soft and fleecy than even, "the cloud capped towers;" but his whole description is of unparalleled beauty—and I shall only borrow two or three brief passages:—

The Arve is a river which flows down the valley toward Geneva, through the territory of Saïdunia; upon its right bank is the road to Chamouni, and beyond the opposite bank well cultivated and richly wooded lands, slope upward; to the left of the road rising to a ridge is another sloping district, interspersed with cultivated fields and vineyards; in the midst of which are situated *chalets*, or flat-roofed, wooden farm-houses, with overhanging eaves. In the ascending vale range Alpine mountains, conical peaks, perpendicular precipices, woods reaching to the summits of hills; in which are observable cultivated patches, showing their fruitfulness to a great height; the valley sometimes narrows close upon the margin of the impetuous Arve, with every variety of rock, wood, glen,

cascade. Above St. Martin, a dingy and sombre village, the opening glens show more visibly the clustering and peaked summits as if they were castellated, amidst ravines, cliffs, cataracts, and woods; and narrow pathways, rough and winding, surrounded by forest scenery, clothed with rich green verdure.

Dr. Heugh speaks of a halting-place some four thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the immediate vicinity of which are eternal snows, and a stupendous breastwork of naked rock frowning downward with another and steeper pass. The thinned and breaking clouds cleared away to him, and showed forth the giant monarch in his glory; the awful summits, naked, and though ten miles distant, looking so near as to be within gun-shot. He expresses his admiration of the spot, the rude inn, the cabinet of curiosities, the chapel, the grim priest looking out from his window, the plot of beautiful lawn, the stupendous mountain barrier, and, above all, the mountain itself, towering majestically. The wooded banks, still steep though they be, contrast powerfully with the foaming Arve: though sometimes fully one thousand feet below, so precipitously embanked, that it would be easy to toss a stone into its waters, without touching the sides: pines cover its opposite bank. The mountain-side appeared to the doctor *not one* sloping bank, torrents and avalanches having cleft and cut it deeply. The beds of these torrents naked and stony, but their sides and intervening space covered with grass and pines, resembling vast buttresses for the stupendous mountain mass. The dome-shaped summit covered and laden with snow, which descends and fills the gorges in some cases even to the valley. Many other scarcely inferior eminences and rocky peaks, shooting up like hardy guards of their mountain monarch. The clearer the weather, the closer do they appear—sharp as a spear, upon the airy points of which enormous blocks of rock seem to topple, like small stones set up in the frolic sport of boyhood,

which the first high wind, it would seem, might displace. The glaciers descend the valley in breadth two miles, as if they were the giant progeny of an immense cataract of ice discharged into the pass. From the Hotel de Mont Blanc, Dr. Heugh looked down on the valley which thence reposed, like a beautiful garden far beneath—the opposite mountain range, its peaks, and snows, and pines walling in the lower prospect. But the tremendous inlet on the range of Mont Blanc, at the base of which rests the Mer de Glace, casts all else into the shade. A circle of colossal pinnacles, some clothed in perpetual snow wherever a sloping surface affords space on which it may lie, and others naked stone, because so perpendicularly abrupt. One conical peak, thirteen thousand feet high, is thus partially a bare rock.

“These aerial elevations are of every shape, and when the eye sweeps over the whole range, the mind is awe-struck, oppressed, and overwhelmed.” Like a stately corridor, the pass through which we have just proceeded, under Dr. Heugh’s guidance, widens regularly, to the eye of Sergeant Talfourd, “as its mountain buttresses increase in elevation; until when it has attained a considerable expanse, the walls of rock on the right are wreathed up into the mighty Aiguille Varenne; a grotesque figure crowning its ridge, in shape as if an elephant ‘did his proboscis wreath to make men sport,’ over the entrance to the region of Mont Blanc; just exhibiting, by way of a flag or signal, one huge patch of snow at its side.” Here the earth everywhere teems with gurgling and gushing springs, and bursts forth in large rounded patches of verdant and flowery pasture.

Unnumbered fountains of purest water in slanting steeps, rush down in tributary streams to the foaming Arve, which here flows like a broad milk-white stream. Sometimes these Alpine waters burst out in dashing spray, darting from among the brushwood; and with prismatic colours, in mimic shower, form their bridge of gems; and sometimes they creep gently forth from shade to shade, till

they rush by the way side, gather in clear basins, or glistening along, they find some channel in which they abruptly cross the road, and seek obscurity again in the full tide of the river. Thus the floor of the valley luxuriates in exquisite verdure, and the road stretches like a garden path beneath continuous orchard bowers: its unparched greenness is a *constant* wonder. It nestles in golden fruitfulness; its trees laden with apples or plums, now and then open a brief vista through which a five or six acre farm, and its dove-coloured homestead, shows its glimpse of happiness and beauty. The beautiful cascade, d'Arpenaz, springs into life and death in fantastic grace—the fairest representative of the water genius of the hills, the queen of the valley, amid many fainter but congenial visions. Like a spirit embodied—no, only shaped—breaking from the rock, ever perishing, yet ever renewed—strange image of duration, purity, evanescence,—light as the snow-fall in the river, or a wreath of smoke, yet existing as a waterfall for thousands of years,—a gossamer cloud, which, in mid air, leaps from the fissures of the rock—is dashed into ever-changing, yet everlasting forms, which cannot be transcribed. The cascade of Pelerius is of another character:—“Down a channel in the rock a stout rivulet rushes, then throws itself across a short perpendicular ledge, and meeting a hollow rock, inclined upwards, leaps high in the air, and, after forming a wide arch, falls into a chasm, its proper bed, a hundred feet below. The effect is as beautiful as it is startling. The pure water which thus spurns the earth, illumines the air with a million of drops, which take varying colours in the sun-light, and perpetually form and break, and renew small rainbows on the pinnacles of stone that spring about its basin: while the water, when it reaches in its descent the shade of the chasm, falls in a close column of crystal.”

Meadows, corn-fields, and groves, diversified with the raging waters of a broad torrent, which bursts from its ice-

bound imprisonment, surround a *châlet* perched on the mountain side; and here is obtained a commanding view of the great glacier, which borders as if it floated to the extremity of a ploughed field. Its white wonders, beheld by glimpses, through the arches of tall trees, contrast deliciously with the deep or vivid green of shrubs and herbs. Swelling out in its descent, from the untracked wastes of snow above, to the nether valley, the visible portion of the glacier surpasses other sights by its purity, and the exquisite shapes into which it is broken. The snow-fields above are seen only at the edge of its descent, like the water gleaming at the top of a cascade upon the eye beneath it; and the lower extremity, where a mixture would otherwise be seen, a belt of pines serves as a veil to hide the defect. A wilderness of fantastic shapes, all of the purest white—purer than marble in its quarry—slabs like altars, sharp pyramids, broken shafts of columns, spheres, crescents—all confused in the most lucid disorder,—fit and plebeious materials for some palace of enchantment, or a memento of incipient Carthage growing into massive grandeur from marble and alabaster, and the influence of its fascinated queen. The approaching aspect of Mont Blanc awakens and excites the liveliest solicitude, till its summit is seen to rise into the clear blue sky, with its subject domes and attendant needles, all robed in dazzling brightness, except where the steepest precipices are gashed into the snow, and contrast it with stripes of dark rich brown.

Mont Breven bluff, unvisited or uncovered with snow, though rising eight thousand feet, stands in sober contrast, and to the advantage of the Alpine monarch. The entire side of the valley, twelve miles in length, is occupied by Mont Blanc. From the roof to the summit—from both extremities—this snowy-wreathed mountain is seen at a glance, and nothing else: it begins and ends the valley. “Nothing can be compared to it; nothing to bind it to its neighbourhood, or to hint its connection with the Alpine

chain: no other icy tops peer over its lower ridges, to carry the mind beyond what the eye embraces: it is 'itself alone.' Although a forest of dark firs clothes its foundations, and extends irregularly to a considerable elevation before it meets the snow, the glaciers descend so low as directly to connect the very floor of the valley with the frozen regions, and heighten the magical effect of contrast between the mountain and all around it. Between the two greatest of these, the Glacier Bossons and the Mer de Glace, the summit is enthroned: cast majestically, a little back from the average line, round and perfectly white, and cresting a region curtained with snow, scarcely broken, except by the dark rocks called the Grands Mulets, which stand out above midway, resembling in form attic windows in a deep house roof, whence the stainless curtain seems to float down with careless grace toward the valley. A little on one side of the summit, and just below it, is the Dôme Gouté, a much larger and grander dome than the summit itself; and beside it, huge splintered pinnacles, called *aiguilles*, spotted only with snow, seem to pierce the deep azure of the sky. The range of *aiguilles* and domes extends to the extremities of the valley, broken chiefly by the glacier called Mer de Glace, which is the icy floor of a deep valley, winding in the midst of the mountain, and penetrating its inmost recesses. The masses of dazzling snow presented to the eye are so huge, that the mind even here only realizes the height of the mountain by a great effort, if, indeed, it realizes it all, so that there are many mountains, not half the height, which appear loftier; but I have seen none that, to my apprehension, approaches it in the combination of massive power and almost celestial purity.

"Ascending to Montanvert, the mountain path, fringed with brushwood to the pine grove, and winding through it among frequent traces of torrent rain, I was chiefly delighted by the mapped-out fields of Chamouni and the

spiral tower of the beautiful Aiguille du Dree, which, at every interval of open slope, rose before us with its soft cream-colour hue, and shape of matchless elegance. Along this hill-side path you perceive no indication of ice, or snow; the opposite ridge of the valley sinks, as you advance, from the black watch-towers of the Breven to the Rouches rouges surmounting the Fligere, and thence almost to pastoral tameness; and you have leisure to notice the small crimson strawberry, peeping out from the roots of the dwarf shrubs, and amidst loose stones and the low purple flowers which almost star the paths. Thus cheered and awed by the riot of the Arveion, which here has just burst from its native cave of ice, you come suddenly upon the Pavilion of the Montanvert, a low, strong-built cottage, and look directly down upon the frozen sea before it, as on a bay or pool, almost circled by snow-capped rocks, while its crowning ornament, the Aiguille du Dree, rises before you. We descended on the face of a steep bank to the ice, and walked on it for some distance, beside the stone which sheltered the first English visitors of the region. The ice, here unclothed by snow, was painfully slippery. The scene from the Montanvert, is in shape almost a circular basin or amphitheatre; the onward course of the glacier being concealed by the folds of the rocks; and seems to my recollection to be imbued with even more beauty than grandeur: for its floor is formed of sheets of waving ice, which, except that it is broken here and there by the glistening blue of a crevice, has all the freedom of actual motion; the rocks circling it, splintered into fantastic varieties of summit, harmonize remarkably in colour with the ice, and are dwarfed by the dizzy heights beyond them; and the Aiguille du Dree, rising in the shape of a cone of pale brown, looks like the spirit of beauty, shedding its influences on all beneath it. Such, indeed, was the beautiful predominance of the circular form, and so entire the absence of anything dis-

cordant, that I believe the picture was diminished to the eye by a sense of harmony—akin to that which breathes from the most perfect statues.

“Half an hour’s scrambling among rocks and loose stones (in the ascent of the glacier) brought us to the edge of a deep defile through which a stream, gushing from the glaciers unseen beyond, foamed at a fearful depth below us. As we painfully ascended, we rose above the source of this stream, which we saw gushing down the opposite bank, and entered the interior of the ravine. The depth was at first cheered by a small pure rivulet, which cherished scanty grass, and a shrub or two, and a clump of flowers, unlooked-for reliefs in this stony solitude, and to which I had bidden adieu; but we rose above the bubbling fountain of this rill; and then the fringe of grass ceased, but the purple monkshood still waved bravely above the large stones, and a small yellow flower now and then peeped out from beneath their shelter. These at length finally disappeared; and the huge gully stretched before us, stony and steep, shutting out all prospect, and blazing with heat. After one heavy struggle over the mound of rubbish, and then over some huge blocks of dirty ice, I attained the pure floor of the glacier, and experienced a delightful and exhilarating change from the stony wilderness up which I had laboured. The surface presented to me nothing more formidable than a huge waste of the purest frozen snow, spread amidst enormous rocks, tending upwards at a steep but not dangerous elevation, and riven in parts by irregular crevices which alone remained to justify the terrific descriptions of former aspirants. Its first aspect was that of an immense white sheet, which might have been let down from heaven, puckered up and fastened at irregular heights to the rocks which bounded each side of the prospect, and floating down gracefully from its fastenings. Towards the edges, indeed, where it came in contact with the rocks in which it is thus embedded, there appeared on a near

approach, vast walls, and columns, and tables of ice, which sometimes looked as if they grew out of the rock; these were pierced by caverns of the purest white, sometimes draped with icicles, and enveloped with fantastic shapes; little chapels of exquisite tracery, in which altars were not wanting, recesses as beautiful in their dazzling fragility as the Cave of Fingal, at Staffa, in the sculptured beauties of its roof, and the sable majesty of its unperishing columns. But the field of the glacier, except where split by crevices, presented no obstacle to ordinary up-hill walking. I found my brisker comrades on the brink of the first and most formidable, indeed the only really formidable crevice of the glacier; a jagged slip of about seven or eight yards in width at the opening, narrowing as it slanted downwards, and deepening in colour from the loveliest pale green into darkness: while from a hundred fathoms below, the sound of rushing water was heard, as if a subterraneous river was forcing a way through the foundations of the glacier. Across this gulf stretched a narrow wall of ice, connecting our side with that beyond: and over this we were to pass. When I arrived I found everything prepared for the passage: some of the guides already on the opposite bank, one on either side holding a rope which served as a rail; holding by which we crossed, one by one, in safety. The narrowness of this ledge may be guessed by the exploit one young gentleman performed. Instead of walking he placed himself astride upon it, and drew himself along by the rope.

“The Grands Mulets, in form said to resemble a team of mules, are a narrow chain of dark granite rocks, which break out from the mantle of snow that clothes the exterior of the mountain, terminating in an abrupt declivity directly opposite to the valley of Chamouni; which have on their western side ledges sufficiently level and protected at the back to serve for a traveller’s rest. Bristling with unequal splinters, they seemed to resemble a line of

immense fir-apples, with the cones occasionally broken ; but no words can give any adequate idea of the awful contrast of their dark isolated range of pinnacles with the dazzling fields of ice and snow above, around, and beneath them. The most capacious ledge is on the north-western side of the first rock of the range ; of irregular width, being, perhaps, seven feet at the broadest, backed by the summit of the rock rising about twenty feet above it, and protected at its edge partly by natural projections of the rock itself, and partly by inserted stones which the guides place and renew on their expeditions. When I approached these rocks of refuge, the chief ledge was occupied by my son and three or four of our fellow aspirants ; guides and porters were dispersed in smaller ledges, or fissures of the range, so that the crags were all animated with mortal life, diversified by the travellers' accompaniments. Almost in front rose the huge Dôme du Gonté, here surveyed in its full grandeur, a vast cupola of stainless snow ; to its right the Aiguille de Gonté, a bulk of rock rising out of a belt of snow ; to the left the highest summit, scarcely here looking larger than from the valley, but cast farther back in a more solemn seclusion from its subject domes and spires ; all beneath these, the greatest summits, was well-sunned, but unspotted snow, broken only by a few reddish rocks on the right of the top : ascending on every side from the basin out of which our rock arose, and thence floating downwards till lost to the sight in the steepness of the descent, except that here and there at the rim of the downward view a rock projected out, as if overhanging the unseen abyss, in shape like the tusk of some gigantic animal. The lower snow was, however, illustrated by the track of the party, deep imprinted steps, which gave a human interest to the waste. Beyond, far below, almost as at the bottom of a well, the broadest part of the valley of Chamouni gleamed with its bits of yellow fields and white baby houses, above which the top of the Breven

stood out in blackness ; and, beyond that, the far mightier rock of the Aiguille Varén, crouched like a lion in the deep blue sky. To the left the huge round top of the Buet walled in the prospect ; which was, although thus so mighty in objects, yet limited in extent ; admitting no distance except a gleam of blue of the lake of Geneva, with a faint outline of hills—the line of the Jura beyond it—which also I thought might be traced to the left of the Breven at the extreme verge of the horizon. Having recovered sufficient strength to crawl round the buttress, which towered above our resting-place, I looked down into the other great snow valley, which it overlooked and divided from that which we had made ours ; it was not so vast, but still more fearful,—bordered by heights more abrupt between the Aiguille du Midi and the summit,—precipices which the chamois can never scale. Our rock on this side was far more precipitous than on that by which we had ascended ; and therefore I contented myself with one glance, and crept back to my place on the safer cry.

“ Soon after I had thus ‘set up my nest,’ the grand process of sun-setting began ; and, solemn as have been many sunsets to me, I never saw one—I will not say merely equal to this—but one resembling it ; for the difference was not in degree, but in kind. Above and around there was not a cloud—not a speck to dim the deepening azure of the sky, nor a fleecy breath of mist wafted or lingering about the towers or domes of the mountain. These glowed for a few moments in a deeper rose-colour than that which appeared to clothe them at this hour from below ; the summit, as usual, retained it last, and when it faded, it left them in the cold whiteness of the dawn. Thus far, with the grandeur above us, all passed in its usual procession of glory ; but while I watched these receding tints, flocks of clouds arose below, and filled up the valley of Chamouni to the brim with tissues waving greyly, like floating

shrouds. They were then seen creeping up within the folds of the valley beyond, till that also assumed, as far as it was revealed, the same spectral veil; while the top of the Breven, the Aiguille Varens, and the head of the Buet stood out like islands in that solemn sea. But beyond, in the expanse to the right of the Breven top, what glory was disclosed! A heaven-tinged cloud-land, not to be gazed at from below by a subject mortal, but to be looked down into, as from a purer seat—a subjected enchantment spread beneath us, as if, from some pinnacle of heaven, the eye were permitted to gaze upon its lower glories—the habitations and the array of angels. The first appearance of this vision was that of a celestial city, all of sapphire, circling a lake of azure, while far away in the measureless distance, legions of angelic hosts—shapeless as those of Rembrandt descending on Jacob's slumber, but giving, like them, the sense of winged glories—were ranged, while tents and pavilions of violet and gold behind them, seemed to bespeak a martial array. Presently these splendours became all confused, and then a sterner grandeur reigned; a scene of huge purple caverns and golden rocks, but beside a sapphire sea studded with islands of deeper gold; and then the colours blended, and faded, and nothing but one heap of purple clouds filled the place of the gorgeous vision; and I was alone with the rock, the snow, and the stars. When this pageantry of a lower heaven had quite passed away, I fell asleep, and slept without a dream."

CHAPTER JX.

Luther's Fatherland—The Reformation—Its Instrumentality—Its progress—Its Memorials—Its Influence in Germany.

I PROPOSE that we shall this evening direct our attention to what may be called Luther's Fatherland, or the country in which he first appeared as a reformer, and the scenes through which he passed in the performance of his duties in that exalted character. Before I proceed to what may be called the interior, it will be most suitable that I should previously revive my recollections of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, rather than return thither from some intermediate part of the journey. It stands upon the borders of Germany, not being an integral part of it, and is connected with the reminiscences of Luther's eventful life. It was visited by him in the midst of his most active career, and is associated with some interesting discussions in which he was engaged. There are two Frankforts, as most of you perhaps know—Frankfort on the Oder, which is farther east, and nearer Leipsic; and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, which is not far from Mayence; the latter is the place to which we at present direct attention, and is one of the independent cities of Germany. The territory is not more than ten miles in extent, and is situate about eleven or twelve miles from the Rhine. A railway passes from a town called Cassel; it may be reckoned rather a fortress than a town, and is immediately opposite to Mayence, upon the Rhine. Frankfort is further from

Cassel than the number of miles I have mentioned ; but I refer to the distance from the Rhine up the river Maine.

Beside being a free city, this municipality serves as the centre of intercourse to many of the European continental States. The Austrian ambassador resides as president of the Germanic Diet, and maintains diplomatic relations with other national representatives ; indeed, every leading European state has its ambassador residing in this city ; not ostensibly to superintend the affairs of Frankfort, or to keep under surveillance what is doing among its citizens. It is true every ambassador is a sort of spy, accredited by the courtesies of royalty, and honoured ; yet nothing better than a spy, looking after what the people or rulers of other lands are employed about, lest deeds done or plotted in those other countries should defeat what may be reckoned the interest of his own country. A polite and legitimized espionage is the system of resident ambassadors, with the formulas of diplomatic relation maintained between nations. Ambassadors, however, who reside at Frankfort, do not merely watch over the local affairs—the policy of the Hanseatic towns that are connected with this city, which are all minor, very minor states. Frankfort being the centre of extensive commercial transactions, and most extensive monetary negotiations, its bankers and money-brokers are sensitively alive to the apprehension of danger when any political movement is threatened in reference to the states that are at a distance from Frankfort : and no agency is so acute in scenting, or so active in exploring and developing such contingencies as the members of the stock exchange ; they surpass even a French police or a Muscovite despotism.

Frankfort contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. There are of these not fewer—I think we may say more—than five thousand Jews ; and the Jews in Frankfort, connected as they are with the celebrated Baron Roths-

child—the Jewish family that has a branch in the capital of almost every country in Europe—are more extensively and actively conversant with foreign affairs than anywhere else : they are, therefore, not the moral, nor the liberal, nor the disinterested, but the monetary police of the nations. The Jewish residents of Frankfort are the most respectable classes of that nation. Wealthy, enterprising, and successful in their financial transactions, they give, in a sense, I think, a character even to the general population of Frankfort. A long time ago—happily before the French revolution—there was a division of Frankfort, enclosed within gates, which was considered the sole and limited residence of the Jews ; and these gates were shut at a certain hour, after which no Jew was allowed to come out, or pass through to the other parts of the city. There were also such limitations enforced among them as, that of Jewish residents only a certain number were allowed to marry during the year ; but—whether through the prosperity of the Rothschilds and the success of other Jewish merchants, or whether through the extension of more generous feelings and liberal opinions in Europe—the Jews are now outwardly a respected and respectable people in the city of Frankfort. Baron Rothschild's mother lives in the Judengrasse, or Jewish street—one of the narrow, old, confined streets which yet mark the more antique parts of our own older towns ; not unlike what some London visitors will recognise by the name of Monmouth-street,—crooked, dirty, and stuffed with the most obscure sort of merchandize, and sometimes not the most inviting. The old lady has long refused to leave this place, though the baron, her son, has erected a palace not far from it :—she has such fond affection to her old hearth-tree—to the habitation where her family and their sire spent so many happy and prosperous days. These Jews, I have observed, may be said to give a character to the population of Frankfort : I will illustrate this opinion.

Frankfort has its former fortifications spread out in shaded and verdant, retired and beautiful promenades; which are resorted to as public walks, round the town. Such, in my opinion, are the best bulwarks and fortifications of any town, where it seems necessary to raise ramparts and walls. The foss, or earth mound, has umbrageous and shady walks of the most attractive and the most enticing character as they are in Frankfort; and they will be defences to the rulers stronger than bristling bayonets and the hundred-mouthed artillery which bellows destruction. At one part of the promenade, or place for walking, the military band assemble every evening for the performance of choice pieces of music; and the fashionable, the affluent, and even the industrious classes of the city resort there, whether for intercourse or that they may enjoy the music. I went out as one of the visitors, desirous to form my own judgment of the place, and walked in and out amongst the crowds that were thus assembled. There were hundreds and thousands passing hither and thither, sitting on benches, or reclining under the shade of trees—standing in clusters or knots of dozens or half dozens, or smaller numbers,—interchanging their positions, as if it were a place where they had come to see one another—as a large social family inquiring for one another's welfare, and keeping up the associations and sympathies of kindness and good fellowship. They were dressed, of course, in their fashionable and promenading attire; and the habiliments of the more select partook in a greater degree of the showy and splendid character than what I described as being the dress of the ladies of Brussels. But amongst them there were many elegant forms. Certainly I do not mean to cast any reflection on the fair sex in Manchester; and my female friends will pardon my liberty when I describe the ladies of Frankfort as the most handsome women I ever saw in any country, or in any collection of people; and they were clothed, too, with considerable

taste—indicating a knowledge of what was proper. But the finest countenances—those that expressed the most variety of intelligence, and the most consummate beauty—were evidently of Jewish lineage. They had derived their character from Jewish descent; their parentage glistened in the eye and overshadowed the nose—developed the profile and gave the contour its expression of beauty and of attraction.

This city is characterized, throughout what is called the New Town, by great magnificence, as to the habitations of the people. The houses of the inhabitants may be called palaces. Street after street you pass through rows of capacious houses, the fronts of them either painted white or plastered white, and exhibiting a very gay appearance indeed. I do not know that I can, with propriety, make any further or specific reference to the ambassadors than that they usually have, as I understand, every week a *souée*, or entertainment, which they give to one another, when they meet, whether it be for card-parties, assemblies, or other amusements. It happened that during the time I was there they thus assembled, and I saw their gathering in carriages, equipped—some would say decked—with cocked-hatted footmen and their livery servants. They made, doubtless, a dashing demonstration of the splendour of the various courts which they represented; but I cannot sympathize with the knots and feathers—the laced stripes and lackered jewellery with which people of rank bedizen the livery of their servants. I always fancy the man must be humbled and feel himself degraded, who is required to wear party-coloured ornaments or the armorial bearings of another man, and to trim himself with the gew-gaws of servitude. I do not know, but I fancied the rank of the functionary was noted by the number of his lacqueys—footmen some would call them. I question the fitness of the appellation; for I mean the parties—in some cases two, three, or four—seated on the front or rear of their

carriages, in green, blue, crimson, and yellow clothing. The vehicles were whirled along in rattling style, and the horses, harnessed in the richest mountings, swept gaily through the streets to the place of rendezvous.

The shops of the tradesmen, whether booksellers or common dealers in merchandize, are handsomely fitted up, indicating the presence of an enterprising and interesting commerce. I entered two or three shops of booksellers. I went to the habitations of various Jews, and was particularly pleased with the character of the people of Frankfort.

Besides the ambassadors of earthly kings, there is one man that resides there whose appointment I looked upon with great interest; that is the resident agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Dr. Pinkerton; who has been, I presume, some thirty years or more engaged as the representative of the society upon the Continent, and whose Bible depot is here centrally situated, that he may, from Frankfort to all parts of that division of the Continent, circulate the word of life to those who desire to obtain that precious treasure. Dr. Pinkerton has been a useful and honoured servant of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and such as pass through Frankfort needing advice concerning Germany, would do well to consult him in reference to the objects of their inquiry.

The scenery along the Main is pleasing, though pretending to no grandeur or beauty. The river is wide, and the quays are convenient and spacious: the traffic did not appear extensive, though considerable activity prevailed along the water-side. The view from the bridge is not attractive; but yet one lingers with interest, reflecting on the scenes which have been witnessed in the processions which have passed its arches. Immediately above the bridge, the ancient palace of the Knights of the Teutonic Order occupies a prominent place on the side of Sachsenhausen; and though now a barrack for Austrian troops, I loitered for a while in its vicinity, and was interested in

this decaying fragment of chivalry and superstition. The houses around it bear no marks of bygone magnificence : this suburb is mean, and its inhabitants are of the poorest classes. On my way thither, by the river-side, I marked the site on which stood the palace of Charlemagne and his Carolingian successors,—where the pointed roof of the Saalhof and the massive pile of St. Leonhard's church contrast but feebly with imperial grandeur. The statue of Ariadne was the admiration of every tongue, resident or foreign, which I heard speak, at the table-d'hôte, or in the char-a-banc. Large as life, in the most graceful posture sitting on the back of a tigress—both figures sculptured out of a single block of pure white marble—the daughter of Minos is compensated, by the number of modern admirers, for her abandonment by Theseus. Exhibited in the garden of Mr. Bithman, as the production of Dannecker, a native of Wirtemberg, it is regarded by judges as a truly exquisite, elegant, and beautiful figure—a chef d'œuvre of modern art, ranking its author among the higher class of ancient Grecian sculptors, and worthy to be the pride and boast of Frankfort. The Romer, or Town-house, appeared to me destitute of architectural attraction. I wandered about it and several of the churches, finding little fascination in any of their structures or memorials ; though the Kaiser Saal, or Saloon of the Cæsar, has, by a modern fiction, been adorned (?) by the portraits of the emperors in succession, from Conrad to Francis the Second. In this hall the emperors were *entertained*, when kings waited on them at the table, and princes poured the wine into their cups :—what magnificence ! At their coronation in the Römerberg, or market-place fronting this building, corn and wine were distributed to the people—rare imperial bounty !—and an ox roasted whole : it is not said how many people were worse than *wholly roasted* to bring a revenue, or who provided this ox. But the populace enjoyed the privilege of appropriating the scarlet cloth upon which the emperor walked

from the cathedral; and, we are assured, so cordially did the plebeian privileged classes hug their chains, that they cut away this scarlet cloth behind the emperor with such speed, that he ran the risk of having his *heels* cut also. St. Bernard preached the crusade in the cathedral, where the emperors were wont to be crowned, to an enthusiastic audience, and performed—miracles, it is said: his crusade was his greatest miracle.

I hastened on my journey from Frankfort by the Prussian Eil-wagon, as it is called. A route of 215 miles lay before me, to be performed with but few and brief intervals. I paid my fare for the whole distance in the post-office, under the direction of the Prussian government, who have resident functionaries in Frankfort, though it be an independent and free city. The greatest monotony prevailed along the route till we reached the vicinity of the Thuringenwald, or forest of Thuringia: there was no scenery. The first town to which I came after passing through Hannau, of Hesse Cassel, near the junction of the Kinzig with the Maine, is called Fulda. Nothing particular or worthy of note excites remark concerning it: the bones of St. Boniface were once deposited, I will not say they reposed here. They have been gradually despoiled, till only the fragment of his skull can be exhibited. The *shrine* of the saint, more capable of preservation, is upheld in the cathedral. I may mention that 10,000 is the number of the inhabitants of Fulda.

My object in tracing the progress of the journey through that part of the country is to bring before you the scenes and recollections of Martin Luther. The next place, therefore, at which I pause, is Eisenach, prettily situated among wooded hills, clean, thriving, and industrious. Mora, near to Eisenach, was the birth-place of John, the father of Martin Luther. There John Luther was married; and some have hastily concluded that Martin Luther should have been born at Eisenach; and no doubt would have here been

introduced to life, but that Mrs. John Luther having a desire to be present at a fair that took place at Eisleben, went thither, eighty leagues distant, at a moment when prudence would have dictated retirement in her habitation: and she was thus prematurely or unexpectedly confined of the infant reformer. Imprudent persons are induced to undertake strange and hazardous adventures; but I should imagine this was a little too far for any expectant mother, so delicately situated to go to a fair. Eisenach was, however, the nativity of the parent, and not of the Reformer, Luther. John Luther, being what is called in that country, a miner, whose labour was to cut wood in the forest of Thuringia, to bring it home, prepare the ore from the dust, for smelting, and produce the iron in that form in which it was afterward to be sold for mechanical purposes; obtained his bread by the sweat of his brow. Eisenach has many associations connected with Martin Luther. Its population is about 10,000.

Perhaps I had better here state, that although Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, his father removed to Mansfeld, a town about fifteen miles from Halle, celebrated for its German University. The country is called Mansfeld, and is the principality in which Eisenach is situated. In this district Martin Luther's father continued to pursue his laborious occupation: Martin as a boy, going to the wood with his parents, felling, on his part, the little branch of tree, or helping his mother to bind the fagots in bundles to be carried home; whilst the mother herself was in such humble circumstances as to be a "bearer of burdens, not only a hewer of wood, but a carrier of it from the forest to the town of Mansfeld, that they might provide the necessary food and supplies for their family. Martin was a young scholar. It seems he was very small of his age, and was carried in arms by Nicolas Emmler to the school of George Emelius, at Mansfeld, where he learned his first letters. He remained here, mingling with the chil-

dren of his neighbourhood, and rendering the plains and banks of the Wipper classic ground to all cordial reformers, till he was twelve or thirteen years of age. He enjoyed the company of priests and schoolmasters at the table of his father, now raised to the rank of counsellor at Mansfeld; and proceeded thence, in 1497, to Magdeburg. This city is a very strong fortress, containing now somewhere about 45,000 inhabitants. His father sent him there that he might attend its superior school; an establishment possessing more facilities for imparting instruction than could be enjoyed in an obscure provincial town. Martin's parents had no wealth, and it was customary, therefore, for him, as for many other scholars, to itinerate round the residences of the burghers in the character of a poor scholar; and to sing carols in company with others as musical choristers in the evening, at the doors of such as would hear them, that he might obtain daily food, and return to study during the day at school.

Martin, according to his own account, was rather harshly used by his parents. They loved him, and they scourged him; they thought he that spareth the rod hateth the child. And the consequence was, that he was timid in his youth; in the school he suffered the same sort of severe discipline, and this timidity was increased in Martin's mind. He tells a story that when he went out begging through the streets, as a poor scholar, he was often afraid of being ill-treated; and when one good man came out to the door, intending to offer some victuals, the carol singer, fearing the man was coming to whip him, scampered off with precipitation, to escape the dreaded castigation. The carol singing reminds me of a circumstance that took place the other day in Glasgow. A professor of Giessen had been in this country, attending the meeting of the British Association, and subsequently visited one of the professors at the Glasgow University. Some of the students from Germany understanding that one of the most learned of their Ger-

man professors was in Glasgow, gathered together around the door of the gentleman's house at which Liebig was living: they obtained a lamp from a gentleman's carriage as he was passing in the street, who saw what they were about; and they held that lamp that they might see the piece of music which they were to sing. They sang three German songs at the professor's door, or rather the door of his host, that they might welcome their countryman, and show their attachment to their fatherland. Thus Martin Luther and his school-fellows used to go from house to house, four or eight of them, and arranging the various parts of the singing, they performed pieces with the most perfect music for which Germany has always been celebrated. He lived about a year and thus supported himself at Magdeburg; but his father when he learned his son was so pressed by poverty, had him removed to Eisenach, his own native place. He adopted this course expecting that his friends there would help to support him.

Eisenach at that time possessed some superior teachers; men that devoted themselves with great assiduity to the instruction of the young. In this place Martin had to pursue, however, the same course as he had followed at Magdeburg; for his father's friends there were poor, or not inclined to spend their money upon a distant relative. He had still to wander from door to door singing at a certain period of the night to provide food for the next day. He came to the house of a man named Conrad Cotta, sung at the door of this house; Cotta's wife heard the music—she had marked the youth in the parish church, in his punctual attendance from time to time. She was so pleased with his music and seeming devotedness that she came out, invited him to the house, placed food before him, gave him a chamber to sleep in, and a seat at her table, so long as he needed it. He remained there for somewhere about three years, thus provided for, and thus receiving education. He was by this time about eighteen

years of age. Before he left Eisenach his musical attainments were cultivated, so that he not only could play the lute and flute, but also composed music, as well as the words of some of the most beautiful hymns that Germany possesses. Luther was not afterward ashamed to acknowledge the days when he sadly begged the bread necessary to his studies and his life. He regarded the extreme poverty of his youth as one of the means employed by God to make him what he afterward became. The condition of children forced to follow a similar course always melted his heart. "Do not," said he, "despise the boys who seek by singing from door to door *panem propter Deum*—bread for God's sake—I too have done the same; I have been a poor alms-seeker, and now I have made such way with my pen that I would not change fortunes with the Grand Turk himself. Nay, more, were all earth's goods piled together, I would not take them in exchange for what I possess; and yet I should not have arrived at the state in which I now am if I had not been at school, and had not learned to write." He forgot not the Christian woman who had given him bread when every one else repulsed him. "There is nothing sweeter in this earth," said he, "than the heart of a woman, in which piety has fixed its abode." Nor did he fail to acknowledge his father's generous efforts: "My father supported me with great love and kindness, subsequently at the university of Erfurt, maintaining me there by the sweat of his brow."

Eisenach is a very pleasant old-fashioned German town. I walked about its streets; I went in and out, and round its cathedral, marked its inscriptions; I passed through its market-place, examined its wares; I looked into this and that shop, and must say that it is one of the best ordered, one of the quietest, most unassuming, and yet pleasing of all the towns which I visited in Germany. In the neighbourhood of Eisenach there is a castle called Wartburg, or Vartburg; and it is celebrated by an event.

which I must not anticipate; but I mark it here, lest I should forget that at Eisenach did the Reformer find a Patmos and an asylum. I travelled from Eisenach to Gotha.

Gotha is the capital, in conjunction with Coburg, of Saxe-Coburg's territory; Gotha being the fatherland of Prince Albert, the husband of our honoured Queen. This Gotha contains somewhere about 13,000 inhabitants; its palace, as you approach the town, appears large enough to be the palace of the emperor of China: it might serve for all the emperors of Europe put together;—to look at its exterior. It has this and that terrace, here and there a tower; on this side a museum, and on that a library, a garden, or a place for walking. It is apparently magnificent enough, without exaggeration, to serve for the most potent monarch of Europe. Yet I presume the whole number of Saxe-Coburg's subjects does not exceed 56,000 people. I fancy that many more German principalities, with which royal conjugal alliances have rendered Britain familiar, make rather an insignificant demonstration in the geographical dictionaries that are within your reach. I speak of it, however, as it appears to the tourist or traveller passing along. There is nothing which I remember of any value, though I wandered most heroically, from one street to another, except that it be this palace, or a large library, and a large museum, and a large melange of odds and ends that the Prince of Gotha seems to have collected together. Our own Queen and her suite have since visited the ancestral demesne of her husband, and added to its associations the sympathies in which the heart of loyalty luxuriates. I will not dwell on the sad, the worse than tragic butchery of the deer-battue, further than to wish his Royal Highness had chosen other than murderous games for his sport. I shall hint at another sport which he might have substituted. In the neighbourhood of Gotha there is a *rat* that sometimes becomes exceedingly trouble-

some to the husbandmen, and the rural inhabitants. The *Hamster Rat* will, on some occasions, be found to number hundreds of thousands: within a very few years ago, two hundred thousand rats were killed at one onslaught; hence you can easily understand how the legend of the rat or mouse thurm, might have had its origin from the rats of Gotha. I hope there are none of this vermin that will domicile themselves in our own country. They are evidently troublesome companions, and must consume a great amount of what may be called produce; of which Englishmen have little to spare as long as Corn-laws prevail. But we may hope better things, especially as there is a deep water, and a popular constitution, between us and them. The "Almanach de Gotha," gives the names, ages, and pedigrees of all the reigning princes of Europe and their families?

From Gotha my journey was a monotonous and uninteresting course till I came to Erfurt: and here I must again mark the Reformer Luther's progress. Erfurt is a town containing about 24,000 inhabitants, and there are 4,000 troops maintained in it as a Prussian garrison. It was celebrated for its convent, and no less for its university. Martin Luther, when at Eisenach, was led to think seriously of what he should do in his future life. His father's wish was that he should be a lawyer, and that therefore he should study law, and so rise to eminence in the performance of some function of a distinguished character. Martin was studying at the university when he wished to have his father's council; but prior to his visit home to enjoy the personal advantage of parental counsel, an event occurred. He had a companion, I think, named Alexis, who was assassinated; whose sudden death led Luther to think what would have become of himself had he died so suddenly and so unprepared, as he himself thought. His mind was sobered by the reflection; the loss of his companion subdued his

feelings, and he proceeded from Erfurt, the university where he was studying, and where he made great progress, that he might consult as to the branch of study to which he should devote himself. He had so distinguished himself as a youthful student, that his genius was the admiration of the whole university. Whether his intense desire for his son's professional advancement, led Martin to fear that his father would not yield consent to what he had anticipated or not, I cannot tell; but it is said he returned from Mansfeld without opening his mind to his father on the subject. As he was coming through the Thuringenwald, a violent storm of thunder and lightning assailed him as a solitary pedestrian traveller passing through the forest. Appalled by the tremendous fury of the raging storm, and the rolling thunder, he fell upon his knees in the presence of God, as he believed, and encompassed with the agonies and horrors of death, devoted himself by a solemn consecration to God's service, if God would spare him. *

Luther had found in the University of Erfurt, in the library there, what he had never seen anywhere else; he was now twenty years of age, yet he had never found or seen a single copy of the Scriptures; he had attended the masses of the Church of Rome every morning and every evening, on their prayers and seasons of devotion; he had read their books with eager anxiety; there was perhaps no man of his time so able, so intelligent, so promising as a philosopher; he had already prepared himself for a university degree, and was soon to be made a Doctor of Philosophy, or, as they called him a Master of Arts, Master Martin Luther; he was in every respect the honour of his university; and yet, up to that time, never had he seen a Bible. He had seen nothing like it. He read the title, "The Book;" the rare book excited him to a high degree. He now found something more than fragments of gospels or epistles. The selections by church

authority he now discovered did not constitute the entire word of God : and that beyond these there were many precious treasures. His heart beat while his hand held the Divinely-inspired volume. With avidity and feelings surpassing description he devoured the whole ; having begun with the story of the youthful Samuel. While he often ran to this fountain of living waters, that he might slake his thirst, he eagerly desired that he had been sooner able to possess such a book, and that he could now call it his own. The Vulgate version spoke to him in Latin, but he knew not Hebrew nor Greek, though he understood this and felt its power. His was perhaps the first hand that had stirred that book in the library ; his the first heart that yielded to its power. A circumstance happened to myself when passing through one of the cathedrals on the Continent. A very intelligent, sharp young fellow as you could wish for a guide, was showing me through the galleries, chapels, and paintings, commemorative of former things, telling me what this picture represented, and what purpose that image served, and what event this intended to celebrate. St. Christopher was seen carrying a child across the water ; and this St. Christopher that carried the child was some being of whom I had no recollection of having heard. The child's countenance bespoke a lofty lineage ; was the object of devout and sacred care, and, according to the picture, was the child Jesus. I asked who this Christopher was ; I had read the Bible, but I had never read of St. Christopher in its pages ? but he replied, " It is in the Bible." " Oh, nonsense ! there is no such event, or name, or being mentioned from the beginning of the Bible to the end of it." " But there is," he retorted, in the indignant language of excited passion ; and became quite offended that I should deny that it was in the Bible. " Well," I answered, " it may be in your Apocrypha, or in the prayers of the Church of Rome." It

was a legend incorporated in their services of religion, and my guide, and substitute for the cathedral sacristan, as surely believed these liturgical breviaries to be the Bible, as we believe what we call the sacred Scriptures to be God's truth.

So was it with Martin Luther. Till the years of manhood he had never perused any other book, claiming his reverence and submission than the missal, with its apocryphal legends and fabulous traditions heterogeneously incorporated with occasional extracts from the Scriptures, as the liturgy of the Church of Rome. In the University of Erfurt, however, he had lighted upon the Divinely inspired and sacred volume, when he experienced the entrance of a new light the glimmering of a long-hidden truth dawning upon his mind. The Reformation was sowed as a seed in his heart forthwith, and the Book of Life was soon to become the portion of the German people. He now studied to make himself more familiar with its revelations; nor was it long afterward that he sought a familiar knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Happily, the Bible, though not circulated in his vernacular tongue, was already in a language which Rome required her priests to know and use in her services. After the thoughtful consideration which the event we have contemplated seemed to require, his mind was resolved that, consecrated to God, he would become a monk. His conviction as a guilty sinner was followed by his dedication to Rome. He was converted to popery, from whose shackles he must be again emancipated. This was part of his preparation for his great work.

But previous to his final accomplishment of his solemn purpose, he invited his surviving companions, who were endeared to him as members of the University and his literary associates, to spend with him an evening of pleasant entertainment. He furnished them with all that was necessary for their recreation. It was Luther's adieu

to the world. The repast was frugal, but cheered with music; not dancing, but such music as Germans love. And after he had gratified and, as he thought, indulged them with rational entertainment, animating them with proofs of cordial hospitality, and mingling in their cheerful excitement, realizing for the last time the joys of youth, he paused in the midst of their gaiety; big thoughts swelled his bosom, and to his astonished friends he calmly announced this as the last day he was to spend with them. "I leave you,—I leave these amusements, for ever!" They started; they were surprised; they tried to dissuade him from his purpose. In vain. His mind was resolved, calm, and inflexible. The hour of their unlooked-for separation came,—and that night before he slept he walked from his academic residence to the Gate of the Hermits of St. Augustine. He presented himself, and solicited admittance. The gate was opened to the solitary applicant who, at this midnight hour, declared himself anxious to devote his life to the service of the cloister, and, as the menial of the monastery, to be the servant of his God. I passed through these streets at the same hour of night, pondering not alone the events of Luther's life, and the dark pathway by which, as the blind he was led, but also the mysterious providences by which He who rules over all accomplishes the purposes of his goodness, and in which He prepared for and effected the Reformation.

The noviciate entered, and the gate again closed; and for thirty days he, who had captivated and charmed the wise and learned—mingling in intellectual and animated converse—in the bursting melody of social music and the warm responses of kindred fellowship—from the dark hour of his entrance remained in solitude; no person allowed to see him, nor any one permitted to hold conference with him. From his dungeon cell he sent forth to his friends the tidings which communicated his resolution to devote

himself to the service of God. The Monastery and the University were contiguous; but a great gulf was placed between the pupils of the one and the noviciates of the other: and he who had been the great man of the University—the master of arts—the pride and glory of the school—in whom professors and alumni rejoiced as one who should bring honour on their fraternity—was cut off from their sympathies, was employed to answer the gate-bell, to open and shut the door, to wind up the clock, to sweep the cloister or the church, to work from morning to night as a poor slave of the brotherhood. And yet so infatuated and so ignorant was he, that he patiently submitted to such discipline. Luther had not then learned the doctrine of justification by faith as the hope of the sinner. He continued still striving to work out, as he would have called it, the salvation of his soul. Thus did he seek to establish his own righteousness, not yet having understood the righteousness of God; and bending beneath the burden of a degrading superstition. At length the men who had been formerly his companions, and the associates of his literary hours, the professors of the university, and the admirers of his genius, interceded for him, and some relaxation from his severe discipline was yielded, while he was allowed to proceed in the studies which he thought were worthy of his pursuit. He again found a Bible, but it was not free for his private use; in the chapel of the monastery it was chained to the pulpit, and could only be perused by a personal attendance. This sacred book was instead of the man of his counsel, and as often as he could he resorted to it, that he might study its principles fully; he devoutly sought to understand its sublime and mysterious doctrines. It was thus he sowed in his own mind the great and generous thoughts which, when they were developed, became the germ of the future Reformation. The Scripture of truth constituted the immortal seed of that kingdom, whose boundaries he desired to enlarge. In our

days of books and literature, it will appear a singular fact, that Martin Luther went into the monastery of the Augustines with only two books in his possession—one was Virgil, and the other was Plautus—one a comic Latin writer, and the other an epic poet, whose poem was an embellished fiction wrought out of the fabulous history of Rome. He had thus no work of a religious tendency, but the Bible for his instruction, and to this he frequently repaired.

Luther's chief care as a monk, and his prescribed duty, was to fill the bag of the convent, which it behoved him to carry through the town. And if ever he seemed to apply to his studies as a pursuit, his monkish brethren in murmurs reproached him: "Come, come, it is not as a student, but as a beggar of bread, wheat, eggs, fish, meat and money, that you can think to make yourself useful to the convent." When greater privileges were afforded by special favour of his superior in the convent, his studies were directed to Occam, Augustine, and other "fathers." Overwhelmed with melancholy, he had no adviser whose counsel he could solicit; he knew no comforter, and he experienced the horrors of despair when the convictions of sin preyed on his mind. On one such occasion he shut himself up in his cell, and for several days and nights suffered no one to approach him. A friend, uneasy about the afflicted monk, and apprehending his condition, congregated some of the choristers, and knocked at the door of his cell. No one answered from within. The alarmed friend broke an entrance into the cell, and found Luther stretched unconscious on the floor, without any signs of life. They experienced great difficulty in their efforts to rouse him from his torpor. The youths began a soft, low air; and their clear voices acted as a charm on the frame of the poor monk, whose peculiar delight had always been in music. His restoration to consciousness had been by degrees under the soothing and melodious influence of the delightful harmony. But more was required to cure him

effectually: the sweet and subtile tones of the Gospel, which is the voice of God himself, were what his soul required. The blessing was graciously bestowed,—and the work of the Reformation followed. Piety added to learning, ardent zeal added to eminent talent, gave him distinction among the monks of his fatherland. His fame became celebrated in consequence of his attainments and experience in the Scriptures; and after three years' residence he was called from the monastery of Erfurt to the University of Wittemberg, or, as they pronounce it, Vittemberg. Here his duties were first to teach physical science and dialectics, to which afterwards he added Biblical lectures.

Erfurt was celebrated long prior to and after the day of Luther as the commercial highway between the Baltic and the Hanse Towns; Italy, and Venice, and had then a population of some fifty thousand. Bonaparte assembled here, in 1807, a congress of sovereigns; and the potentates of midland Europe placed much importance on its occupation as a fortress. It now belongs to Prussia, and seemed to me a dull, dingy, and decayed town. There is a citadel, called Cyriaksberg, beyond its walls, and a fortress within the town, called Petersberg, in which the four thousand soldiers are garrisoned. The University in which Luther studied was dissolved in 1816; and the Augustine convent of the Hermits has been converted to a Waisenhaus,—an asylum for orphans. In this establishment remains the only attraction for the tourist, who remembers that here the monk was cloistered in 1505, who, in 1516, returned as Vicar-general, and established his friend as prior of the same convent in which he had himself wound up the clock, opened the doors, and swept the church; and many years afterwards he was hailed here as the Reformer and the champion of God's word. The cell which he occupied is preserved in nearly the same condition in which Luther left it; the vestments that he wore

as a monk, his portrait, his Bible, &c., are exhibited to the curious as relics even more interesting than Susanna, the silver bell of the cathedral, or the carved and bronze representations of the coronation of the Virgin; or even the Ursuline nunnery, the sole lingering specimen of monastic institution which Erfurt contains. Thus the brightest memorial of past greatness or renown is associated, not with deeds of arms or monuments of art, but with the Biblical studies and the religious reforms of Martin Luther.

However, I must not stay. Luther left Erfurt, and we shall again find the memory of his name and achievements in places which during my subsequent route I visited. My purpose is now to condense the facts and associations of the Reformer's career, rather in the chronology of his eventful life, than in the progress of my own tour, for the information of my youthful friends, and as they interested myself during the journey. Perhaps I may thus awaken a desire for further information and inquiry.

Wittenberg is not quite in my route in the order of progress from Erfurt; but I will anticipate my visit to that seat of a once renowned university, and connect my recollections of the town and its decaying power and honours, as identified with Luther's fame. The university no longer exists, having been incorporated with the University of Halle. The Elector of Saxony had heard of the learning and genius of Luther as a monk, and concluded his reputation would add to the celebrity of the University which had recently been founded. He therefore summoned him to Wittenberg, where was an establishment of his monastic order. Whilst here discharging the duties of professor, he pursued the course of instruction suited for his pupils, and a plan of study in Scripture and theology designed for the improvement of his own mind. The monkish professor was again drawn farther from the obscurity which he had sought, by the favour of his prince.

The elector desired him to repair to Leipsic, a place which in the progress of my visit I shall hereafter describe. The object of his journey thither was to receive his diploma, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Luther was then so poor, though a professor in a distinguished university, that he could not pay the fees incident ~~as~~ expenses of this diplomatic honour, and remained at Leipsic waiting till the money could be secured. The elector had undertaken to pay the fees, but in the judgment of the University authorities at Leipsic an elector's promise was not so satisfactory as would be the solid coin. It was therefore imperative that Luther should wait for the convenience of one and the satisfaction of the others. At length the money came; fifty florins were paid;—somewhere about six pounds, five shillings were the price for Martin Luther's diploma, when he was accredited as a doctor or teacher of divinity; and the branch of theology in which he was diplomated was not the dogmatic; he was not constituted the *Doctor of Sentences*, which would have bound and held him in allegiance to the papal church. But his title was *Doctor of Scripture*,—the Biblical Doctor; which brought him to the truth as it is in Jesus.

He was required to take an oath when receiving his diploma, that he would devote his life even unto the death for the maintenance of the truth which he was called to teach as a licentiate of theology. The words of the oath prescribed by the University of Leipsic, and sanctioned by the Romish church, which Luther uttered as before God were, "I swear to defend manfully the truth." He then voluntarily vowed allegiance to his beloved and holy Scripture; "to preach it faithfully, to teach it purely, to study it all his life, and to defend it by his arguments and his writings against all false doctors, so long as God should lend him his aid." A champion he thus became of Bible truth, of nobler name than any knightly titles. He afterwards exclaimed, "But I, Doctor Martin Luther, I have been

constrained to become doctor. I purpose, in God's name, to tread upon the lions, and to trample the dragons and vipers under feet. This will begin during my life, and will end after my death." This was the critical point in Martin Luther's literary life as a teacher of theology.

He then returned to Wittenberg. Hamlet is represented by Shakspeare to have studied at this university: strangers from many lands crowded hither as to a school of wisdom. Men of high literary fame from all lands resorted here. Mellarstadt, *the light of the world* oftentimes called; Frederick the Wise; Staupitz, the superior of the Augustines; Melancthon, the universal scholar, and many professors of celebrity, were contemporaneous with Luther, and even mingled as auditors of his lectures on the Scriptures. Near to where his bronze statue now commemorates his identity with the history of Wittenberg, in the open place before the Stadt Haus, stood an old wooden chapel, thirty feet long by twenty in width, its decaying walls sustained only by temporary props. A pulpit equally decayed, made of planks three feet high, received Luther when he first undertook to speak to men in God's stead, and here began the preaching of the Reformation. Constrained by the inflexible demand of his superior, but fearing it was more than his life could sustain for three months, the monkish professor first wielded his maternal tongue for popular instruction, and exercised a lively and impetuous eloquence that hurried the people away and enraptured them. It was God's will, that from the humblest beginnings should spring the rays of his reappearing glory in a dark world. The Augustinian brotherhood had but recently laid the foundations of a church, and meanwhile they used this decayed building:—Myconius, Luther's contemporary, compares it to the stable where Christ was born. "It was in this miserable enclosure that God was pleased, so to speak, to cause his well-beloved Son to be born a second time. Amongst those thousands of cathedrals and parish

churches with which the world is filled, there was not one which God chose for the glorious preaching of everlasting life." The town retains by its ramparts, fosses, and other means of military defence, vestiges of former strength and extent; far beyond its present size and population.

The Austrians bombarded it in 1760, and destroyed one-third of the town, and its chief public buildings. The Prussians, after ten months' siege, under the command of General Tauentzien, took it from the French by storm, having laid its suburbs in ruins. Such assaults have diminished its strength, and reduced its resources and population. It contains at the present time about 7,000 inhabitants, is surrounded by walls and deep ditches between the town and the adjacent country, and has a decayed aspect. You enter the town by winding pathways. From the gateway, to which I was conducted after reaching the railway station, there is but a short distance to the town-house; but between these points the visiter passes the building where resided the celebrated Lucas Cranach, distinguished as a painter, and honoured as having been the burgomaster or chief magistrate of Wittemberg. In front of the town-house stands the beautiful bronze statue of Martin Luther, recently erected. It has been worked out in an elaborate and masterly style of statuary, with inscriptions on either side. Amongst other sayings is the following, "If this work be God's it will endure, if man's it will come to nought." I wandered for a while alone, and enjoyed my solitary ramble. Without guide or associate, I ventured up the stairs of the town-house, and passed from hall to hall, through one passage after another, till I came to a chamber where some of the public functionaries were engaged. I explained as well as I could who I was, as a minister or pastor from England, and that I had come to visit the relics of Martin Luther. They showed me his manuscripts, the writing of his own hand, signed and sealed in his own name." They searched out and explained in the kindest

manner other memorials ; the top of the chalice or cup out of which he used to drink the wine as a minister of the Romish church ; the beads he was wont to count in his breviary, with a few other personal memorials which evinced what had been the transition of the man from darkness to light, and from debasing superstition to the purity of truth.

They described to me the symbols by which the painter, Lucas Cranach, in a very singular picture, has exhibited the practice as well as the moral of the Ten Commandments. Each precept of the Decalogue has a compartment assigned in the painting, which is over the door of the hall ; and in this separate illustration some act of delinquency in violation of the commandment is represented, and the punishment overtaking the transgressor ; as, for instance, murder, theft, uncleanness, &c. Such a picture gives an insight to the manners and conceptions of the times, and the moral of symbolic teaching.

With a grateful feeling toward the Wittenberghers, past and present, I left this venerable and mouldering edifice : after having witnessed from its windows a loyal procession of the citizens, the civic and military authorities, at the sound of martial music, and amidst the display of warlike arms. A maniac had only two days before attempted to shoot the king of Prussia ; and this demonstration was made to testify the loyalty and affection of his subjects in Wittenberg. I still preferred to grope my way, and search out the relics of former days, especially in the churches ; the principal one I found open, and had leisure to explore its aisles, chapels, recesses, and monuments, and to feel that I trod the same floor, and mused in the same sanctuary, which had been the scene of Luther's administration of ordinances. In the town church, or stadt kirché, a pointed edifice with canopied and pinnacled doors, I stood where he had often baptized children at its bronze font ; I gazed here alone upon the beautiful

and magnificent picture of Lucas Cranach, which represents Luther and Melancthon standing at 'this very font in the act of baptizing a child, and exhibits the features of both reformers, the character of the man, and the style of the painter. I passed through that church, communing with the dead, and pondering the character and deeds of men who long since slept in the dust. I attempted to trace the monuments of former times, and to estimate the benefactors whose names they bore. As a stranger among the tombs, I could not boast of intimate acquaintanceship; yet, perhaps, I looked with greater admiration than those whose daily familiarity had diminished the interest of association. I followed the guidance of the *Schloss küster*, an intelligent woman, through the town. The first object of my search was the monastery in which Martin Luther had lived, while a professor at the university. He was still a friar, and therefore lived in the convent of St. Augustine. Passing down the street, my conductress pointed out to me a house, with the words inscribed, "Hier wohnte, lehrte und starb Melancthon;" *here lived and died Melancthon*. It is usual for the tourist to enter; and as the relics of the great scholar have long since passed away, the host has assumed the office of beer seller, that the stranger may drink a cup of ale where Melancthon quaffed Grecian learning, pure as from the fountain of Helicon.

Philip Melancthon! To him the cause of truth owed much; most beneficially did his consecrated genius exercise its influence in the service of Christ. If Luther was the voice proclaiming, Melancthon was the pen inditing the Reformation; if Martin Luther was the lion that tore the prey, Philip Melancthon, eagle-like, soared as the seraph spirit, amid the glories of the meridian sun, that he might contemplate the development of Providence, behold the relation of truth and duty; and, though timid and gentle in spirit as a lamb, be in fortitude and counsel, dauntless and brave for liberty and God. Ingenuous and sincere, as a

renewed and willing subject of Jesus Christ, he frankly confessed his allegiance, and sought to commend his Saviour to others, who would with equal integrity and submission bow to the sceptre, and embrace the gospel of God; but he was constrained, from his own experience and the waywardness of men, to acknowledge that "old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon." The contrast has been finely put by Dr. Merle, between Luther and Melancthon, who continued friends till death. I agree with him when he writes, "we cannot sufficiently admire the wisdom and goodness of God in conjoining two men so different, and yet so necessary the one to the other. What Luther had in warmth, impetuosity, and vigour, Melancthon possessed in clearness, wisdom, and gentleness. Luther animated Melancthon, Melancthon moderated Luther. They were like electric strata, the one positive, the other negative, continually modifying each other's action. Had Luther been without Melancthon, the torrent might, perhaps, have overflowed its banks; when Melancthon missed Luther, he hesitated and yielded, even where he ought not to have yielded. Luther did much by force; Melancthon did no less, perhaps, by following a gentler and calmer course. Both were upright, candid, and generous; both full of love for the word of eternal life, served it with a fidelity and a devotion which governed their whole lives."

Martin Luther, especially, was the object of my curiosity and research; and on I went to the place where he had lived. I entered the street, strayed through the passages that I knew had been trodden by the footsteps of that great man, with a feeling which approached to a degree of veneration, though I do not think it was superstition; I am sure it was not idolatry, though the expression of profound admiration. I paused and ruminated in the places where he had wandered. I stood on the wooden bench which he had himself occupied in pondering solici-

tude. I pictured to myself the deep mental agitations of the reforming Atlas, while his chin rested on his hand, and his elbow leaned upon the desk: the bench and the desk are yet preserved as memorials of the conflict that was then awakening his lion-like courage, and rousing his energies to throw aside the authority of Rome, renounce all allegiance to papal domination, and become himself a man, and as a man teach other men how to stand in the freedom wherewith God had made mankind free. I saw and handled the various relics, they might be called, of Martin Luther; the cup out of which he had drunk his ale; the seal with which he had endorsed his correspondence; the desk where he had indited some of his most powerful cogitations; the very inscriptions which he had himself written upon the walls: every memento of the man was precious, and gave a sort of *presence* to the chamber—all intimated the manner and intercourse of the reformer; and proved that he was a man of like passions with the humblest and the feeblest. Over the door in one of the rooms, appears an inscription written in chalk: it was the writing of Peter the Great, of Russia. To preserve the Muscovite tribute at the shrine of Luther, the authorities of Wittenberg have placed over it a glass frame. Good were it for the empire of the Czar, if the religion which the Reformer taught, and the courage and devotedness which, in critical times, he displayed, were prevalent among the serfs of Russia. Whilst I lingered, traversing these scenes which history loves to haunt, other parties arrived on pilgrimage to the memorials and monastic abode which gratitude has consecrated to Luther's name. After tarrying with more than sentimental interest in the halls and corridors of the antiquated convent I withdrew with sincere reluctance, that I might thence proceed to the place where Luther committed to the flames the papal bull.

You know the pope of Rome issued his bull against the

Reformer, denounced his doctrines as heretical, and declared the monk of Wittemberg a heretic, for whom there was nothing but submission or damnation. The sovereign pontiff herein proclaimed that whosoever should question the papal wisdom, or the justice of the curse fulminated, unless he were afterward reconciled to the church, would bring himself to everlasting perdition. That missive was duly signed, attested and sealed : a piece of lead bearing the impress of the seal of the Vatican, attached to the parchment deed, seemed to signify that it was designed to sink the soul of the denounced victim into the dreariest depths. The bull was conveyed to Wittemberg by duly accredited messengers, and Luther apprised his friends of its reception, notified it to the municipal authorities, and took counsel with the senate of the university ; and after deliberation resolved upon his course ; determined and significant. He invited all interested in his procedure to assemble, habited as was their wont, when wearing their official costume. They attended in their cloaks as authorities, professors and students, while multitudes of the citizens and peasantry congregated around. A platform was erected outside the walls of Wittemberg, and the functionaries of the town and university proceeded to this platform, inviting the most public attention to the requirements of the bull. Luther stood forward, himself the bearer of the condemnatory document, and ascended the most elevated arena of the stage. A large fire had been kindled, and was now blazing, contiguous to the place he occupied. Though a monk of the order of Augustine, and a professor of the university of Wittemberg, he pronounced an oration over the bull, and concerning the pontiff priest who had issued it, descriptive of the system that it represented, and denouncing the accursed domination which, through it, man had exercised upon the consciences of his fellow-men in reference to religion. Then with all the emphasis and decision of a noble mind which had taken

the last step on the Rubicon of the Reformation, he committed the bull to the flames, consumed it as fuel for the fire, and thus proclaimed his defiance of papal dominion and Roman power.

I stood where Luther then stood; on the spot a young oak grows, and that tree is surrounded by a defence—a plantation of *Scotch fir*. I felt as if this were a symbol to excite and maintain the noblest sympathies. I was a Scotchman standing amongst them. The spirit or genius of the place was enshrined, to my conceptions, under the shadow and protection of a Scottish fir. The whole is then enclosed within a palisading of timber, and the thoughtful woman who acted as my guide, stretched her hand among the low herbage and shrubbery to pluck thence a beautiful little flower: no sweeter floweret ever grew upon a stem. She presented it to me as a memorial of the great reformer. I carried it away as a memento of my visit to Luther's most significant monument. It has faded, its tints of natural beauty have passed away, and its leaves have withered and fallen, but my remembrance of the whole scene can never be obliterated. Every step in the town wore the character of classical history. I made the circuit of the walls, and came to the building, on the gates of which Luther had, with his own hand, affixed his ninety theses. They were of sterner material than the Puseyite "Tracts for the Times;" and pointed with a clearer index to another issue. He propounded not his questions by craft and stealth—his was no creeping, cringing, or snake-like policy. On the door gates of the church—the church where he preached, and where thousands every day assembled to hear—the church where his mouldering dust now lies entombed, he published his Rome-denouncing and error-destroying queries. I looked upon these gates as a glorious contrast to the gates of Somnauth, and worthy of a memorial and a procession in the wars of truth. It is a spacious edifice, invites close inspection, and recalls many

hallowed associations. I stood in the pulpit, not, perhaps, the identical pulpit which Luther had occupied—for I was informed that the interior of the church had been thoroughly repaired, so as to be wholly renewed,—but still this pulpit stood within the same canopy, and I could thus lift up my voice within those walls within which Luther had uttered the joyful sounds of truth and salvation.

I passed into the vestry, and sought to realize the moments when he sat and mused on the great controversy he was called to maintain, and the Divine principles he was commissioned to send forth in collision with error and delusion. Here it was not too fanciful to imagine him pondering his own thoughts and motives, and reconsidering the startling or unwelcome truths he had prepared for utterance, before the hour of preaching came. The dark and silent tomb where his slumbering dust is deposited, where his ashes have been laid, invited my thoughtful reflection. I turned to the corresponding aisle of the same church, or building, and was informed that under a similar covering lay the ashes of Melancthon. Here, then, I was in the company of the mighty dead. Ay, mighty: mightier than princes—the greatest princes of the earth. “I saw thrones, and judgment was given unto them—even the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.” What king, monarch, or pseudo-monarch—a William, a Napoleon, or a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Cæsar, that ever lived, produced such a change in the world as Martin Luther did? or whose enterprises have had results so extensive and enduring? while eternity alone will suffice to develop all the moral power, and enduring majesty connected with the spiritual relations he was the means of creating. I have stood by the tombs of kings; I have walked gently over the nameless stone beneath which were deposited the remains of Napoleon Bonapart;—but Westminster Abbey, and the

tomb of St. Helena, produced no such emotions as were engendered while I communed with the dead whose dust sleeps obscurely in the vaults beneath the Schlöss Kirche, in Wittemberg.

Not only, however, was my attention arrested by the only tangible memorials of the bodily presence of these men, thus enshrined, while their deeds and names were more fragrant than the embalmed dead, and more awfully monitory than if their shades hovered over me; but the remembrance of other patriotic champions of truth was mingled in the scene. The celebrated as well as good electors that stood by Luther through all adversity and trouble, through conflict and disaster, amidst fire and water, had in this same sacred spot, a resting-place for their bones; here their heads are laid down, and their titles and offices are numbered among the things which are past. Significant emblems of their rank, profession, and achievements, wrought out in bronze and statuary, remind the passer-by that whilst the great Luther slept without an effigy over his grave, the still greater men, according to the world's estimate and heraldry, who had the honour that cometh from man as a reward for their kindness to Luther and his companions, were dependent on the recording brass and merely adventitious means for perpetuating their fame: they did not live and reign as did Luther, whose works followed him. My farewell to this mausoleum, and the monumental fragments of this cradle of the Reformation, was made with many a lingering look behind; and memory still clings to the associations there inspired with fond and enduring pleasure. My visit to Wittemberg has become a part of my being, and will, doubtless, mingle in the realities of my eternal sympathies. May I not hence meet the spirit of the Reformer with a more distinct recognition, and a more congenial communion—if also I follow his faith, and consider the more carefully the end of his conversation?

I shall more briefly proceed to other records and reminiscences of the eventful life and work of the hero of Germany, and the Reformation. It was whilst Luther was at Erfurt that Tezel, as apostolic commissioner, came to proclaim and sell Romish pardons; a traffic ordained and urged by the papal decree, and the council of the Vatican. The scandalous proclamations of the Dominican indulgence-monger, roused Martin Luther's indignant consideration, and brought him to the perilous conflict with the church of Rome. What the character of these indulgences was, it may be well for my young friends patiently to consider. The policy which proclaimed them is still dominant in the Romish church, and the principles on which they were granted have never been repudiated by the adherents of the system, or its ecclesiastical rulers, either in decretal or papal bull; and whenever the purpose of the church of Rome will be served thus, the same measures will be adopted. I was informed as I passed through that country of numerous illustrations of the system: and the preparations which were then making for exhibiting the "holy tunic at Treves," with the specious promises of indulgence and pardon which accompanied that humbling spectacle, manifested the same impiety. This is, therefore, my excuse for now referring particularly to so gross a delusion. Tezel was bold enough to exhibit any effrontery in his vocation, and pecuniary considerations were not wanting sufficiently strong to tempt his covetous mind, had they been requisite as a stimulus. He announced that the individual who paid a sum specified, would have an indulgence sufficient to cover every past sin—a plenary pardon for all transgression already committed. By papal provision he was authorized to promise, and he thought it no shame to offer, to him who should pay so much more, a charter for future sin; an indulgence which secured impunity for whatever offence he might hereafter be guilty of: a profligate, or wanton person, if he intended to indulge sin,

had only to apply to the papal commissioner who trafficked in their sale for a plenary remission previously, and he could then not only pursue it with impunity, but calculate exactly its profit and loss. I travelled over the road, and remember looking with great curiosity, and watching with intense interest every peculiarity of the place where a strongly armed and hard-headed knight had taken advantage of this papal presumption.

Hans Von Hacke was the name of this devout and licensed robber. He had ascertained that Tezel carried with him the treasures which accumulated from the presumptuous traffic, and that his large wooden coffer was filled with gold, the price of pardons—the profits obtained by the sale of indulgences. Having doubly armed himself, first with an indulgence bought from Tezel himself for robbery, and afterward with the war panoply of a knight, he selected a quiet and retired part of the road, under the shade of a thick forest, and awaited the approach of Tezel, near the convent of Zinna. This place was pointed out to me as situated between Luckenwalde, a town on the Nuthe, and Juterbogk. I could imagine the locality admirably fitted for the knight's purpose, and fancied I could realize the approaching pomp of the corrupt and mercenary churchman and his dishonest retinue, or deluded followers; while the robber-band waited in seclusion for the moment of plunder. I counted the clusters of trees, and marked the by-paths, and secluded hiding-places, where this stratagem was completely successful. The knight lightened Tezel of his gold, and his coffer the Ablass Kasten, and left him to pursue his course with a lighter carriage, if not a lighter heart. The indulgence-monger renewed his deceptions; and the strong box still remains a monument of man's guilt and folly. In the church of St. Nicolas, at Juterbogk, the Indulgence-box is still deposited. The wooden coffer is hooped with iron, and has a slit on the top to admit the gold which was paid for sin. Tezel's

mission gave the impulse to the cause of Reformation, which even a Luther needed; and in such a way, as we often perceive, the folly of man made subservient to the purposes of God. It was the beginning of the great work of the Reformation. It exemplified what some of the most zealous clergy in our own country are willing to claim, and having assumed, are ready to exercise; the power to forgive sins. The sale of indulgences was practised on the presumption that the Roman pontiff had that power; and these clergy aver they have the prerogative, because they are the lineal successors and legitimate representatives of the apostles. But they can only sustain such a claim because their ordination has been received through this same pope. If Pope Leo was not a successor of the apostles they are not in the line of apostolic succession. This ambitious and extravagant pontiff, who commissioned Tezel and authorized his indulgences, was the accredited predecessor from whom they have received this ordination. His impious presumption was what led Martin Luther and his associates to consider well the position which they occupied, as ministers of religion and as members of the Roman Catholic Church.

My plan does not require that I should retrace my own journey to accompany Luther as a reformer, when in 1518 he visited Heidelberg, that he might confer with the pope's legate on the agitating theme of indulgences, and when he first met Martin Bucer, John Brentius, and Ehrhard Snepf, whose friendships founded on the love of letters and of virtue never died away, but who became some of his most distinguished and successful coadjutors in promoting the German reformation. I cannot, with consistent adherence to my own route, follow him to Augsburg in Suabia, where he was cited to appear before the papal legate, De Vio; and whither he went strong in conscious innocence and in the truth of his principles. Nor is it requisite I should return to Worms, where he so nobly,

and with such magnanimity, upheld the cause of God and truth amidst the sad murmurings of persecution, the threatenings of incensed priestcraft, and the pusillanimity of deluded princes. But after his interview and discussions, protracted as they had been at the Diet of Worms, had closed, he wisely sought an asylum elsewhere than in the jaws of the lion, or the grasp of the persecutor; and he followed the counsel of his friends who advised him to remove, with as much speed as possible, from the vicinity, power, and secret stratagems of his enemies, who were lying in wait for his destruction. His brother and he departed from the scene of disputation and tumult, in an open vehicle; that they might proceed through the Thuringenwald. He had visited Mora, the native home of his father, where still resided his venerable grandmother, and whom he saluted with filial love; and purposed to pursue his journey through the forests of Thuringen. I traversed the same region, and eagerly scrutinized every mile in my progress; while I felt as if it were my lot not merely to pass over the same track, but also to realize all the excitement of his adventure, though without the apprehension, mystery, and uncertainty which perplexed his mind. In a hollow way, near the ruined church of Glisbach, distant but a little way from the Castle of Altenstein, and following the road to Waltershausen, they were surprised by a sudden noise; and five horsemen, masked and armed, instantly rushed upon the travellers. The brothers fled with all speed; a companion, Amsdorff, was seized and held apart; the driver, attempting to defend himself, was overpowered and thrown down, while the other three horsemen laid hold of Luther, dragged him from the car, flung a horseman's cloak over his shoulders, and placed him on a horse which they led. They all then sprang to their horses, and in an instant disappeared with their prisoner in the dark forest.

His brother and companion, as well as the driver of

their car, were left in perplexity; they knew not what had become of the marked and denounced Reformer; while he, bound to silence and submission, and carried off, apparently by the most savage means, through woods and paths that had scarcely ever been explored by the human eye, was compelled to penetrate the tangled forest, hurried hither and thither, conveyed as the prisoner of his most relentless enemies, and brought to a halting-place. Once only was he allowed to alight, where, for a few moments, he rested and drank of a running water, still called *Luther's Spring*. Under the cloud of night his captors struck into a new path, and at eleven o'clock reached the foot of a mountain, which their horses ascended slowly. An old fortress stood on its summit, surrounded, except as they had approached it, on all sides by the black forests that cover the mountains of Thuringen. This was the castle of Wartburg, to which I glanced when describing Eisenach. On the brow of a hill, about a mile and a half above that town, the castle stands to this day, and is principally marked for its attraction to visitors as the prison of Martin Luther.

Here he was known by the title, Junker Georg, and acted according to directions given him, as from authority. His hair was allowed to grow where it had been marked by the monk's tonsure; he wore moustaches, and was always equipped with a hanger, a description of sword, by his side, when he entered into the company of the castle, and sustained the guise of a knight or chevalier; or rather the costume worn by a knight's squire; in which character he appeared among the menials or strangers who came and went about the castle. In this castle he remained secluded for about ten months. It was, as he himself designated it, his Patmos, where he saw glorious visions of truth. Situated in the most picturesque region of the Thuringenwald, you see it as you pass along the ridge of the mountain, and come down into the valley, with its lofty turrets occupying a commanding position, and, from its elevation,

giving a view of the whole adjacent country. In Luther's day, however, it was enclosed within forest, wood, and was fitter as a hiding-place than as a fortress. It was only as from a secret ambush, and at times of special appointment, he could venture beyond the verge of the castle for purposes of recreation and health, when he required exercise. His ten months were not misspent. The Bible was translated into German while he abode in the castle.

Down to that day, fifteen hundred and twenty years had elapsed since the birth of Christ; the Scriptures had remained in a language unknown to the people of Germany. Popes, prelates, and councils had disregarded their necessities, and despised the claims of truth. It remained for a monk in exile—practically outlawed, presumed to have fled from his adversaries, but for whom a refuge had been provided by an unknown hand—to confer the public boon—to give God's word utterance. It was this contemned and persecuted monk who prepared a legible transcript—an articulate expression of the Divine oracle, which spake to the millions in their vernacular tongue, and, more than any work done during the whole progress of the Reformation, promoted the emancipation of the mind, the freedom of the conscience, and the salvation of countless myriads. The German translation was made in the year 1522, but remained with Luther till he should render it more correct, and was printed in the year 1534: parts of it had been periodically issued, but in this year it was finished at the press, and in 1535 it was published for common use.

I need not explain to my thoughtful young friends that it was a device of Luther's friends thus to seize and conceal him in the castle of Wartburg, with the design of removing him from the power of his persecutors, and to afford him a safe retreat till peace might be restored, and a more favourable opening might occur for the efficient performance of his duties. He had, through the mediation of his

friends, Spalatin, Feilitsch, and Von Thun, been forewarned, by the elector's directions, that some restraint must be imposed, but under what arrangements he was left entirely ignorant; and to his mourning friends he seemed to have disappeared from the world, no one being able to tell what had become of him. He left his couch on the morning of the 3rd of March, 1522, determined to quit the Wartburg for ever. He bade adieu to its old towers and its gloomy forests, passed the walls within which he had been safe from the excommunications of Leo X. and from the sword of Charles V., and descended the mountain. That world that lay at his feet, and in the midst of which he was about to reappear, would soon, perhaps, clamour for his death. This would not deter him; he proceeded with a cheerful heart,—for it was in the Lord's name, he was about to return amongst men. He went on his journey by way of Jena, and entered that city on Shrove Tuesday.

It lay in my way to follow the outline of his route, though not to be entertained at the *Black Bear*, where he sojourned before the gate of that city. Here he appeared in the dress of a knight, with a red bonnet, and wearing high stockings, over which fell the skirts of his doublet: he carried with him a sword to conceal his character, and a Hebrew psalter, from which he drew religious consolations. His appearance and intercourse, even incognito, charmed those with whom he conversed, and excited their admiration of his courtesy and suavity. At such a moment he was under the ban of the empire, and exposed to every ruthless hand; yet, while accomplishing his enterprise, he conversed cheerfully with those whom he met on his way. I marked his course by Born, a little town near Leipsic. After five days spent in journeying, he entered Wittenberg, amidst the exuberant joy of citizens, students, and doctors. He claimed the inhabitants of that city as his flock, confided to him by God, and for whom he ought, if necessary, to

expose himself to death; and therefore he pleaded the elector's approval of his return to them.

In this chosen and endeared field he laboured incessantly, and continued to teach, watching for souls as one that must give account, till about the year 1546. It is believed he died not far from the scone of his toil, and near to the place of his birth. In the year 1483 he was born, and he died in 1546, an old man from labour rather than from years; yet gathered to his grave, aged sixty-three years, and full of honour, rich in faith, and expecting a large reward of grace and glory. He had done the work of many men, and God preserved him immortal till his task was completed, and he was prepared to receive his Saviour's welcome. He finished his toil by God's blessing: yet the greatest and wisest man's work is imperfect; and it is an interesting question which is excited by the fact that Luther's Reformation needs reform: What was the secret of his deficiency, or what the source of its weakness? Have his principles been applied, and his objects consistently pursued by his followers? Christianity itself needs no reformation; the Bible, which is the type of Christianity, suffers no change—the permanent matrix of every Divine form of truth. The doctrines of that book remain to-day what they were when first promulgated, or anew proclaimed by Luther. Let men of all ages and of all climes take that book as their only guide, and they will always have the pure Christianity of its early—its earliest age.

Why, then, it may be inquired, does Martin Luther's Reformation require reform? That its present aspect and spirit betoken feebleness and formality, that its vital energies are dormant, if inherent, and that there is more of the name to live than of the power to influence or the resources to invigorate, will not be denied by those who have explored the land of the Reformation. Martin Luther's genius no longer inspires the religious forms of Germany; his doc-

trines of faith, his labours of love, his fervours of devotion, his spirit of zeal, his patience of hope, animate but few who fill the pulpits he once preached in, and who minister to the people whom he so fondly loved. The Lutheran Church in Germany is not now Martin Luther's church. The men who practise the rites, the clergy who minister at the altars, the professors who stand forth as the teachers of religious truth in Germany, their own flocks being judges, do not propagate Martin Luther's doctrines. A change has come over their spirits and their sentiments. A reason for this might be found, and it would afford me pleasure to trace it, and show the operation of what is evil and the remedy which the case requires. Space interdicts at present any such attempt. I cannot, however, resist the temptation at this moment to specify one cause which has been assigned, as operating among the literati in Germany, to produce Rationalism, and to cause declension from the scriptural orthodoxy and piety of Luther. The intellectual and moral condition of Germany has been described as suffering from a plethora; the reapers outnumber the sheaves to be gathered. Germany has been overstocked with students! "The number of highly-educated scholars is very large in proportion to the population in the states of Germany—much larger than the intellectual wants of the country demand! The government, having in its hands nearly all the places of trust and emolument, looks, of course, to the abler and more promising candidates for public favour. This awakens among the thousands annually emerging from the university life a spirit of rivalry, and a strong desire for notoriety. Attention must be aroused—a name must be created, at all events: if the promulgation of correct opinions will not effect the object, paradoxes may." This is from America!

In my progress from Erfurt to Leipsig, I passed through Weimar, a ducal city and capital of the principality of the Grand Duke Saxe Weimar; its inhabitants are estimated at ten thousand. It is a retired, aristocratic town, bearing

the vestiges of other days; invested with associations belonging to the literature of Germany—Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Wieland, and other distinguished scholars resided there, entertained as guests or salaried as employés by the duke in literary departments, or as teachers promoting knowledge among the people. I walked up and down its various streets and round about its old church, sought out as far as I could find its historical or most celebrated edifices and antique habitations. The old church appears a handsome building. The house of Goethe is pointed out in the Frauenplatz, containing his valuable collections and personal furniture. Schiller's is marked in the Esplanade. Both these scholars are interred in the ducal vault, in the new churchyard beyond the Frauenthor, or Lady's Gate, at a suitable distance (by etiquette!) from their patron and friend, Charles Augustus, the Grand Duke. In the Stadtkirche the family mausoleum of the house of Saxe Weimar has been retained since the time of Gustavus Adolphus, whose ally, the Grand Duke Bernard, was buried here, followed by forty-three other members of the ducal line. The palace of the duke is represented as a beautiful and richly-ornamented structure, especially in its interior decorations. Within one of its rooms, and in the adjacent library, are deposited some relics highly prized,—such as the armour of Duke Bernard and one of his fingers, the victim of some personal collision; the leather belt of Gustavus Adolphus; Luther's monkish black gown, &c. The grounds are laid out in gardens and park, extending along the banks of the Ilm, and communicating with the Belvedere, a summer villa of the duke's. Weimar seemed to me a dull, monotonous place; but, perhaps, so much the more was it fitted for literary retirement and the leisurely pursuit of learning; and no doubt had attractions when, besides the court of the Grand Duke Charles, the *élite* of German scholarship were gathered in social converse under the auspices of such a patron.

One other association endears it to me. In the convent

of the Cordeliers did Martin Luther find a shelter and resting-place when, in 1518, he was travelling on foot to Augsburg, to meet the papal legate. And here did Myconius, his future biographer, first see the man whose name already he revered. The Elector of Saxony at that time held his court in Weimar, and secured to the reformer his welcome not only to read mass, but also to preach in the castle chapel. Luther preached an extempore sermon before the court, from the words where Jesus taught by "a little child" who was "the greatest in the kingdom of heaven;"—the hypocrites and self-righteous were denounced by the pedestrian monk. His courage, which astonished many, and awoke the sympathy, admiration, and compassion of all who considered his perils, was tested by the friendly warning of John Kestner, provisor of the Cordeliers. "You will find," said he, "Italians at Augsburg, brother, who are learned folks, subtle antagonists, and who will give you a deal of trouble. I fear you will not be able to maintain your cause against them: they will throw you into the fire, and consume you in the flames." "My dear friend," Luther gravely replied, "pray to our Lord God who is in heaven, and offer him a *paternoster* for me and for his dear child Jesus, whose cause is my cause, that he may exercise grace towards him. If he maintain his cause, mine is maintained; but if he will not, assuredly it is not I who shall maintain it, and it is he who will bear the disgrace." Luther continued his journey on foot, and arrived at Nuremberg.

But I must advance more rapidly than as a pedestrian, and, leaving Jena and its field of battle, Auэрstädt, so disastrous to Prussia in 1806, with its monument to the Duke of Brunswick, I can just recall the narrow defile of the Saale, with its most singular and picturesque approach by ascent and descent to the Kosen and the castle of Saaleck. With the Saale are connected springs of salt water, of a stronger brine than the sea, flowing from an exhaustless fountain. Besides the baths and mineral springs,

there are salt-works here; and after the salt has been extracted, the liquor supplies the baths.' The quantity of salt produced yearly is immense, and constitutes a valuable commodity for merchandize. I was charmed with the peculiarly beautiful village of Schulpforta, where Klopstock and Lessing were educated. Its retirement and arbour-like seclusion more attracted my notice than the old Gothic church and its venerable school. Naumberg, with its surrounding castles, Schonberg and Goseck, and its ancient Gothic cathedral, covered, as the adjacent amphitheatre of hills is, with vines, and interspersed with garden-houses, will tempt the leisure traveller to linger. This is about the farthest north-east point where the vine-tree grows for purposes of husbandry. The vineyards have been of recent cultivation, and they do not produce the fruit in that state from which wine can be made; it is, therefore, generally manufactured into vinegar or brandy. The Kirschfest commemorates a moving incident in the progress of religious warfare. The Hussites, in 1432, had besieged Naumberg, and its inhabitants resisted the assailants so strenuously, that the irritated leader of the besiegers vowed the entire destruction of all its population. But from this savage purpose he was turned aside by an appeal and the artless intercessions of the *children*, who came out to him in procession, and threw themselves as suppliants at his feet.

Journeying onward, I had the happiness to fall into the company of a most intelligent and agreeable resident of this district. I derived much gratification and information from his intercourse, and regretted his arrival at his own home, where I marked the affection with which he was welcomed by the mother and the children of his family, since I was deprived of his pleasant society. Weissenfels and Lützen lay in my route; and in the suburbs of the latter, I passed the *Stone of the Swede*—the Schwedenstein. They designate it a Bolderstone: it is of granite; and they allege that it must have been transported from Scandinavia;

by *what means* I cannot conjecture, so immense and immovable does it now seem. Its memorial is from remote times ; but its later history associates it with the closing scene of the life of Gustavus Adolphus. Here was the battle of Lutzen fought, and here the warlike Swede fell, in 1631. While one general rode unhurt through a shower of balls, another had seven horses killed under him ; and yet a third, Pappenheim, was left dead on the field ; the Swedish cavalry fought long and fiercely for the corse of their fallen sovereign, and bore it at length to a contiguous village church. Again, in 1813, was this sanguinary field the scene of carnage and death, when Napoleon, Scharnhorst, and Blucher were among the combatants. Not far from this slaughter-house of martial *glory*, Charles the Twelfth conquered Saxony, dethroned Augustus, and called on the European cabinets to acknowledge Stanislaus Leezinsky as the Saxon monarch. The stone of the Swede, therefore, if it has not been a witness, has served as a landmark for many sad events. The bare stone is shaded by a few poplars, and over-canopied by a Gothic frame-work of cast-iron, serving more particularly to draw attention.

On the nearer approach to Leipsig, to the left of the road followed by the diligence, an avenue of trees, stretching for many miles, connected the city of fairs with a neighbouring town, and rendered the route pleasant and ornamental—evincing taste and consideration in the persons or authorities who, at such expense and patience, sought to beautify and improve the path of the traveller. Now the spires and buildings of the commercial Leipsig began to appear, and I soon afterward passed through its suburbs ; and found comfortable quarters at the *Stadt Rom*, a hotel near the railway terminus. I was now, as I felt, in the very heart of Germany, where the throbbings and pulsations of the sanguine or the thoughtful might be felt and estimated,—in the city where four thousand books for sale have appeared in one catalogue,—where six hun-

dred booksellers sometimes assemble at Easter Fair to settle their transactions with the hundred who here reside, —where four hundred thousand pounds worth of books are said to be sold yearly;—and where foreign merchants have been known to exceed eighty thousand, whose names were enrolled in the police-books in one year. In this city was Liebnitz born—here Faust and Goethe studied, Schiller waited the course of events, and Ronge's followers demonstrated their attachment to truth and their zeal for reform. Here a university was founded by Germans who seceded from the University of Prague, in 1409, which sustained, in 1831, forty-one professors, besides seventy private teachers, educated 1,366 students, and afforded a library of 100,000 volumes, besides many remarkable oriental, Turkish, and Arabic manuscripts, as aids to literary culture.

The quaint architecture of many buildings, especially in the market-place, give it the air of antiquity; but nothing attractive in the public or private edifices appeared to me as I wandered through all its quarters. The university buildings looked massive and sombre, near the Grimma Gate. But the Pleissexberg alone exacted from me a pilgrimage, and a deliberate survey; and its associations deserved all the homage I could render. Before my ascent to the height of its observatory, I will refer to the locality, and one or two historical events connected with Leipsig.

The rivers Elster and Pleisse surround or intersect the suburbs and part of the town, and have been united by canals, and conveyed by aqueducts so as to supply defences and variety to the scene; several bridges have therefore to be crossed when entering the town. The permanent population is estimated at about sixty thousand, and the residents are not crowded anywhere so as to endanger the health of the people. The town once had walls and ramparts for defence, but the bulwarks have been thrown down, and the waters of the Elster and

Pleisse, which used to supply the ditches and give strength to the fosses, now flow in limpid and cheerful streams, unchecked and open, diversifying and enlivening the suburbs.

In place of the walls are gardens, walks, and fields, for the recreation and health of the people; the environs are consequently much more inviting to a son of peace than had they retained their character as warlike muniments and defensive batteries. I suppose for size I may class Leipsig as the second city of Saxony. I never was so perplexed with the geography of any place as I was with the central streets of this town. I suffered in my rambles from its irregularity: it is at antipodes with Mannheim and its parallelograms. I started three times from the market-place in quest of the railway station, and each time found myself restored to the same locality from which I had set out. I wandered again and again, not silently and merely depending on my own idea, but I repeatedly asked my way, and followed as I imagined directions, when after most patient perseverance, courage and expectation, I turned some corner, and perceived not my goal but my starting-post; such are the maze and confused congeries of similar buildings, that you discover no definite character belonging to the different streets. You stare at this shop and that sign, and at the position of the several buildings, without any guidance. I went in pursuit of booksellers' shops, but could find none: I looked for some token by which I might come into the communion of the Bibliopolists, but my search was futile. The trade is done wholesale, and the retail trade has not scope among the resident population. The inquirer will find, after patient investigation, that there is extensive printing, a great amount of book-making and binding, and abundant space occupied in book-storing. But the booksellers seem to expose few books, except on the days of the fairs. There are three fairs annually: the first is at Easter, which is represented

as the largest; when transactions so large as to amount to fifty-six thousand dollars are negotiated at once. Michaelmas and Christmas are the two other seasons for the Leipsig fairs. Greeks and Jews—merchants of all classes, from Armenia, Persia, Turkey, Teflis, Poland, Siberia, and America, congregate at these seasons; and the streets are thronged and hotels filled with strange costumes and faces, and all are mingled together as in a masquerade.

The literary privileges of the University here, and the immunities of its professors and students, have been upheld and secured more than those of any similar institution in the heart of Germany. While Wittemberg and other universities have been abolished, or have been deprived of their chartered rights and property, Leipsig University not only possesses suitable edifices for its halls, libraries, and lectures, but also retains its property and landed estates. The Augusteum, the Paulinum, and the Fursten Collegium serve for museums, library, &c.; and the "Commons" find provision at its tables for three hundred students, who are entitled to their food if they choose to apply for it, having only to pay for pepper and salt. It is a liberal and seasonable provision in a poor country, and has doubtless served to produce some of the wisest men who have appeared in Germany; though it is likely, too, that thus some of the folly and excesses of a mere secular education and unsanctified man have been developed. German literature owes much of its character to the popular facilities, government and constitution of the universities. We have seen that Luther received his diploma as a Doctor of Divinity at the Leipsig University.

Leipsig has repeatedly been involved in the fortunes of belligerents and the scene of sanguinary carnage. In 1630, Count Tilly took possession of the city and fortress, as a reprisal against Gustavus Adolphus. The Elector of Saxony urged his Swedish ally to avenge this disgrace

upon the imperial general. The Saxon and the Swedish troops, 15,000 each army, marched to attack Count Tilly and his 44,000 imperialists. Pappenheim, the Duke of Holstein, and the Count himself contended against Bannier and Gustavus;—the Saxons were forced to retire before Count Tilly, and the 15,000 Swedes had to bear the brunt of the whole imperial army. Pappenheim seven times led on the charge, and as often did the Swedes repulse him; joined by Tilly, the battle raged yet more fiercely—the Swedish bands stood the shock, were reinforced by a reserve and commanded by Gustavus: when the imperialists could no longer maintain their ground; but, excepting eighteen regiments of veterans, gave way everywhere. The veteran regiments had always been accustomed to victory, and now made incredible efforts to maintain their former reputation; though falling in thousands they never yielded or broke into confusion. Four regiments, after the slaughter of their officers, retired in a compact body to the skirt of a wood; 4,000 were taken prisoners; 7,000 lay dead on the field. Tilly retired at the head of 600 men, and escaped by the approach of night. But the imperial artillery, standards, ensigns, all were lost, and the Swedes remained victors.

The same field was again occupied for slaughter at a later period by a much larger force, and with more disastrous consequences. After preliminary and extensive conflicts at Dresden, on the banks of the Mulde and the Partha, when Schwarzenberg and Bernadotte, Beningsen, and Blucher, met in the battle of the nations with Bonaparte as the chief, and his lieutenants Ney, Victor, Macdonald, Bertrand, Marmont, Poniatowski, Regnier, and Lauriston. The Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, were all in the vicinity, and partook of the excitement. The French army was 175,000 fighting men, their allied adversaries numbered 330,000 under arms—half a million of trained warriors on

the surface of three square leagues, panting for the work of mutual destruction. On the 18th October, 1813, the battle commenced to the north-east and south of Leipsig, on the plain extending beyond Lützen and Weissenfels. The rivers Pleisse and Elster, especially the muddy bed and marshy banks of the latter, occupied an important relation to the events of the battle. The army of Napoleon was only about half in numbers what his adversaries were, and not in good *fighting* condition—yet they fought with great resolution and maintained their ground. Poles and Bohemians, Saxons and Prussians, French and Austrians and Swedes, contended in the deadly mêlée, with varied success and fearful destruction. The French army was neither broken nor defeated; but its great general saw that retreat was inevitable, or ultimate defeat must follow.

It was therefore he issued orders for withdrawing from Leipsig; and though a difficult undertaking, the task was proceeding with order and success. By some misapprehension or panic, a French engineer was induced to blow up the bridge over the Elster; and Poniatowski was drowned. Macdonald saved himself by swimming—twenty-five thousand men had their retreat thus cut off or prevented, and thus the carnage was aggravated. The number of the French killed or mortally wounded was computed at thirty-seven thousand, besides the loss in prisoners or by desertion of more than twenty-three thousand men. The allies lost in killed and wounded nearly eighty thousand; thus about one-fourth, or nearly one hundred and twenty thousand fighting men, passed into eternity, on the fields of Leipsig, in two days; every one of them a murderer or murdered. Old soldiers who had escaped the disasters of twenty campaigns only thought of selling their lives as dearly as possible, and perished under the ruins of houses which they defended to the last extremity. Poniatowski had been twice wounded during the day, had his horse five times killed under him, was

reduced to the service of a miserable and weak animal when he took the Elster, already choked with the slain and drowned, or those who were now dying of their wounds and in the madness of despair. A monument was erected by the soldiers of his regiment over his body, which was found four days afterward. I saw the martial memorial, and looked upon it as I passed through the suburb with more of pity than of displeasure. These men had not enjoyed my opportunities for considering the morality of war or its consequences. The most commercial towns in the heart of Germany have been thus visited with the sanguinary strifes of men; and have been rendered scenes of cruelty and guilt, scenes of fury and desolation.—other names have been given, but they are simply deeds of blood and murder. Men count themselves great by gaining battles. If after their conflict they had stood where I have stood, and counted their slain with the same contemplative calmness with which I attempted to survey the scene; if they had realized to themselves the immortal destinies of every one slain in battle; if they had identified the homestead that was desolated, the mother that was bereaved of her child, the wife that was made a widow, and had listened to the wailings of orphan childhood, when they were told that they were fatherless by the slaughter of their parent in the field of battle; however glorious the victory, they would have regarded their deeds not as the virtues of great men, but as transactions which only the foulest fiends could glory in;—transactions calculated to people the regions of perdition, and bring the darkest dishonour on the men who were the most successful combatants.

I ascended the Pleissenburg, and reached after tedious and toilsome climbing the top of an observatory erected on the tower. I walked round it; and from every point, with the assistance of the keeper, was enabled to judge where this general occupied his position; where that brigade or division fought; where the desertion of a large force occurred, or the retreat of others began; and where

the horrible desolations were performed in the name of liberty. The elevated station of the observatory, and the level aspect of the country, enables the visitor to obtain a comprehensive view of the whole in a short time. But the castle of the Pleissenburg has attractions of another nature—of war still, but not of blood—of conflict between truth and error; and of a glorious and beneficial victory, the full triumph of which is yet to be seen. The controversy of the Reformation from having risen as a flood-tide, had receded as if to an ebb, as if brought to a stand—even Luther's tongue, seemed paralysed: but it was only that the returning wave might sweep with a broader current and rise to a more impetuous flood. The vain-glorious Eck was a master of the art of disputation according to the rules of the schoolmen, and a syllogistic encounter had to him all the parade of a tournament. He longed to enter the lists with the German Reformer. He first threw down the gauntlet to Carlstadt, the friend of Luther, which was accepted. But it was seen by all that Dr. Eck employed this only as a ruse to engage Martin Luther. "This man," said the Reformer, "names Carlstadt his antagonist, and at the same time he flings himself on me." Luther's friends, princes and professors, counselled him to shun the strife and cultivate peace. It was his firm intention to keep silence. But Eck's attacks were so plainly levelled against the Wittenberg Doctor and his school, that Luther declared, "I cannot suffer that truth should be thus loaded with opprobrium;" and broke so far through restraint as to exclaim, "Now then, my dear Eck, man of might be bold, and gird thy sword upon thy thigh. If I have not been able to please thee as a mediator, perhaps I shall please thee better as a combatant."

Spalatin, Erasmus, and Duke George all dreaded the encounter of these two: since if they entered the lists it must be on the pope's supremacy. The theologians of Leipzig petitioned their bishop not to permit the combat; and the bishop, Adolph Von Mersburg, first employed

urgent representation; and then, without success, he caused notices to be posted on the churches, threatening excommunication to the controversialists. Tezel shouted from the depths of his retreat, "It is the devil that stirs to this discussion." Dr. Eck feared, or seemed to fear, that Luther would not honour him as an antagonist. He called on him, and made a personal appeal: "What is this? I hear," he said, "you refuse to dispute with me." "How can I dispute," said Luther, "when the duke forbids me?" "If I cannot dispute with you, I care very little to meet Carlstadt," Dr. Eck replied: "it was to meet you I came hither. If I procure you the duke's permission, will you appear in the field?" "Procure it for me," exclaimed Luther, "and we will do battle!" The permission was granted: thus were the preliminaries settled for the "Leipzig Discussion." I passed through the halls in this castle of Pleissenburg, where the thronging multitudes assembled to watch the progress and issue of the contest.

On the 21st of June, 1519, Dr. Eck and his friends arrived; on the 24th, the Wittenbergians entered the scene of action—three hundred and twenty-six years ago—and yet the clang of the armour resounds, and the scene of warfare is fresh in our view. Carlstadt, the ostensible champion of Divine grace, rode in his vehicle alone: Luther and Melancthon accompanied, in his own carriage, Barnim, Duke of Pomerania,—then both a student and the rector of the University of Wittenberg. Numerous ecclesiastics, several doctors of law and masters of arts, two licentiates of theology, and the vicar of the Augustinians; besides many students, Eck says *two hundred*, accompanying their masters, armed with pikes and halberts, surrounding the carriages of the doctors; entered, as the Wittenberg cavalcade, the Grimma Gate of Leipzig, and passed in front of the Cemetery of St. Paul. The population of the town had assembled to witness the procession and watch

the proceedings of the reformers. The duke had prepared a great hall in this castle, furnished with two pulpits facing each other; tables for the reporters of the discussion, (who were notaries,) and benches for the spectators. Handsome hangings adorned the pulpits and benches. The portrait of St. *Martin* hung over the Wittenberg pulpit; the portrait of the Chevalier St. George was suspended on Dr. Eck's. This latter champion looked with confidence; "We shall see," said he, "if I shall not mount astride of my adversaries."

On the 27th of June, the first assembly was convened in the great college of the University; whence they proceeded to the church of St. Thomas for solemn *mass*, at the expense of Duke George. At the close of this service they walked to the ducal palace, preceded by Duke George and the Duke of Pomerania, by counts, abbots, knights, and other personages of distinction; after whom came the doctors of both parties. A guard of seventy-six citizens, armed with halberds, displaying banners, and marching to martial music, accompanied the procession. The gates of the Pleissenburg were the halting-place, through which they passed to their respective seats in the hall of discussion. The Dukes George and Barnim, and the Princes John and George of Anhalt, had seats set apart for themselves. The Greek professor, Peter Mosellanus, prescribed the manner of disputation from one of the pulpits, by the Duke's order. He spoke truth: "If you fall into broils, where will then be the difference between a theologian who discusses, and an ungodly duellist? What is the achieving of victory here, but the withdrawing a brother from error? It would almost seem as though each ought rather to wish to be vanquished than to vanquish." The whole assembly knelt, and the hall resounded to solemn music while the hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost was sung, "Come, Holy Spirit." Thrice was the invocation repeated in that hallowed hour; and while the devout strain was heard,

the defenders of the seemingly adverse propositions,—what were called *old* and *new* doctrine, the adherents of the middle-age church, and the renovators who wished to re-establish the apostolic church, appeared to mingle together, and to bow their heads in deep humility to the ground. The ancient symbol of one communion was embraced by those dissimilar minds; the same prayer still issued from all mouths, as if a single heart continued to dictate its utterance. *These were the last moments of external, inanimate unity.* A new unity of spirit and life was about to appear; the Holy Spirit had been invoked upon the church, and that Spirit was about to reply and renovate Christianity. The hymns and prayers were finished, the company arose from the bended knee—it was now noon, and they adjourned till two o'clock. The Duke collected at his table the chief personages engaged in the discussion. And when the repast was over, the hall was filled with spectators. The orators took their posts, and the Doctors Eck and Carlstadt opened the debate; which occupied seventeen days, but did not terminate till the 16th of July, amidst numerous incidents, and with various success; adverse partisans clamouring and rejoicing; and the Gallios, learned and illiterate, finding matter of laughter enough in the affair for ten Democriti.

It would be difficult to condense in a popular form the subjects discussed, and still more difficult to reduce the adverse propositions or arguments to a summary. more especially as Dr. Eck seemed sometimes to admit the proposition, or gradually so to shift his ground as to employ the proposition of his adversary as an argument against him. He is described by Professor Mosellanus as possessing an inconceivable degree of impudence; the most illustrious of the rhodomonts; and, like an ancient sceptic, despising the gods themselves. Between Eck and Carlstadt, the principal subject debated was the question of *liberty*; and the advocate of reform thus expressed it:—

“Man’s will before his conversion can do nothing good: every good work comes entirely and exclusively from God, who gives to man first the will to do, and next the power to accomplish it.” And further he explained his doctrine, “We do not deny that man possesses powers, and that he has the faculty of reflecting, meditating, and choosing: only we consider these powers as mere instruments, which can do nothing good before the hand of God has put them in motion. They are like the saw in the hand of the man who plies it.” Speaking of the partisans of Eck, Luther said, “I am strongly inclined to believe they only made a show of laughing; and that at bottom it was a great cross for them to see their chief, who had begun the contest with such bravadoes, abandoning his standard, deserting his army, and becoming a shameful runaway.”

The controversy between Luther and Eck was opened on the fourth of July, and respected the papal primacy opposed to Christ’s supremacy; the primacy of the church of Rome opposed by the Hussite doctrine, that there is but one universal church; when Luther avowed there is no other authority of right divine than Holy Scripture. The doctrine of purgatory came next; and was followed by indulgences, penance, sacerdotal absolution, and satisfaction: and Luther closed the debate thus pointedly, “The reverend father flies from before the Holy Scriptures, as the devil from before the Cross. As for me, saving the respect due to the fathers, I prefer the authority of Scripture; and this I recommend to those who are to be our judges.” Eck himself acknowledged, “If I had not disputed with Doctor Martin on the primacy of the pope, I could almost agree with him;” and privately confessed, “The Wittenbergers beat me on several points; first, because they brought books with them; secondly, because they had the debate taken down in writing; thirdly, because they were many,” &c. He does not recognise the truth of the prophet’s consolation, “more are they that be

with us than all they that be with them ;” or the force of the axiom, “ *magna est veritas.* ” “ If we had not supported Eck,” said the Leipsigers, “ the illustrious Doctor would have been overthrown.” “ Luther and Carlstadt,” said Mosellanus, “ remain victors in the eyes of all those who possess knowledge, intellect, and modesty.” Polander, Eck’s secretary and friend, adopted reform, and publicly preached the gospel in Leipsig, three years after this debate. John Cellarius, professor of Hebrew, gave up his place, and full of humility, went to Wittemberg to study at Luther’s feet. He became a Protestant pastor at Frankfort, and subsequently at Dresden. The Prince of Anhalt was captivated, convinced, and fearlessly ranged himself on the gospel side ; and even old Duke George confessed he remained in the church, because “ there is no breaking in an old dog.” The students of Leipsig saw Luther resting on the word of God : the class-rooms of the university became deserted almost immediately after the discussion ; the number of students at Wittemberg became doubled ; Gaspard Cruciger, a native of Leipsig, was among them, beloved by all for rectitude, candour, modesty, and piety, and therefore fit friend of Melancthon, and assistant of Luther in translating the German Bible.

Melancthon himself was now and hereby roused to devotedness, to advance calmly and gently, to cultivate and plant, to sow and water joyfully, according to the gifts which God had bestowed on him with so liberal a hand. Luther himself profited. He writes, “ I had then been for seven years very zealously reading and publicly expounding the Scriptures, so that I knew them almost wholly by heart. I enjoyed, too, all the first-fruits of knowledge and faith in my Lord Jesus ; that is to say, I knew that we are not saved and justified by our works, but by faith in Christ ; and I even maintained openly that it was not of divine right the pope was head of the Christian church ; and yet I could not see

what followed therefrom, namely, that of necessity, and assuredly, the pope is the devil."—"I no longer give way to my indignation against those who are still attached to the pope, since I myself, who for so many years carefully read the Holy Scriptures, still cling to the popedom with so much pertinacity." The veil spread before the sanctuary was now rent from top to bottom for the Reformer; he acknowledged that "the scholastic theology fell then to pieces before his eyes under the triumphant presidency of Dr. Eck." Such was the discussion of Leipsig: such the battle of the Pleissenburg, and the fruits of that victory for truth which the Reformers were enabled to achieve; and in connection with this generous and enlightened warfare, and the yet widening conquests of opinion, of virtue, and of love, I consecrate the castle of the Pleissenburg in my fondest associations. In contrast with this, how insignificant the military drill which I witnessed in the grounds of the castle, and how fading the honours of the generals who fought under or against Napoleon, in 1813! Ponia-towski, Ney, and Macdonald; Schwarzenburg, Blucher, and Bernadotte,—where will they stand when Luther and Melancthon, Prince George of Anhalt, Carlstadt, Polian-dei, and Cruciger are assembled to receive the reward of their services and sufferings?

I passed from Leipsig to Dresden, and the land of our Saxon forefathers: I diverged to Berlin and Potsdam, to farther Prussia and the countries on the Elbe, to Mecklenburg Strelitz, Holstein, and Denmark; but the recollections of these must for the present give place to a brief and transitory glance at Halle, the inheritor and successor of Wittenberg's honours, advantages, and renown. On leaving Leipsig, my passport was again in requisition. But my obliging host at the Stadt Rom rendered every facility, and even walked with me to the passport and railway-offices, to make any necessary explanations on my behalf. The distance was but a few miles, and the journey

soon completed. I chose my Hof at the Crown Prince, quiet, and moderate.

The town consists in great measure of aged and decaying buildings; a few curious and antiquated edifices, chiefly ecclesiastical, afforded little scope for description, or attraction for curiosity. The market-Kirche, and the moritz-kirche are named as the most deserving of notice. I passed in and around them, but found their interior ungainly and inconvenient; no seats for strangers; and their external ornaments heavy and sombre. The Residenz, once an episcopal palace; and the orphan-house; with the modern buildings of the university, and a few retired dwellings in the suburbs, were the only marks of improvement or wealth I saw. The crooked, dingy and decayed aspect of the streets gave to the town in my apprehension a strange, odd, and uninviting character. The salt-springs, (the source of those waters which give distinction to the Saale,) flow up here in their pristine vigour, and are preserved under royal lock and key. They are not reckoned private or personal property, and supply no stimulus to speculative enterprise in the community, or competition for foreigners. But the royal power manages the manufactory as a monopoly. The university of Halle is one of the largest in Germany, but is dependent on royal bounty, and subject to ministerial inspection and control. A thousand to twelve hundred is said to be the present average number of students under the tuition of seventy-four professors. The sum granted by the government is nearly 2,000*l.* per annum, which is almost wholly expended on literature, and the physical sciences; while the proportion of students attending is as two for evangelical theology to one for other branches. The reputation of this university is based upon the character of its professors.

Rationalism for a time prevailed, but it was gilded by the oriental splendours of Gesenius. Its glories have waned under the purer light, and the more hallowing lustre of

evangelical truth, as shed abroad by the learning and piety of Tholuck; whose sweet and benign ascendancy has been strengthened by the more fervid, and scriptural, and equally philosophic and eloquent learning of Müller. When Tholuck delivered his inaugural lecture, he was despised by the learned, hissed by the noviciates; his piety and childlike simplicity awed the one and quelled the other. He has now the largest class in the university, and the most extended reputation among his colleagues.

I had the undeserved pleasure and honour of conferring and communing with this professor, who is one of the best men of Germany, and one of her most learned scholars; who, with all his learning and universal reputation, seemed to be as modest and as diffident as if he were but acquiring the rudiments of knowledge. I was solicitous chiefly how I might spend the Lord's day profitably and with propriety, and not knowing any resident in Halle with whom I could hold such intercourse, I sat down and wrote, the first time for twenty years, a note in Latin, to Professor Tholuck. I shall not now describe what sort of Latin it was; but it was promptly evident he could ascertain its intentions, which was, so far, satisfactory. He replied by the bearer of my note in English. I found his English quite equal, probably superior, to my Latin,—they both answered the purpose. He was pleased to intimate he should be glad to see me at an hour specified, and also mentioned a lady from Scotland, residing in a Strasse which he named and numbered, who was always pleased to receive visits from the people of God from my country; and he recommended that I should introduce myself to her while I was not otherwise engaged. His suggestion was most acceptable, and I had afterward much reason to thank him for this kind service. I found her the widow of a devoted Christian, who was among the wrecked and lost passengers on board the Forfarshire steamer, on the north-east coast of England. She was one that loved the fellow-

ship of saints, received them into her house, and bid them God speed in his service; and was greatly useful among German females. She had chosen Halle for the education of her sons, especially in the German language, with a view to enable them to pursue, in their own country, business in the transactions of commerce with Continental Europe. For their sake did she expatriate and cut herself off from the fellowship which she loved. What will not a mother do for the sons of her love? Doubtless their acquisitions would prove a valuable commendation, if accompanied with the parent's virtues, and sustained by the principles she taught them. I found their assistance of great value in my subsequent inquiries and movements.

There is in Halle an institution, there called the Waisenhaus, or *Franke's Institut*, so designated from its object as an asylum for orphans, and from the name of its founder, Professor Franke. I had long felt interest and desire to examine and ascertain its principles and operations, more especially as I had somehow identified it with several eminent servants of Christ, as missionaries. One of the sons of my widowed friend went with me. It was on a Sunday, and in a fruitless search we passed from court to court, and from one gallery to another, in quest of the assembly for worship or instruction: the whole previous time had been spent, and what remained was to be spent without any public act of Christian worship. My inquiries concerning the number of pupils, of schools, and of various classes in the schools, obtained more positive information. I found there were between two and three thousand youths connected with the institution, but not all orphans. Franke had planned his institution on a basis deserving consideration; others may profit by the rehearsal. His scheme embraced the education of gentlemen's children, and of comfortable, opulent citizens; not as in English charity-schools, where the wealthiest oftentimes share most largely the benefit of the endowment. But it was provided that

such parents or guardians should pay a liberal allowance for the board and education of their children. A second scale was fixed for the sons of burgesses whose wealth was more restricted, but who yet could afford some profit from their fees. The children of the industrious classes might receive education at a charge not more than remunerating for the labour, while gratuitous education was provided for those children whose parents could only afford to feed their offspring. From the two former classes he calculated a profitable return; and upon the fund thus created, he arranged that orphan and destitute children should be wholly fed, clothed, and educated in the institution.

When Franke originated this establishment, Halle was in a state of great religious activity,—what would be called a revival, prevailed; devout and fervid piety characterised the people as well as their teachers. Professor Tholuck assured me that Franke had then prayer-meetings in almost every street of the town, and enjoyed the warmest affections of the people of his pastorate; and that the community generally were zealously affected for evangelical truth, and excited to a concern for religion above any subsequent experience. “Striking contrast to the scene I witnessed, when these thousands of children had, so far as I could learn, no religious exercises whatever in their own chapel or in a sabbath-school, or yet by prescribed attendance at any place of worship beyond the bounds of their institution, while regularly only once a fortnight is their attendance required at public worship. The inspector—a government appointment, having power to direct, control, remove, and dismiss—is, I was informed, the most distinguished and zealous theologian—a rationalist sceptic and antagonist to the inspiration of Scripture—in that part of Prussia. It is under his direction the preaching and religious teaching of these orphans and scholars are placed. So much for government control. No doubt his object is to bring the children under the influence of his own religious peculiari-

ties." What the seed sown by such a husbandman may produce can be imagined.

They are instructed in what may be reputed the general literature of the age. They are taught the art of printing and the trade of bookbinding. The Bible is printed and bound in large supplies for the market; thus far a blessing is conferred on the community at large. But religious instruction, such as we value for our sabbath-schools, is hardly known among the youth of the institution. I was indeed informed of one exception: a pious assistant, though himself young, was yet animated by a generous love for the young people, and of his own accord had begun a sabbath-school in one of the departments of the institution. On the day of my visit, and for one or two weeks more, he was to be absent from Halle on leave, and he had no substitute. Had I seen him, my information might have been more extensive and correct. A fine majestic statue of Franke, the founder, in bronze, by Rauch, to which king and people contributed, has been erected in front of the Waisenhaus. How much better a monument would be a man of like spirit with Franke in charge of the *Institut*! His labours prospered by voluntary liberality—what is the fruit of state bounty?

The building is of brick, plastered; nothing of gaudy ornament attaches to it: I should even say its appearance is hardly worthy of the object. The exterior is without finish, and the plaister has given way in many parts. A better style might be useful to the scholars; but I cannot too severely criticize what belongs to the founder. His original design was for a blessing to the people, and it is well calculated for its object. I understood the fees paid for gentlemen's sons were profitable enough to provide for the institution, and to supply what was needful for the orphan department. I should like to see some such institution founded in Manchester, in connection with a university of the highest reputation, which would supply the

sons of wealthy persons, without the necessity of removing them to Oxford or Cambridge. There is no reason why such an institution might not be founded and prospered, with its doors open for the children of any class able to pay the moderate and necessary fees, and willing even to give a surplus which might supply nurseries for the deserving sons of parents who could not themselves pay the incidental expenses, but who would gladly provide the sustenance and clothing which such a course would require. By such means, too, it would be alike creditable and appropriate to create the resources needful for the popular education of those whose parents are not alive, or are unable to afford for their children daily bread. How much better thus to make provision, than by unequal and odious taxation, and the infringement of liberty in teaching or of conscience, by overbearing or exacting rulers and legislators to force knowledge and propagate opinion!

I enjoyed a season of grateful and improving converse with Dr. Tholuck, while he sought his own needful recreation, and kindly conducted me through scenes I should not otherwise have seen in Halle. I was forcibly impressed with the different mode in which even eminent Christians occupy themselves on Sunday from what we usually think evangelical religion requires of us. Surely, in such a case, it becomes every one to be fully persuaded in his own mind, while to him who thinks that he knoweth to do good, and doth it not, to him it is sin. The professor entered very freely into what may be designated experimental religion, and the test by which he would prove vital and personal godliness, recalling some of the sayings of Chrysostom, and how he used to impress upon the younger students of theology the cultivation of piety, humility, and self-abasement. I marked a great contrast between Dr. Tholuck and Dr. Neander, of Berlin, though both rose pre-eminently in my affectionate esteem by personal intercourse. I was strongly reminded of Dr. Fye

Smith, of Homerton, by the manners and society of Dr. Tholuck,—the same childlike simplicity—the same ingenuous affableness and singleness of purpose—the same clearness of aim and expression, and earnestness of pursuit,—the same profound and intellectual thoughts, without effort or apparent consciousness—the gentleman, the scholar, and the consecrated genius in Christ. I love them both, and feel grateful to God that He has *called* such men as his servants.

I heard some amusing anecdotes respecting the town and university preachers, who supply their several pulpits in rotation. I was pleased to hear that neology had few hearers, and that its rationalist divines had little heart to preaching. I went to one of the churches occupied in turns: the preacher was a popular supply,—the names are notified during the preceding week,—and I was apprized that I should hear Dr. Neander. I thus was not able to judge of his orthodoxy, but marked that during his discourse the name of Jesus was often repeated, perhaps thirty times, with reverence and affection; I hence concluded that it was a name which was savoury in the speaker's estimate, as well as in that of his hearers. Yet I was surprised that, except in reading what would be called a collect, he had no devotion—no prayer in his service; which therefore appeared to me most incomplete. They had singing, and this I fancied would never cease. They continued to hymn page after page, till I concluded their music was instead of formal and ministerial prayers. They threw their voice, and I should say their heart, into this melody: it was congregational in the largest sense; all joined, and without choir or organ. It was not a chant, or a fine scientific exhibition of musical performance, neither was there what I would describe as mellowed and fervid feeling in the utterances of the assembly: yet I suppose this was the part which they would regard as the devotional division of the congregational worship. I

had the pleasure of mingling in the hallowed affections of a few in the dwelling of Mrs. P——, to whom Professor Tholuck introduced me. Here German, American, and Scotch saints formed but one company, and with the symbols as well as the feelings of devotion we gathered round the throne. Had I done this in *German*, I should have been breaking the law; but as our exercises were conducted in English, we were within the constitution. I gave frank utterance to my convictions of the state, wants and prospects of Germany, and urged on the few friends, my impression that Lutheranism and Reform needed reform and new life; and that what was needed might come from *without*,—that it would be a high honour if any of them should become the instrument of exciting the German mind and renovating the German Reformation; while I thought they had many facilities in their intercourse with so many students congregated by the popular *éclat* of evangelical professors. I suggested the work begun in the universities might soon extend to all parts of the land and all classes of the people, and especially through the pulpit and the press. I therefore urged them to pursue the prize, that they might wear the crown.

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NOTE —By some of my readers I may be thought to have taken too favourable a view of the *present* religious movement and its leaders in Germany. A more mature discussion of the subject would afford a clearer index of my thoughts and inquiries, and I cannot hesitate to avail myself of a communication from a friend, recently a witness of the work and the labourers. His opinions may be useful to others. He found it difficult to sympathize with the movement on account of its *Rationalism*. He says, "With but few exceptions, (amongst whom Czerski deserves honourable mention, the more especially as he has left that body and is tolerably orthodox, considering all things,) these 'Reformers' are Neologists. The speculations of 'certain journalists' about the real character of this movement are grievously at fault. The fact is undeniable that Ronge and Kerbler, at least, deny the inspiration of the Bible, the deity of Christ, and the atonement, as fully as ever Belsham did. There is far more political and theological liberalism in the affair than religion."

"This is sad indeed, but I have the best evidence of its truth. To compare Ronge's agitation to Luther's is preposterous. It is admitted that both are antagonistic to popery; but so were likewise the leaders of the French Revolution. 'But the Confessions!' Confessions of faith are worth no more in Germany than at Oxford, nor so much even, for subscription is not obligatory. I have attended an ordination of one of their priests, where the only profession was a series of negations, which any Socinian might have declared."

The state and tendency of the German mind differ much in the nineteenth century from what they were in the sixteenth. Perhaps something may be ascribed to these differences in the religious revolutions and developments of the present times.

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